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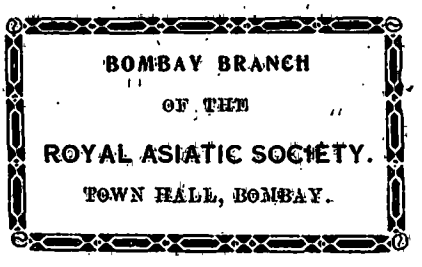

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JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN HIS YOUTH.

(From a medallion portrait by Falconnet.)

LIFE AND TIMES

OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS:

WITH NOTICES OF SOME OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.

COMMENCED

BY CHARLES ROBERT LESLIE, R.A.

CONTINUED AND CONCLUDED

BY TOM TAYLOR, M.A.

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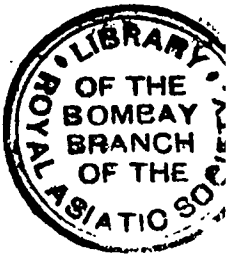

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

XX a 84

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1865.

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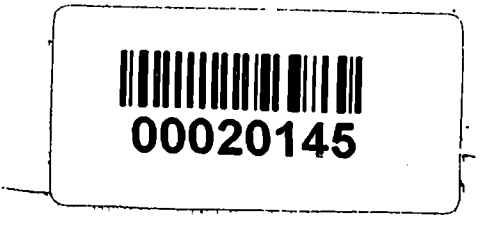

PREFACE.

In order to understand the part I have had in this book, and the circumstances under which I undertook it, it is necessary that I should inform my readers that it had been a cherished object of the late excellent and much-regretted painter, C. R. Leslie, R.A., for several years before his death, to do justice to the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which he believed had suffered from the tone of Allan Cunningham's Biography of that great painter, contained in his 'Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.'

In the unfinished draft of a preface to his (unfortunately) unfinished work—written on his death-bed—I find this statement of Mr. Leslie's main object in writing a new Life of Reynolds:—

"As the impression made on my mind by all I have read and heard of Reynolds is very different from the estimate formed of his character by Allan Cunningham, I have endeavoured to show that he did not deserve the imputations that are dispersed through the most popular account that has yet been published of him, nor the aspersions on his character to be found in that author's Lives of Hogarth, Wilson, and Gainsborough.

"To this end," he continues, "I have arranged in

this volume many more particulars than have hitherto been published in any one account of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Among these are some anecdotes which were related to me, or to others from whom I received them, by Sir George Beaumont, the Earl of Egremont, Sir William Beechy, Mr. Stothard, Mr. Rogers, Lord Holland, and Sir Martin Shee; all of whom were personally acquainted with Reynolds.

"Of the materials I have used, which have appeared in print, though not in any Life of Sir Joshua, the accounts given of him in Madame d'Arblay's Memoirs, and in the Memoirs of her father, Dr. Burney, are extremely interesting. That lady carries us into his town and country house, places us at his table, in his own drawing-room, or in the drawing-rooms of his friends,—where we see and hear him, with Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, Jackson of Exeter, and other people of eminence."

"Mr. Leslie then refers to the Collections illustrating the Life of Sir Joshua, published by the late W. Cotton, Esq.,[1] an enthusiast on the subject, to which he had devoted many years of research, crowned by his bequest to Plymouth of the Cottonian Library. For the purpose of these works Mr. Cotton had had placed in his hands most of the papers left by Sir Joshua, and then in the possession of his grand-niece, Miss Gwatkin, of

[1] 'Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works. Gleanings from his Diary, unpublished Manuscripts, and from other Sources.' London, Longman, Colnaghi, and Co.; and Plymouth, Roger Lidstone, 1856. And 'Sir Joshua Reynolds's Notes and Observations on Pictures, &c. &c.; also the Rev. W. Mason's Observations on Sir Joshua's Method of Colouring, unpublished Letters of Johnson, Malone, and others; with an Appendix containing a transcript of Sir Joshua's Account-book.' London, John Russell Smith, 1859.

Plymouth, and now in that of her nephew, Mr. Reynolds Gwatkin. To Mr. Cotton's extracts and transcripts Mr. Leslie was indebted for all he knew of these remains of Sir Joshua, except in the case of his account of his rupture with the Academy.

But Mr. Leslie did not live to complete his labour of love. It soothed him under his last great grief—the loss of a beloved daughter—and it continued to occupy him till the last moment of his life. He wrote in pencil, or dictated parts of it from his death-bed; but with all his efforts, had only completed a small part of the biography for printing, and sketched out, or outlined, the remainder.

After his death I was asked by Mr. Murray to take up and complete Mr. Leslie's fragment. I then found that it would be necessary to make a thorough examination and exhaustive use of the Gwatkin papers and memorials. I found that Mr. Cotton had in no case given full lists of the sitters, as recorded in the pocket-books; that he had, unfortunately, trusted a most inaccurate (so-called) transcript of Sir Joshua's Venetian notes, and had made no use of the Note-books in the Soane and British Museums; that the series of the pocket-books had since his publication been made much completer by the discovery of missing volumes; and that a second account-book had been discovered. I had, besides this, access given to all in the possession of the Gwatkin family that Sir Joshua had left behind him of written memoranda, letters, &c. I owed other unpublished letters of his, or papers of value in connection with him, to the kindness of Lord Lyveden, Sir C. T. F. Bunbury, Mr. Sheridan, the Hon. G.

Barrington, Mr. John Forster, Mrs. St. John, Mr. Price of Torrington, &c.; and I had placed in my hands for reference (by Sir W. Knighton) an unpublished autobiography of Northcote's, (by the Rev. T. Holme) a record of Northcote's conversations with Mr. Ward, a north-country painter, and (by Master Skardon) a commonplace-book of Sir Joshua's, formerly in the possession of the Gwatkin family. I have also been permitted access to the Archives of the Royal Academy, to Horace Walpole's Catalogues of the Royal Academy Exhibitions, containing his notes and names,[1] to the Note-books of Sir Joshua in the British Museum and the Soane Museum, to the books of "the Club," and the records of the Dilettante Society.

I have used, besides these original materials, all the printed sources of information or illustration which could help me in placing my subject vividly before the reader.

By the use of these materials I have attempted to carry out Mr. Leslie's intention of presenting Sir Joshua in his true character, as the genial centre of a most various and brilliant society, as well as the transmitter of its chief figures to our time by his potent art. I have given, year by year (with a gap here and there), a complete list of his sitters,—a work not yet even attempted by any of his biographers, but of great interest and importance, as a means of affixing the dates to pictures for family purposes, and of throwing light on changes of style and method. Information from these lists communicated by me while my MS. was

[1] In the Sheepshanks Library.

going through the press, has already, to my knowledge, led to several discoveries of portraits which had been lost sight of, or whose existence was unknown, and to the identification of others with the originals.

I have preserved all of Mr. Leslie's work that was sufficiently finished and continuous for use. My own additions are included in brackets, thus [ ].

My notion of what biography should be may be mistaken, and is certain to be contested. I am prepared to be told that I have lugged in irrelevant matter, accumulated trivial details, and told a great many things bearing so indirectly on Sir Joshua that they have no business in a book even with the elastic title of a Life and Times.

I can only say that I have exercised the best judgment I could, and told my story in my own way. It seems to me that a life can only be told by the facts out of which it is made up, and by which it is environed and influenced; and that, as we can but imperfectly estimate the relative importance of facts, it is unsafe to disregard any that can be ascertained with reasonable certainty. Again, the life of a painter, more than most men, as a rule, derives its interest from his work, and from the people he paints. When his sitters are the chief men and women of his time, for beauty, genius, rank, power, wit, goodness, or even fashion and folly, this interest is heightened. It culminates when the painter is the equal and honoured associate of his sitters. All these conditions concur in the case of Reynolds. It is impossible to write a Life and Times of the painter without passing in review—hasty and brief as it must be—the

great facts of politics, literature, and manners during his busy life, which touched—often very closely—the chief actors in a drama taking in the most stirring events of the last century, and containing the germs of many things that have materially operated to shape our arts, manners, and institutions.

Mr. Cotton has published the fullest list yet printed of Sir Joshua's portraits. But it is both incomplete and inaccurate, defects hardly to be avoided in the first edition of such a work.

I soon found that, if my labours in connection with Sir Joshua were to be complete, it would be necessary to compile the fullest possible catalogue of his pictures. But when their number was taken into account (I am satisfied I do not overestimate them at between two and three thousand, and I rather think the latter figure will be passed before my work is done), it became evident that a volume would be required for the catalogue alone. I have compiled—with the aid of my friend, C. Franks, Esq.—the fullest list I could of proprietors of Sir Joshua's pictures, and have asked of them all the latest and exactest information as to the subjects and states of these pictures. I have received, in the great majority of instances, ready and careful replies. I have made a point, for some years past, of examining all Sir Joshua's pictures that I could get access to, and facilities for such examinations have been granted me as obligingly in every instance, as information has been supplied, in almost all, in answer to my letters.

I hope that this volume, now in the press, will contain something as near a full *catalogue raisonnée* of Sir

Joshua's pictures as is to be hoped for at present. Future editions must be waited for to fill up gaps and correct errors.

In sending to the printer the last sheet of 'The Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' I lay down a task which would have been delightful had I not felt so painfully my own inadequacy to complete Leslie's unfinished work, and had I not been hampered by the sense that much which I was attempting could only be well done by a painter. I may have erred in my conception of the way in which the work ought to be done, but I can conscientiously say I have not spared on it either time or trouble. I love and honour both my subject and the man to whose unfinished labours I succeeded too much not to do my best for the sake of one as much as the other.

TOM TAYLOR.

Lavender Sweep, Wandsworth.

THE REYNOLDS FAMILY.

(Pages 3–6.)

AFTER this volume was worked off I received from Master J. Skardon, of Laira, near Plymouth (into whose hands it came from a servant of Miss Gwatkin's), a commonplace-book of Sir Joshua's (the gift of his father), kept on Locke's principle, and containing, *inter alia*, a family record, evidently copied by Sir Joshua from the family Bible. This settles the disputed point as to the number of children (in favour of eleven), and shows "Offy" to have been about fourteen months, instead of five years old, as stated in the text, when she died by a fall from a window. It also fixes the spelling of the Plympton surgeon's name as Ruport, and gives us, for the first time, the date of the marriage of Sir Joshua's parents, and his own attack of small-pox, which left its marks in his face for life:—

1609, Aug. 20.—My Great Grandmother Margaret Reynolds was born.

1609-10, Jan. 2.—My Great Grandfather Joshua Reynolds was born.

1641, Aug. 14.—My Grandfather John Reynolds was born.

1644, Oct. 24.—My Grandmother Mary Reynolds was born.

1680-1, Jan. 31.—Monday, about ¼ after 8 in the morning, my Father Samuel Reynolds was born.

1688, Jun. 4.—Whitsunday, my Mother Theophila Reynolds was born.

„ Jun. 5.—My Great Grandmother Margaret Reynolds died, aged 79.

1692, July 16.—Died my Grandfather John Reynolds, between 9 and 10 at night.

1693, Sep. 25.—'Squire Parker and his man were hang'd.[1]

1711, Aug. 30.—Thursday night, betwixt 11 and 12, my Great Aunt Potter died.

„ Dec. 9.—My Father was married to Mrs. Theophila Potter, at Monkley, by the old Mr. Ley.

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[1] Why? This was a time of great Jacobite excitement. Had Squire Parker been plotting against William?

1713, Feb. 2.—Monday, my brother Humphrey was born, about ¼ of an hour before 9 in the morning.

„ Feb. 24.—Humphrey was baptiz'd by Mr. Luke Glub.

1714, May 29.—Saturday, my Brother Robert was born ¼ after 2 in the afternoon, or somewhat better.

„ June 2.—Tuesday, he was baptiz'd.

„ July 6.—About ¼ after 3 in the morning, my Grandmother died.

1715, June 20.—My Father came to Plymton.

„ July 13.—My Father begun the school at Plympton.

1716, Feb. 9.—Thursday, exactly at two in the afternoon, my sister Molly was born.

„ Mar. 7.—Wednesday, she was christen'd.

1718, Mar. 3.—Munday, betwixt one and two in the morning (almost 2), my mother was brought to bed of a daughter.

„ Mar. 9.—She was baptiz'd by the name of Ann.

1720, Jan. 14.—Thursday, at a quarter after 6 in the morning, my sister Jenny was born.

„ Feb. 10.—She was baptiz'd.

„ April 7.—Thursday, a quarter before 9 in the morning, my sister Ann died.

1721, Jul. 8.—Saturday, a quarter before 6 in the morning, or somewhat better, my sister Betty was born.

1723, July 16.—Thursday, about ½ an hour after 9 in the morning, I, Joshua Reynolds, was born. Godfathers, Uncle Joshua (Mr. Aldwyn, Proxy), Mr. Joie; Godmother, Aunt Reynolds of Exeter (Mrs. Darby, Proxy).

1725, Feb. 4.—Bells rung for Mr. Treby's wedding.

„ Aug 14.—Saturday morning, just after the Clock had struck 9, my mother was brought to bed of a Daughter (Theophila).

1726, Nov. 8.—Tuesday morning, about 7 o'clock, Offy fell out of the window, and died between 6 and 7 at night.

1727, Aug. 7.—Munday, at a quarter past two in the afternoon, my Brother Samuel was born.

„ Sep. 1.—Friday, he was baptized.

1729, May 10.—Saturday, just before 10 in the morning, my sister Frances was born.

„ June 6.—Friday, she was baptized.

1731, July 5.—Munday, ¼ before 7 in the morning, my brother Martyn was born.

„ July 29.—Thursday, he was baptized.

1733, Jan. 4.—I was ill of the measles. This day the measles came out; I went to bed.

„ Jan. 7.—I was in a manner Well.

„ Jan. 11.—I took Physick.

1734-5, Mar. 5.—I was seiz'd with the small-pox.

„ Mar. 10.—Munday, the 6th day of the Distemper, nothing amiss in my Regimen hitherto. I had a blister at 4 this morning.

„ Mar. 11.—Tuesday, the 7th day, perhaps the 8th, seems to have been the worst day: then most outragious.

„ Mar. 12.—Wednesday, the 8th day, extremely low.

„ Mar. 13.—Thursday, the 9th day, being low, and somewhat hungry, I had broth at night, tho' contrary to Mr. Ruport's express order.

„ Mar. 14.—Friday, the 10th day, having slept well, I was brave.

„ Mar. 15.—Saturday, the 11th, rather the 12th day, taken out of bed.

„ Mar. 16.—Sunday, the 13th day, I sat up.

„ Mar. 17.—I ventured down stairs.

„ Mar. 18.—I staid down a long time.

„ Mar. 19.—Wednesday, the 16th day, I took physic.

„ Mar. 22.—Betty first seiz'd with the Small Pox.

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ERRATA, VOL. I.

Page 29, lines 4, 5, 6, 7. The persons here described as Richard first Lord Eliot and Harriet Lady Eliot, are so described in error. This Richard Eliot, who died in 1748, was not created a Peer. His son Edward was the first Lord Eliot, and he was so created in 1784.

„ 92, *note, for* "Dr. Hoole" *read* "Mr. Hoole."

„ 95, line 14, *for* "Sir George" *read* "Sir John."

„ „ *for* "Mountford" *read* "Montford."

„ 206, line 23, *for* "Charlotte" *read* "Catherine."

„ 223, line 6, *for* "the other" *read* "another."

„ 284, *note, for* "Beasley's" *read* "Bensley's."

„ 291, line 28, *for* "capias ultagatum" *read* "capias utlagatum."

„ 342, line 2, *for* "Eyen" *read* "Even."

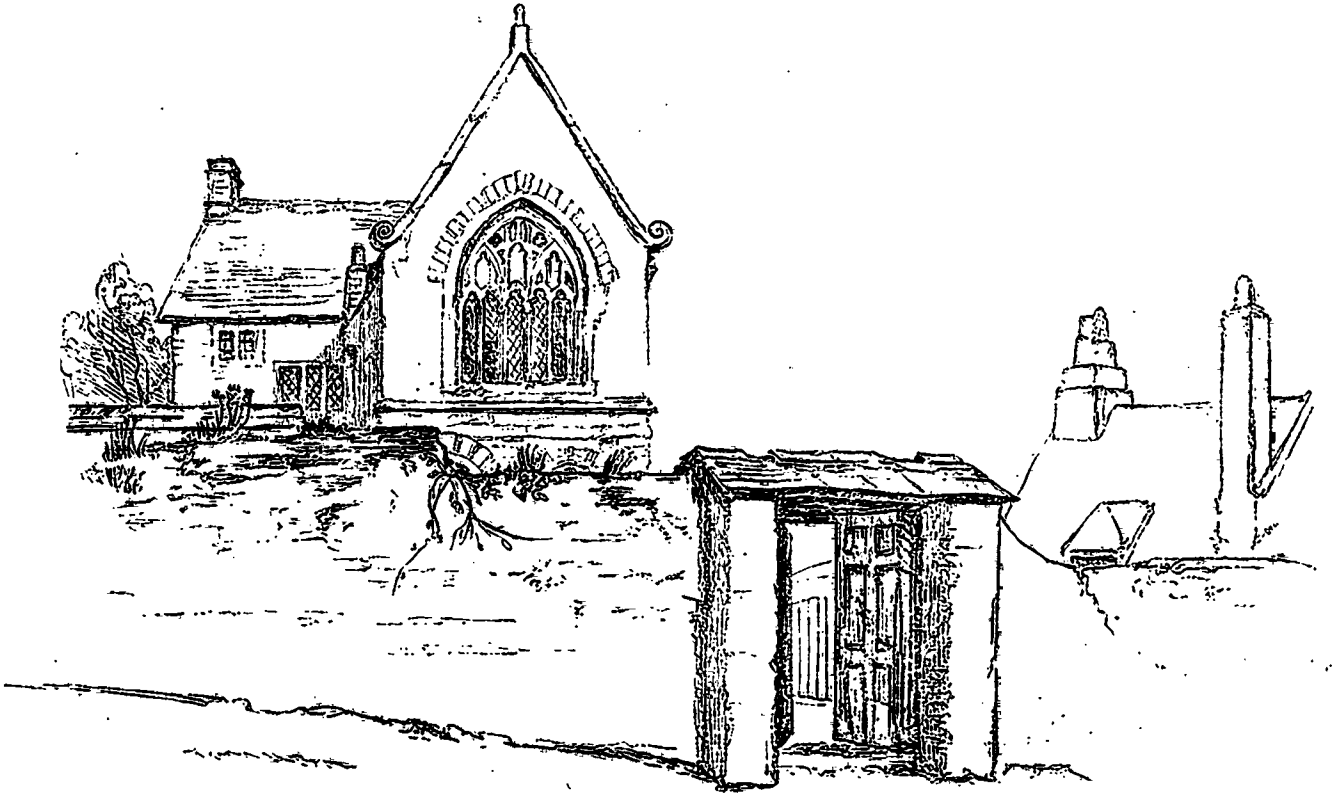
„ 360, line 3, *for* "Coates" *read* "Cotes."

line 4, *for* "Dancer" *read* "Dance."

„ 390, line 8, *for* "Lord Buckingham's" *read* "Lord Buckinghamshire's."

„ 399, *note*, col. 1, last line, *for* "Miss" *read* "Mrs."

„ 437, *note, for* "Grizzell" *read* "Grissell."



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S SCHOOL.

From a sketch by the late C. R. Leslie R.A.

LIFE

OF

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER I.

1723—1748. ÆTAT. 1—25.

Parentage and birth of Reynolds — His father's character — Joshua's education — He studies *The Jesuit's Perspective* — Draws likenesses of several of his friends — Richardson's *Treatise on Painting* — Its probable effect on young Reynolds — He is bound apprentice to Hudson — His progress under his master — Hudson dismisses him suddenly — He returns to Devonshire, where he is much employed in portraits — Is soon again in London, and on good terms with Hudson — Is recalled to Devonshire by the illness of his father — His father's death — Reynolds takes a house at Plymouth Dock — His style formed on that of Gandy of Exeter.

In his *Argument against abolishing Christianity*, Swift asks "whether it may not be thought necessary that, in certain tracts of country which we call parishes, there should be *one* man, at least, of abilities to read and write." He goes on to show, from the temperate habits of these educated men, that their children are likely to prove healthy;—and he might have said something more.

Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Hobbes, Andrew Marvell, Otway, Addison, Young, Thomson, Armstrong, Goldsmith, Churchill, Cowper, and Coleridge were the sons of clergymen. So were John Wesley, Paley, and Robert Hall, Sir Francis Drake and Lord Nelson, Sir Christopher Wren, Richard Wilson, and Sir David Wilkie; and among gifted women who were the

daughters of clergymen, Miss Austen, I believe, deserves the first place.

To this list might be added many names of eminence in the Church. The names too of some of the most distinguished lawyers, physicians, and soldiers belong to it; but the pre-eminent are sufficient, and I will conclude it, therefore, with that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was on every side connected with the Church. His father and grandfather were clergymen, — his mother and her mother were daughters of clergymen, — and two of his father's brothers were in holy orders.

He was born at Plympton Earl,[1] in Devonshire, on the 16th of July, 1723, where his father, Samuel Reynolds, son of John Reynolds, vicar of St. Thomas the Apostle, Exeter, was master of the grammar school, founded and endowed by the celebrated Serjeant Maynard, in 1658.

Samuel Reynolds married Theophila Potter, the history of whose parents is a melancholy one. Her mother, Theophila, was the only child of the Rev. Thomas Baker, vicar of Bishop's Nymmet (or Nympton), near South Molton, Devonshire, who was highly distinguished as a mathematician. She became attached to Mr. Potter, her father's chaplain (it is said), but probably his curate, and they married without Mr. Baker's consent, who never forgave his daughter, and left her nothing. Her husband died in a few years, leaving her, a young widow, with a son and two

[1] For a very full and careful description of Plympton, and all that concerns Reynolds in his connection with it, see Mr. Cotton's work, 'Some Account of the ancient Borough of Plympton St. Maurice,' &c. J. Russell Smith, Soho Square. 1859. — ED.

daughters; and the tradition is that she wept herself blind for his death, though she did not long survive him.

Her daughter Theophila was very young when Samuel Reynolds married her. All that I have been able to learn of her character is by incidental remarks found in letters, from which it appears she had her full share of intellect.

Of the father of Sir Joshua somewhat more is known. He was a scholar, guileless as a child, and as ignorant of the world.[1] He had obtained a fellowship of Balliol College, Oxford, and was known to Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*. From the innocence of his heart and the simplicity of his manners, and from his being withal so absent, that, riding on horseback, in a pair of gambados, he dropped one by the way without missing it, he was likened, by his friends, to Fielding's Parson Adams.

Fielding tells us that Mr. Abraham Adams "was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year, which, however, he could not make any great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children."

Mr. Reynolds had the advantage of that excellent person in the number of his children; Northcote speaks of eleven, Mr. Cotton of ten or eleven, while

[1] The portrait of him, painted by his illustrious son, now in the Cottonian Library at Plymouth, represents a ruddy, round-faced, smooth-visaged man, almost bald, with a placid and sweet expression. The picture is of interest, not merely as the only portrait of Samuel Reynolds, but as an example of the style of Sir Joshua before 1746, when his father died.—Ed.

another account makes it twelve. All, however, agree in stating it as reduced by death to six, while the father still lived.[1] He had also the advantage of Mr. Adams in a more *handsome* income. It is supposed he received 120*l.* a year, as master of the school, the dwelling-house attached to which was rent free.

Northcote and other biographers of Reynolds speak of his father as the Incumbent of Plympton, but Mr. Cotton has shown this to be a mistake. It does not appear that the grammar school was at "any time annexed to the living of Plympton, and an inspection of the parish register proves that there is no foundation for the statement that Samuel Reynolds was ever the Incumbent."

Joshua received his name from his father's brother, the Rev. Joshua Reynolds, Rector of Stoke Charity, Hants, who was his godfather by proxy.

All accounts of Samuel Reynolds agree as to the goodness of his heart. His daughter Elizabeth (Mrs.

[1] The following is the longest account of his children, in which I have adopted the dates of the baptisms of such as are registered at Plympton, from Mr. Cotton's statements:—

Humphrey, born 1713, not registered at Plympton. He was a lieutenant in the navy, and was drowned on the voyage from India, 1741.

Robert, born 1714, not registered at Plympton. He was an ironmonger at Exeter, and died unmarried.

Mary, baptized March 7th, 1715, married John Palmer, Esq., of Torrington, died 1787.

Ann, baptized March 9th, 1717, died 1720.

Jane, baptized February 9th, 1719, died unmarried.

Elizabeth, born 1721, not registered at Plympton, married William Johnson, Esq., died 1792.

Joshua, registered by mistake Joseph, baptized July 30th, 1723.

Samuel, baptized September 1st, 1727.

Frances, June 6th, 1729,[a] died unmarried 1807.

Theophila (no date, and not in Plympton register).

Martin, baptized July 29th, 1731; and another child who died in infancy, and is not registered at Plympton.

[a] In the list furnished by the Johnson branch of the family her birth is stated in 1722.

Johnson) remembered his giving half a guinea to the famous Bampfylde Moore Carew, when it was all the money he had in hand. This seems scarcely credible; but the King of the Gipsies was a man of genius. He could assume the character of a shattered sailor, a disabled soldier, a ruined tradesman, or an unfortunate clergyman, with equal success. He did not, of course, present himself to Mr. Reynolds in his own character, for that was too well known.

Mr. Reynolds was addicted to a variety of studies, among which that of medicine occupied much of his time. It was his custom to instruct his children by giving them lectures on different subjects, and it was remembered by Mrs. Johnson, that, at one of these, he produced a human skull. Among the little else that is known of him, we are told that he said to his wife, for whose name there was a choice of diminutives—

> "When I say The,
> You must make tea;
> But when I say Offy,
> You must make coffee."

Northcote relates this as an instance of his economy of words; but the rhymes are proofs rather of fondness than taciturnity; and, considering how very little we know of Mrs. Reynolds, they form no unimportant part of her history.[1]

Mr. Cotton tells me, on the authority of a lady

[1] This doggrel, I believe, on the authority of Miss Gwatkin, belongs to Sir Joshua, instead of his father, and was part of an effusion of playful fondness addressed to his niece, "Offy," which, complete, runs thus:—

> "When I drink tea, I think of my 'The,'
> And when I drink coffee, I think of my 'Offy;'
> So whether I drink my tea or my coffee,
> I always am thinking of thee, my Theoffy."

ED.

living at Ivybridge, whose mother had a female servant who had lived with the mother of Sir Joshua, that Samuel Reynolds was an astrologer, and spent many hours on the top of the old castle at Plympton, studying the stars. The old servant said he used to cast nativities; and, having calculated the horoscope of one of his children, he found that, at its fifth year, very great danger was impending over its life. The child was not allowed even to leave the house, and every precaution was taken for its safety; but at the very time predicted by its father, it fell out of an upstairs window and was killed.

The least extraordinary part of this story is corroborated by Northcote, who says, "Of that part of the family who died in infancy, one child, named Theophila, lost her life by falling out of a window from the arms of a careless nurse."

Allan Cunningham supposes the education of young Reynolds to have been neglected by his father. Joshua must, however, have acquired a tolerable amount of Latin; for we know that he was the first person to whom Dr. Johnson submitted his epitaph on Goldsmith, desiring him, if he approved of it, to show it to the club; and, when Johnson found that Reynolds had mislaid it, he wrote to him for as much of it as he could recollect, having no other copy. Reynolds had no time to pay much (if any) attention to the study of Latin in after life, and whatever he may have known of that language must have been acquired at his father's school.[1]

[1] Mr. R. Gwatkin has his school Ovid, well thumbed, with notes, chiefly mythological, but some etymological, in Reynolds's hand.—ED.

The notion that his education was neglected seems to have arisen from the misspelling of a few words in his letters; and I shall have occasion to quote some of his papers in which there are grammatical as well as orthographical errors. These papers were all, however, written in extreme haste; and with respect to the errors of orthography, it may be mentioned that the same words are more often correctly than incorrectly spelt; a proof that the mistakes are those of carelessness, and not of ignorance,—to say nothing of the prevailing looseness of orthography in his day.

He was certainly fond of literary composition, and, had not his love of art predominated, it is probable he would have become an author. The earliest accounts we have of him prove that he was a thinker. In his boyhood he composed rules of conduct for himself, one of which was, that "the great principle of being happy in this world is, not to mind or be affected with small things."[1]

There seems, indeed, to be no good reason to charge the memory of his father with negligence. The future painter was no doubt, at times, an inattentive scholar, for the good old man wrote under a perspective drawing of a wall perforated by a window, and which was made on the back of a Latin exercise "*De labore*," "This is

[1] Miss Reynolds, however, in one of her letters to her nephew, William Palmer, quotes this as a maxim of her father's. He had transmitted the lesson to Joshua—in the blood. Frances, on the other hand, was a sad fidget about trifles. Another of S. Reynolds's wise saws, which he quoted to his daughter, as "a noble maxim out of Mr. Mudge's mouth," was, "If you take too much care of yourself, Nature will cease to take care of you." Sir J. Reynolds had much of the wise negligence thus recommended.—Ed.

drawn by Joshua in school out of pure idleness."[1] To such account, however, was this *idleness* turned, that when but eight years old he had made himself sufficiently master of perspective, from the Jesuit's treatise, to draw the schoolhouse according to rule: no easy matter, as the upper part is half supported by a range of pillars. "Now this," said his father, "exemplifies what the author of the *Perspective* asserts in his preface, that, by observing the rules laid down in this book, a man may do wonders; for this is wonderful."

It has been supposed that the love of art was excited in Joshua by the example of his elder sisters, who were fond of drawing; but this, I think, proves only that it was in the blood. It is related on the authority of his sister Elizabeth that, as pencils and paper could not be afforded to the young artists, they were allowed to draw on the whitewashed walls of a long passage, with burnt sticks;[2] and it is added that Joshua's productions were the least promising of the set, and he

[1] Mr. Cotton, in his *Gleanings*, gives a fac-simile of this drawing.

[2] In the autumn of 1818 I visited Plympton, and was charmed with the beauty of the scenery that surrounds it. I thought it no wonder that, born in such a spot, Reynolds had shown so much taste in landscape.

I was very politely received by Mr. Phillips, who then occupied the house in which Sir Joshua was born, and learned that, not many years before that time, there were some paintings on its walls (probably they were only the charcoal drawings) supposed to be his early efforts. They had, however, been barbarously destroyed in the rage for whitewashing so prevalent in Devonshire. Mr. Phillips told me that Joshua had written his name with a glazier's diamond on a pane of glass in the great window of the schoolroom, but that a previous master had carried it away. He sent a boy with me to the Guildhall, where I saw the portrait of Reynolds, which he presented to the corporation on his being elected Mayor of Plympton, and which, to the utter disgrace of the corporation, has since been sold!! (L.) (But see my explanation post.)

I visited Plympton in August, 1861. The schoolhouse was then closed, being under repairs. The house has been transmogrified, but the arcade under the schoolhouse is still as when the boy Reynolds drew it. (*See* Frontispiece.)—ED.

Day & Son Lith.rs to the Queen

COLONNADE UNDER THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL
AT PLYMPTON.

was nicknamed *the clown*. Mrs. Parker, of the family of which the Earl of Morley is now the head, gave these children the first pencil they ever possessed; this lady was on intimate terms with the mother of Joshua, who little thought how amply her son was destined to repay the gift to the family, by his splendid whole length of Mrs. Parker's successor at Saltram.

Johnson attributed the first fondness of Reynolds for his art to the perusal of Richardson's Treatise. But he had drawn likenesses of some of his friends and relations with tolerable success before that book was put into his hands, and he would have been a painter if Richardson had never written. Yet his heart must have burned within him when he read such passages as the following:—

"No nation under heaven so nearly resembles the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans* as we. There is a haughty courage, an elevation of thought, a greatness of taste, a love of liberty, a simplicity and honesty amongst us which we inherit from our ancestors, and which belong to us as *Englishmen*; and 'tis in these this resemblance consists." . . . . .

"A time may come when future writers may be able to add the name of an *English* painter." : . . . .

"I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but considering the necessary connection of causes and effects, and upon seeing some links of that fatal chain, I will venture to pronounce (as exceedingly probable) that if ever the ancient, great, and beautiful taste in painting revives, it will be in *England*; but not 'till *English* painters, conscious of the dignity of their country and of their profession, resolve to do honour to

both by Piety, Virtue, Magnanimity, Benevolence, and a contempt of everything that is really unworthy of them."

"And now I cannot forbear wishing that some younger painter than myself, and one who has had greater and more early advantages, would practise the magnanimity I have recommended, in this single instance of attempting and hoping only to equal the greatest masters of whatsoever age or nation. What were they which we are not or may not be? What helps had any of them which we have not? Nay, we have several some of them were destitute of: I will only mention one; 'tis our religion, which has opened a new and noble scene of things; we have more just and enlarged notions of the Deity, and more excellent ones of human nature, than the ancients could possibly have: and as there are some fine characters peculiar to the Christian religion, it moreover affords some of the noblest subjects that ever were thought of for a picture."[1]

[1] I cannot resist quoting the following passage also from a later work of the patriotic old painter:—"I have said it heretofore, and will venture to repeat it, notwithstanding the national vanity of some of our neighbours and our own false modesty and partiality to foreigners,—*if ever the great taste in painting, if ever that delightful, useful, and noble art does revive in the world, 'tis probable 'twill be in England.* . . . . In ancient times we have frequently been subdued by foreigners; the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans have all done it in theirs: those days are at an end long since; and we are by various steps carried to the height of military glory by sea and land. Nor are we less eminent for learning, philosophy, mathematics, poetry, strong and clear reasoning, and a greatness and delicacy of taste. In a word, in many of the liberal and mechanical arts we are equal to any other people, ancients or moderns, and in some perhaps superior. We are not yet come to that maturity in the arts of Design; our neighbours, those of nations not remarkable for excelling in this way, as well as those that are, have made frequent and successful inroads upon us, and have *lorded* it over our natives here in their own country. Let us at length disdain as much to be in subjection in this respect as in any other; let us put forth our strength and employ our national virtue, that haughty impatience of subjection and inferiority which seems to be characteristic of our nation, in this

The most ardent hope, perhaps a firm belief, that he was destined to fulfil this prediction must have been kindled in the mind of the ambitious boy. He knew not that the exertions of a great and original painter had already been stimulated by such passages in Richardson's book. This was Hogarth; who, when he painted the *Pool of Bethesda*, and the *Good Samaritan*, for St. Bartholomew's Hospital, hoped to succeed "in what," as he said, "the puffers in books call *the great style of History painting*."[1] Reynolds was but thirteen when these pictures were painted and presented to the hospital; and if he had even heard of Hogarth, it was in all probability as a clever painter of familiar life only.

Richardson could not have looked for the accomplishment of his prediction to a painter either of familiar life or of portraits. But what is called a revival of art is more correctly a new birth, impressed always with the character of the age and the country in which it occurs; and, for Hogarth and Reynolds to be the first great English painters, it was not essential that they should tread in the steps of Michael Angelo and Raphael, but it was essential that their art should be thoroughly British. Richardson no doubt expected the appearance of an English Raphael; and Reynolds, no doubt, hoped, and resolved, if possible, to fulfil such an expectation. He told Malone that Richardson's treatise so delighted and inflamed his mind, "that Raphael appeared to him superior to the most illustrious names of ancient or modern time." That

as on many other illustrious occasions, and the thing will be effected: *the English school will rise and flourish!*"

[1] Although Hogarth undervalued Richardson, there can be no doubt that his ambition was excited by his books.

this was natural the reader will see from such exclamations of the old painter as these:—

"Oh the pleasure! when a *connoisseur* and lover of art has before him a picture or drawing of which he can truly say, This is the hand, these are the thoughts of him who was one of the politest, best-natured gentlemen that ever was; and beloved and assisted by the greatest wits and the greatest men then at Rome: of him who lived in great honour and magnificence, and died extremely lamented." Read "London" for "Rome," and how exactly does every word of this passage apply to Reynolds, when he had risen to the top of his art!

Again: "When a man enters into that awful gallery at Hampton Court, he finds himself among a sort of people superior to what he has ever seen, and very probably to what those really were. Indeed this is the principal excellence of those wonderful pictures, as it must be allowed to be that part of painting which is preferable to all others." . . . . .

"Hampton Court is the great school of Raphael; and God be praised that we have such an invaluable blessing! May the Cartoons continue in that place, and always to be seen; unhurt and undecayed so long as the nature of the materials of which they are composed will possibly allow! May even a miracle be wrought in their favour, as themselves are some of the greatest instances of the Divine Power which endued a mortal man with abilities to perform such stupendous works of art!" [1]

[1] "Sir J. Reynolds, when he called on me yesterday (July 10, 1789), on looking over the elder Richardson's drawings, said he understood his art

The father of Reynolds possessed a few prints, and Joshua copied such illustrations as he found in his books, particularly the engravings in Dryden's edition of *Plutarch's Lives*. But Jacob Cats' *Book of Emblems*, which his grandmother by his father's side, it has been said, brought with her from Holland, delighted him the most.[1]

Terrific subjects make a strong impression on young minds; and one of the prints in this book, a shepherd consulting a witch in her cave, where she sits surrounded by hideous objects, remained so long in his memory as to suggest the picture he painted for Boydell's *Shakespear Gallery*, of the caldron scene in Macbeth. Another plate, of a sorceress sitting at supper on a chair composed of a skeleton, no doubt suggested to him the similar chair on which his Hecate sits in that picture; and his portrait of Kitty Fisher, as Cleopatra dissolving the pearl, seems also to have had its origin from the same book.

When he was not more than twelve years old he painted a portrait of the Rev. Thomas Smart, who was a tutor in the family of Richard Edgcumbe, afterwards

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very well scientifically, but that his manner was cold and hard. He was Sir Joshua's pictorial grandfather, being Hudson's master. He was always drawing either himself or Pope, whom he scarcely ever visited without taking some sketch of his face. His son was intended for a painter; but, being very near-sighted, soon gave up all thoughts of that profession. He was a great news and anecdote monger, and in the latter part of his life spent much of his time in gathering and communicating intelligence concerning the King of Prussia, and other topics of the day, as Dr. Burney, who knew him very well, informs me. His *Richardsoniana* are not uninteresting."—PRIOR'S *Life of Malone*, p. 403.—ED.

[1] Northcote speaks of her as a Dutchwoman, and the family pedigrees state that John Reynolds married her at Antwerp. Her name, however, was English (Mary Ainsworth); and her marriage is registered at Exeter, in 1673.

the first Lord Edgcumbe. This picture, we are told, was painted in a boat-house at Cremyll beach, under Mount Edgcumbe, on a canvas which was part of a boat-sail, and with the common paint used in ship-wrights' painting-sheds. He had no doubt made many drawings before this, which is supposed to be his first attempt in oil; and considering the youth of the artist, and the means at his command, it is not surprising that it had little artistic merit.[1]

More than four years elapsed after the painting of this picture before the profession of Joshua was determined. A series of letters from Samuel Reynolds to Mr. Cutcliffe, an attorney at Bideford, carries on the narrative, and brings us more intimately acquainted than we have yet been with the father of so extraordinary a son.

I trust these letters will not be found to occupy too much space. The peculiar characters of the father and mother of a man of genius interest us on his account, if not on their own; and where there is genius of so high an order as that of Reynolds, it seems not in nature that the parents, certainly not that both parents,

[1] The picture is now in the possession of Deble Boger, Esq., of Anthony, near Plymouth, where I saw it lately. The local tradition, which carries internal evidence in its favour, is, that this jolly, moon-faced tutor and parson, was a butt of young Dick Edgcumbe's, a humorist from boyhood, and that Dick put young Reynolds (with whom he may well have been acquainted, owing to the family connection with the borough of Plympton) up to painting Smart's likeness, from a surreptitious sketch taken in church. The boys, so runs the story, ran down from Smart's church at Maker (the tower of which peeps from the trees above Cremyll beach, which borders the Mount Edgcumbe grounds on the sea-side), to the boat-house, and there Reynolds perpetrated the portrait. It is, as described, on a rough canvas, roughly painted, but is not without character, and a certain broad cleverness. Mr. Boger has still a silver tankard given by Lord Edgcumbe to Mr. Smart.—ED.

should be ordinary persons. Theophila Reynolds may not have been living at the time at which we have arrived. The registers of her children's births prove, however, that she had lived long enough to exercise some influence on the character of Joshua; but what that was, or how much of his mind may have been an inheritance from his mother, we have no means of knowing.

The first letter to Mr. Cutcliffe is a long one, in which Mr. Reynolds begins by telling his correspondent that he had been reading six political pamphlets and the sermons of Dr. Mudge. It goes far to prove that the writer was not, as he has been called, an indolent man. I shall quote only the portions of it that relate to Joshua.

"Plympton, March 17th, 1740.

". . . . . I was last night with Mr. Craunch,[1] as he was asking me what I designed to do with Joshua, who is now drawing near to seventeen. I told him I was divided between two things: one was, making him an apothecary, as to which I should make no account of the qualifications of his master, as not doubting, if it

[1] A gentleman of small independent fortune, who resided at Plympton. He was probably the first to predict the future eminence of Joshua; who, in grateful remembrance of his early kind offices, had a handsome silver cup made to present to him, but Mr. Craunch died before it was ready. He advanced Reynolds money for his visit to Italy, and the young painter brought him a set of four landscapes on his return from abroad, chosen, no doubt, to suit Mr. Craunch's tastes, rather than his own. Three of them are now in possession of Deble Boger, Esq. Reynolds painted his picture and his wife's. The former is now at Glynn, in Cornwall, the seat of Lord Vivian, whose ancestor, John Vivian, married Betsy Craunch, Mr. Craunch's daughter, and an old sweetheart of Dr. Wolcot's (Peter Pindar), who used to describe her as "a pretty creature." She too sat to Sir Joshua in 1762.—Ed.

please God I live, but he should be sufficiently instructed another way: besides that, he has spent a great deal of time and pains with that view already, and to that purpose I do intend to make a proposal to Mr. Raport[1] of our town, so that I shall have an opportunity of instructing him on the spot; and if Mr. Raport is not inclined, then to make the proposal to my wife's kinsman, Mr. Baker, of Bideford. The other is, that Joshua has a very great genius for drawing, and lately, on his own head, has begun even painting; so that Mr. Warmell, who is both a painter and a player, having lately seen but his first performances, said, if he had his hands full of business, he would rather take Joshua for nothing than another with 50*l.* Mr. Craunch told me, as to this latter, he could put me in a way. Mr. Hudson (who is Mr. Richardson's son-in-law) used to be down at Bideford, and would be so, he believed, within these two months; he persuaded me to propose the matter to you, and that you should propose it to Mr. Hudson, that Joshua might show him some of his performances in drawing, and, if the matter was likely to take effect, should take a journey to Bideford himself. I mentioned this to Joshua, who said he would rather be an apothecary than an *ordinary* painter; but if he could be bound to an eminent master, he should choose the latter; that he had seen a print from Mr. Hudson's painting which he had been very much pleased with. Now here I have given you a naked account of the matter, upon

[1] In a copy of this letter by Northcote, but which he did not publish, this name is spelt Ruport, and the name of Warmell is spelt Warwell.

which I must desire your judgment and advice. I must only add that what Joshua had principally employed himself in has been perspective, of which, perhaps, there is not much in face painting: his pictures strike off wonderfully, if they be look'd on with a due regard to the point of sight and the point of distance. You see how free I make with you.

"I am,

"Your most affectionate Friend and Servant,

"S. REYNOLDS."

A country apothecary, it must be remembered, was in those days a general practitioner, and Samuel Reynolds possessed a few anatomical drawings, from which Joshua had made some progress (it could not be much) in the knowledge of anatomy; and, as Mr. Reynolds no doubt dabbled in pharmacy, it is not unlikely that, by initiating his son into some of its mysteries, he may have led to his love of nostrums in art, which occasioned the injury of many,—and the destruction of some,—of the finest pictures that ever man painted.

A letter, dated June 20th, 1740, begins with an account of a treatise on gout which Mr. Reynolds had been reading, and on which subject it appears he had himself written. He speaks also of Pope's *Essay on Man*, and of a *Theological Chronology* of his own composition. He says, "I shall send on Monday next to my daughter at Torrington,[1] to be transmitted to you, a specimen of Joshua's performances in painting, which I think is his first in colours: that which Mr. Warmel

[1] His eldest daughter, Mrs. Palmer.

saw was only in chalk and charcoal; his colours happened to be brought when Mr. Warmel was with me."

In this letter there is a passage which reminds us of the sound sense of Sir Joshua. "It is a good thing to avoid bigotry, but a man must not therefore throw up his religion."

The next, dated August 1st, 1740, is full of medicine and metaphysics, and Joshua only comes in at the end, thus—"I give you a great many thanks for what you intend to do on behalf of Joshua." On the 7th of October he writes:—

"DEAR SIR,

"As my son is come to wait on you and to obey orders, I have nothing to do but to thank you for your management and trouble in this affair. Everything that is necessary to be said, my son will be better able to say by word of mouth. Only one thing, lest it should be forgot, which your son may be best able to determine, whether Joshua may suffer any prejudice hereafter by being bound for four years (which undoubtedly in itself is preferable), instead of seven; if so, then I suppose alterations may be made without any additional charge, for Joshua's work will then be worth his diet. I am apt to think it otherwise by my brother Potter's case, who did not serve but a few years in London. Things are much better as they are without any alteration, unless there be a real inconvenience therein, as that he will not be able to practise his trade in London without molestation, or enjoy any other privileges which seven years 'prentices do.

"I am, with my humble service to your son, Mr.

Thomas Cutcliffe, ... and to Mr. Lantrow (though unknown), Joshua's fellow traveller for a great part of the way (Joshua will tell you what I mean by these last words),

"Your most obliged, humble Servant,

"S. REYNOLDS."

"DEAR SIR, "Plympton, October 26th, 1740.

"I think myself obliged to let you know that Joshua arrived in London with your son and Mr. Lantrow on Saturday, October 13th, which gives me the same pleasure as when you carried your son thither. He had a most prosperous journey (which is a most prosperous beginning of this affair, and I pray God it may be as happily accomplished). His master as yet is not at home, he is at the Bath. 'We see his wife' (says Joshua); 'she says she will write to him about it, but I am at present at my uncle's.'[1] When it is ended I shall tell you you have ended one of the most important affairs of my life, that which I have look'd upon to be my main interest some way or other to bring about. And you have not (only) almost brought it about, but, as if Providence had breathed upon what you have done, everything hitherto has jumped out in a strange unexpected manner to a miracle. Nor can I see, that if Mr. Treby[2] had many children, an apprenticeship under such a master would have been below some one of his sons. As if a piece of good fortune had already actually befallen my family, it seems to me I see the good effects

[1] The Rev. John Reynolds, Fellow of Eton.

[2] *The* great man of Plympton.—ED.

of it already in some persons' behaviour. This is my letter of thanks to you for what you have done, and my request of the continuance of your oversight and endeavours 'till the matter is completely ended.

"I am, &c.,

"S. REYNOLDS.

"P.S. I do not see what is further necessary to be done, but for Joshua to wait Mr. Hudson's coming, and by your son's assistance, according to your directions and to Mr. Hudson's liking, that proper measures be taken about the indentures. Upon notice I shall take care that the necessary charges shall come to his hands. At present he has enough for his pocket-money. He has behaved himself mighty well in this affair, and done his duty on his part, which gives me much more concern in his behalf than I should otherwise have had. You have hitherto done for him, as if it was your own son, and you see you must continue to do so a little longer. You have found out a means how my family will always be united to yours."

Thomas Hudson was a native of Devonshire. He was the pupil of Richardson, whose daughter he married; and after the death of his father-in-law, to whom he was much inferior in ability, he became (for want of a better) the principal portrait painter in England. He lived in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, in a house now divided into Nos. 55 and 56. He was to receive 120*l.* as a premium with his pupil.

To Mr. Cutcliffe.

"Dear Sir, "Plympton, December 30th, 1740.

"In answer to yours, I accept Mr. Hudson's proposals, and shall be always his humble servant, with abundance of thanks, as I should be yours if I could be more so than I am already, for the share you have had in this affair. Joshua is very sensible of his happiness in being under such a master, in such a family, in such a city, and in such an employment, and all by your means. As I have in a manner one half of the money ready provided, if it please God I live so long as to the end of those four years, I have writ this post to my daughter, to desire her to furnish Joshua with the other half, 'till he is able to repay her, and to write to you to that purpose, and I doubt not she will do so, because it is in a manner her own proposal; for he said in a former letter to me that she would much rather furnish Joshua with 60*l.* than he should be put to a calling at which he would get 50*l.* a year less than he might at another that was better. I am with my hearty thanks, and hearty wishes that you may enjoy many Christmases and many happy New Years,

"Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

"S. Reynolds."

". . . . . "January 1st, 1741.

"I ought surely to have writ to you upon account of the character which Mr. Hudson was pleased to give of my son, not to inform you of anything, but to tell you that your favours were beyond thanks, and beyond expression. I ought to have informed you of my son

Humphrey's death,[1] which stuck by me very much—till it was drowned, if I may say so, in a still greater sorrow, and that was the death of my youngest son Martin, whom I cannot yet write about without hurting myself. I cannot write this little without great agitation of mind. . . . . .

"My study of physic is very much dampt by the death of my last son. And yet his mother has cured a hundred as bad as he. But there was a strange infatuation in his management. A series of blunders—and all occasioned by acting with precipitation.[2]

"Mr. Warmel, the painter, was at my house on Sunday last; he look'd upon two or three of Joshua's drawings about the room; he said not one of Mr. Treby's rooms had furniture equal to this, that they all deserved frames and glasses. You may see some of them at Molly's. Just now I had a letter from Joshua, wherein he tells me, 'On Thursday next Sir Robert

[1] He was a lieutenant in the navy, and was drowned on his return home from India. His conduct had given great satisfaction to his father.

[2] Mr. William Russell possesses a small pen sketch by Reynolds, washed with Indian ink, of a child leaning on the slab of a tomb, and pointing down to a scroll which lies at his feet, on which is written "Humphry. Samuel. Martin. all. all. are gone." (L.) It is in reference to this bereavement that the father wrote to a friend, himself in need of comfort under affliction, the following passage, which bespeaks sweetness and tenderness of disposition:—"I shall offer no arguments of consolation to you, who wanted them so much myself, and should still want them, if I did not consider that it is too apparent that all grief in these cases is to no purpose. But one thing I comfort myself with, which is perhaps an argument that you have omitted—that I have enjoyed them for some time, which, notwithstanding the grief of parting with them, is much better than not to have enjoyed them at all. And I think with pleasure upon some of their actions, which our Saviour points out in children, and which 'tis good always to have before our eyes. They are little preachers of righteousness which grown persons may listen to with pleasure. Actions are more powerful than words; and I cannot but thank God sometimes for the benefit of their example. This is a subject I find still too tender to dwell upon."—ED.

Walpole sits for his picture; master says he has had a great longing to draw his picture, because so many have been drawn, and none like.' Joshua writ me some time ago that many had drawn Judge Willis' picture, but that by his master was most approved of. I am glad I am able in this manner to express my thanks to you for what you have done for Joshua. You have done me a favour fit for a man of a thousand a year.

"And so I wish you and yours a merry Christmas and a happy New Year,

"And am,

"Your most affectionate and obliged, humble Servant,

"S. REYNOLDS."

"April 20th, 1742.

"Joshua goes on very well, which I must always acquaint you with. Dr. Huxham, who saw Laocoon, a drawing of his, said, that he who drew that would be the first hand in England. Mr. Tucker, a painter in Plymouth, who saw that and three or four more, and admired them exceedingly, as I had it from Mr. Craunch; yet when he saw some later drawings of Joshua's in his second year he still saw an improvement. I had forgot to tell you that Mr. Hudson had finished the head of the Earl of Orford[1] entirely to his satisfaction, and likewise to his own. Many gentlemen admired it, and have bespoken copies. Sir Robert asked where he lived, who was his master, and wondered he had heard no more of him, and acknowledges no other picture to be his likeness but this. . . . . ."

[1] Sir Robert Walpole had been raised to the peerage.

"August 3rd, 1742.

"As for Joshua, nobody, by his letters to me, was ever better pleased in his employment, in his master, in everything—'While I am doing this I am the happiest creature alive,' is his expression. How he goes on ('tis plain he thinks he goes on very well) you 'll be better able to inform me. I do not forget to whom I owe all this happiness, and I hope he will not either."

While with Hudson, the happy boy met with an unexpected delight. He was sent, one day, to make a purchase for his master at a sale of pictures. The auction-room was crowded, and he was at the upper end of it, close to the auctioneer. There was a bustle near the door, and he presently heard "Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope," whispered through the room. The crowd opened a passage for the poet, and the hands of all were held out to touch him as he passed along, bowing to the company on either side. Reynolds, though not in the front row, put out his hand under the arm of a person who stood before him, and the hand that had penned the *Rape of the Lock* was shaken by that which was to immortalize on canvas the Belindas of the coming age, as well as all Pope's successors in genius.

In relating this incident to Malone in after life, Reynolds described Pope as "about four feet six inches high; very hump-backed and deformed. He wore a black coat, and, according to the fashion of that time, had on a little sword. He had a large and very fine eye, and a long handsome nose: his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths

of crooked persons, and the muscles which run across the cheek were so strongly marked that they seemed like small cords."[1]

Long after this occurrence Reynolds possessed himself of the fan that Pope presented to Martha Blount, and on which the poet had painted a design of his own, from the story of Cephalus and Procris, with the motto "Aura Veni." On being asked his opinion of it, Reynolds said it was "such as might be expected from one who painted for his amusement alone; like the performance of a child. This must always be the case when the work is only taken up from idleness, and laid aside when it ceases to amuse. But those who are determined to excel must go to their work whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night, and they will find it to be no play, but on the contrary very hard labour."

Reynolds, by his master's recommendation, copied some drawings by Guercino, from which he no doubt learned much more than he could learn from Hudson's pictures. Northcote tells us that these copies were so good as to be preserved in the cabinets of the curious, most of them passing for originals.

Though bound to Hudson for four years, he did not remain with him quite two. He is supposed to have excited the jealousy of his master by an admirable portrait he painted of an elderly female servant in the house. Hudson, one evening, ordered him to take a picture to Van Haaken, the drapery painter; but the weather being wet, he deferred it till the next morning.

[1] This peculiarity is strongly marked in the terra-cotta head of Pope by Roubilliac, formerly in the possession of the late Samuel Rogers.—ED.

At breakfast, Hudson asked why he did not take the picture the evening before? He replied that he delayed it on account of the rain; but that the picture was delivered that morning before Van Haaken rose from bed. Hudson said, "You have not obeyed my orders, and shall not stay in my house." Reynolds asked for time to write to his father, who might otherwise think he had committed some crime; but Hudson, though reproached by his own servant for his unreasonable conduct, persisted in his determination, and Reynolds went that day from his house to his uncle's chambers in the Temple, and wrote to his father, who, after consulting his friend Lord Edgcumbe, directed him to return to Devonshire.

I have taken Farington's account of the dismissal of Reynolds by Hudson, as the most circumstantial; but without certainty of its truth. His father, in a letter to Mr. Cutcliffe, dated August 19th, 1743, says .... "As to Joshua's affair, he will give you a full account of it when he waits upon you, as he designs to do, and will be glad to present you with your picture,[1] who have been so good a benefactor to him. I do not know any painter who is capable of doing you justice. I don't speak out of compliment, for a painter must have sharp eyes to see one half of that which is in you; but I believe Mr. Mudge, who has been here this morning

[1] Was this picture ever painted? Mr. Cotton writes:—"I have made inquiries about the portrait of Mr. Cutcliffe. His great-grandchildren say they have no knowledge of it; but they *had* possession at one time of the pen-and-ink sketches, which old Mr. Reynolds brought to Mr. Cutcliffe when he came to consult him about binding his son apprentice to a painter. They were got out of their hands in some way or other, and are supposed to be at Bicton, seat of the late Lord Rolle."—ED.

and has seen Joshua's performances, will agree with me, that he is likely to do you justice if any other painter can't. I have not meddled with Joshua's affair hitherto, any otherwise than by writing a letter to Joshua, which never came to hand, and which I intended as an answer both to his letter and his master's. This resolution of mine I shall persevere in, not to meddle in it; if I had I should have taken wrong steps. I shall only say, there is no controversy I was ever let into, wherein I was so little offended with either party. In the mean time I bless God, and Mr. Hudson, and you, for the extreme success that has attended Joshua hitherto. . . . . Joshua shall lay open the whole to you as to a father, as I know he may." . . . .

This letter throws great doubt on the accuracy of Farington's account of the dismissal of Reynolds from Hudson's house.

The young painter returned to Devonshire, and commenced painting at Plymouth Dock, where he was much employed. In a letter to Mr. Cutcliffe, dated January 3rd, 1744, his father speaks of his having painted twenty portraits, among them that of "the greatest man of the place, the commissioner of the dockyard," [1] and of his having ten more bespoke.[2]

[1] Philip Vanbrugh, Esq., was the Commissioner from 1739 to 1753.

[2] Six, if not seven, portraits of this period, bearing the date 1744, are in possession of Mr. Kendal, of Pelyn, M.P. for East Cornwall. I have not seen them, but I am informed by Mr. Kendal that they are in excellent condition. They represent his great-grandfather, great-grandmother (the latter twice over), his grandfather, and his great-uncle, and have on the back, "Joshua Reynolds pinxit (Ætatis suæ 21) 1744." By his receipt he had 7*l.* for the two pictures of Mrs. Kendal. A portrait of G. Gibbon, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor of Plymouth (who died in 1745), belonging to the Rev. W. C. Evans (vicar of Campsall, near Doncaster), is ascribed to Reynolds at this period.

He was, however, soon in London again, and on the best terms with Hudson, as we learn by the following passages from his father's letters.

"Plympton, December 7th, 1744.

"I understand that Joshua, by his master's means is introduced into a club composed of the most famous men in their profession.[1] That was the word in Bob's[2] letter, who had it from Molly, which is exceeding generous in his master."

"Plympton, May 24th, 1745.

. . . . "Joshua's master is very kind to him; he comes to visit him pretty often, and freely tells him where his pictures are faulty, which is a great advantage; and when he has finished anything of his own, he is pleased to ask Joshua's judgment, which is a great honour." . . . .

In 1746 Reynolds painted the portrait of Captain Hamilton, father of the Marquis of Abercorn, which, it is said, was the first of his pictures at this period which brought him into notice. When later in life he again saw it he was surprised to find it so well done, and, comparing it with his subsequent works, lamented that in such a series of years he should not have made a greater progress in his art. This portrait is now in the possession of the Marquis of Abercorn.

[1] Very probably the club that met at Old Slaughter's in St. Martin's Lane, of which an account will be found in Smith's 'Life of Nollekens,' vol. ii. p. 209. It included Gravelot, Sullivan (the etcher of Hogarth's March to Finchley), Hogarth, McArdell (the great mezzotint engraver), Hudson, Roubilliac, Gardell (afterwards hanged for murder), old Moser, Ware, and Gwynn (the architect), &c.—ED.

[2] Robert Reynolds, Sir Joshua's brother, who lived at Exeter.—ED.

Captain Hamilton is also introduced in a small family piece, painted by Reynolds about the same time, in the collection of the Earl of St. Germans, at Port Eliot. It represents Richard, the first Lord Eliot, with Harriet his wife, and their children, together with Mrs. Goldsworthy. Captain Hamilton, who married Lady Eliot after Lord Eliot's death in 1748, is carrying one of the younger children on his back.[1]

This was Reynolds's first composition of several figures in a group.

[It is engraved in S. W. Reynolds's collection, and bears a strong impress of Hudson's manner. The composition is scattered and unskilful, the colour in no way remarkable; but there is something more unconventional and life-like than Hudson would have ventured upon in the young man who is carrying the child pick-a-back. At Port Eliot, also of this period, are a portrait of Richard, the first Lord Eliot, in a red waistcoat, with a favourite dog (engraved by S. Reynolds), and a half-length of Harriet his wife, in white satin, with blue bows. Both are in the Hudsonian manner.

[1] "This Captain Hamilton was a very uncommon character; very obstinate, very whimsical, very pious, a rigid disciplinarian, yet very kind to his men. He lost his life as he was proceeding from his ship to land at Plymouth. The wind and sea were extremely high; and his officers remonstrated against the imprudence of venturing in a boat where the danger seemed imminent. But he was impatient to see his wife, and would not be persuaded. In a few minutes after he left the ship the boat was upset and turned keel upwards. The captain, being a good swimmer, trusted to his skill, and would not accept a place on the keel, in order to make room for others, and then clung to the edge of the boat. Unluckily he had kept on his great-coat. At length, seeming exhausted, those on the keel exhorted him to take a place beside them, and he attempted to throw off the coat; but finding his strength fail, told the men he must yield to his fate, and soon afterwards sank, while *singing a psalm*." (From Lord Eliot.)—PRIOR'S *Life of Malone*, p. 404.—ED.

So is a portrait of Commodore Edgcumbe, also of this date, which used to hang in the corporation dining-room at Plympton, and is now in the possession of Deble Boger, Esq., of Anthony, near Plymouth, the last Recorder of the borough of Plympton.]

Another of his pictures, and novel in its treatment, of a boy reading in a reflected light, dates from this period.[1]

[Portraits of Mrs. Field, now at Torrington; of Mr. and Mrs. Craunch, lately in the possession of Miss Clift, at Kingsbridge, Devonshire, the former of which is now at Glynn (Lord Vivian's); of Captain Chaundy, R.N., and his wife, in the possession of Mrs. Duins, at Plymouth;[2] of Councillor Bury and his wife;[3] of Alderman Facey, in the Plymouth Athenæum; and the engraved portrait of the notorious Miss Chudleigh, afterwards better known as the Duchess of Kingston, are of this date. Miss Chudleigh was of a Devonshire family. Of the portrait of Mrs. Field Mr. Cotton remarks: "The carnations are of great delicacy and clearness, and the features well defined, though not so strongly pronounced by means of that depth of shadow, which he afterwards adopted from the works of Titian and other Italian masters." I have seen a copy of this picture, which bears out this description. To this date

[1] It is in the gallery of Lord Normanton, so rich in Reynolds's works. This picture was formerly in the possession of Sir H. Englefield, and is not surpassed for force and delicacy, particularly in the admirable management of the reflected lights on the face, and the painting of the books on the table, by any picture of Reynolds's which I know. The picture bears his name, and the date 1747.—ED.

[2] See Catalogue.

[3] The Burys belonged to Exeter. The portraits were formerly in the possession of the Cutcliffe family.

also must be referred the beautiful head of himself, now in the possession of his grand-niece, Miss Gwatkin, in whose dining-room at Plymouth this, the earliest portrait of the painter, hangs side by side with the latest which he painted of himself. It is masterly in handling, and powerful—almost Rembrantesque—in *chiaro-scuro*. The hair flows, without powder, in long ringlets over the shoulders. The white collar and ruffled front of the shirt are thrown open. A dark cloak is flung over the shoulders. There is not a trace of Hudson in the picture.]

He was summoned back to Devonshire by the illness of his father, which terminated in his death on Christmas-day 1746.[1]

Joshua was no doubt a great favourite of his father, perhaps the favourite son; and the good old man had the happiness of living to know that, in so critical a matter as the choice of a profession for him, he had done wisely. Of the distinction that awaited him even a parent could scarcely dream, though he probably expected him to be at the head of his art, for Jervas[2] and Richardson had occupied that place, and Hudson now held it. But Hogarth, and Wilson who began as a portrait painter, had come into the field, and Gainsborough was about to enter it, and it was from such

[1] There was no record at Plympton of this excellent and amiable man, in whom I seem to trace some of the most loveable characteristics of his placid, placable, sweet-tempered son, till Mr. Cotton, who has done so much to throw light on the history of the painter, his family, and his birthplace, erected a tablet to him in the church of Plympton, with an inscription, which will be found printed in his work on Plympton already referred to on p. 2.—Ed.

[2] When Miss Fanny Reynolds asked her brother how it happened that no pictures of Jervas were to be seen, he said, "Because they are all up in the garret."

rivals as these that Reynolds was to win the crown and keep it.[1]

On the death of Samuel Reynolds the family was obliged to remove from the schoolmaster's residence at Plympton. Joshua took a house at Plymouth Dock, where he resided with his two unmarried sisters.

In after life he told Malone that, in Devonshire, "he passed about three years in company from whom little improvement could be got; and when he recollected this period of his life, he always spoke of it as so much time thrown away — so far at least as related to a knowledge of the world and of mankind, of which he ever afterwards lamented the loss. However," continues Malone, "after some little dissipation, he sat down seriously to the study and practice of his art; and he always considered the disagreement which induced him to leave Mr. Hudson as a very fortunate circumstance, since by this means he was led to deviate from the tameness and insipidity of his master, and to form a manner of his own."

This temporary neglect of his art[2] was the only instance of such neglect in the whole course of his life; and when he did sit down again seriously to its study, it was most fortunate that he was in Devonshire; for there, and there only, he had opportunities of seeing pictures by William Gandy of Exeter, from which, unquestionably, he first caught the hint of that broad

[1] I cannot but consider Reynolds superior to Hogarth as a *painter*, though certainly not as a poet. In the originality of his genius Hogarth is not only before Reynolds, but it would be difficult to name the painter of any age or country who is before Hogarth.

[2] I do not understand Reynolds's remark to Malone to imply neglect of his art.—ED.

and noble style of treating portrait which became his great distinction.

The father of William Gandy was a pupil of Vandyke, and was much employed by the Duke of Ormond in Ireland, on which account his works are elsewhere unknown. It is said the elder Gandy painted so much in Vandyke's style, that some of his pictures have passed for works of his master. The style of his son, however it is to be accounted for, was different. Northcote speaks of a portrait by the younger Gandy that might be mistaken for a work of Rembrandt, and Farington describes the effects of his pictures as "peculiar, solemn, and forcible." I have myself seen a head of a boy by Gandy, which looked very like an early work of Sir Joshua.[1]

The little that Hudson could teach Reynolds had been more than long enough in his house to learn. It was quite sufficient to enable a mind like his to profit by the sight of such pictures as Gandy's; and a traditional observation of this painter was remembered by him to good purpose throughout the whole of his subsequent practice; namely, that "a picture ought to have a richness in its texture, as if the colours had been composed of cream or cheese, and the reverse of a hard and husky or dry manner." A single precept like this falling into an ear fitted to receive it, is suffi-

[1] I have examined the portraits by Gandy at Exeter. That of Tobias Langdon, in the College Hall, of which Sir Godfrey Kneller is said to have expressed his admiration, is a broadly and forcibly painted picture. The portrait of John Patch, in the hospital, is less above Hudson's level. The portrait of Sir E. Seaward will not be found in the Chapel of St. Anne (where it is placed in Murray's Handbook), but in the Poor-house.—Ed.

cient to create a style; while upon the inapt, all the best instruction that can be given is wasted.

It has been supposed that, soon after his return to Devonshire, Reynolds painted the portrait of himself formerly in the possession of Mr. Lane, of Coffleet, which represents him as a young man, with pencils and palette in one hand, shading the light from his eyes with the other. This very fine picture is now in the National Portrait Gallery, and there is a mastery in its execution that creates a difficulty in referring it to so early a period of his practice. The face is youthful, but Mr. Wm. Carpenter, who attributes it to a later time, noticed to me that the mouth is exactly as it appears in all the portraits of him painted after the accident in 1749, by which the form of his upper lip was injured.

It may be mentioned that, among the advantages of his residence at this time of his life in Devonshire, he did not altogether neglect the study of landscape, where it might be studied to such excellent purpose. At Port Eliot there is a long narrow view of Plymouth and the adjoining scenery, from the hill called Catdown, painted by him in 1748.[1]

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[1] Minutely painted—in complete contrast with his later landscape style.

Three pictures go far to satisfy me that the qualities in which Reynolds surpassed Hudson had become apparent in his work before he visited Italy. These are, the Coffleet portrait, the picture with reflected lights at Lord Normanton's, and Miss Gwatkin's portrait of the painter in youth.

At Eastnor Castle is a portrait of Elizabeth, first wife of Charles Lord Somers. She was a sister of the first Lord Eliot, and after her marriage resided at Ince Castle, in the St. Germain's River. Here, about 1746, she was painted by Reynolds. The picture represents a young bright-eyed woman, in a turban of white flowered stuff, and a black dress, with a tucker of flowered satin, and pearl ornaments. It is rather timidly painted; the face has little chiaroscuro or roundness. He must have improved wonderfully in those three years at Devonport.—ED.

CHAPTER II.

1749—1752. ÆTAT. 26—29.

Reynolds is introduced to Commodore Keppel — Sails with him to the Mediterranean — They arrive at Lisbon — Cadiz — Gibraltar — Algiers — Reynolds lands at Minorca — Is kindly received there by Governor Blakeney — Paints many portraits — Meets with an accident — Proceeds to Leghorn — Arrives at Rome — Remains there two years — His studies and employments there — Leaves Rome for Florence, where he spends two months — Visits Bologna — Modena — Parma — Mantua — Ferrara, and Venice — His studies there — Notes on pictures in Venice — Returns through France to England, stopping for a month at Paris.

EARLY in the year 1749, the gallant Keppel, though he had not completed his twenty-fourth year, was entrusted with a diplomatic mission to the states of Barbary, and appointed to the command in the Mediterranean, with the rank of Commodore. He sailed from Spithead in the Centurion, on the 25th of April; but the ship springing both her topmasts, he was obliged to put into Plymouth for repairs, and to this accident Reynolds owed one of those many valuable friendships he was destined to form. Keppel, while detained at Plymouth, visited his friend Lord Edgcumbe, at whose seat he became acquainted with the young painter, and was so much pleased with him that he offered him a passage on board the Centurion.

The invitation was gladly accepted; and Keppel and Reynolds, destined alike to rise to the highest eminence in their professions, sailed together on the 11th of May for Lisbon, which they reached on the

24th. Here Reynolds saw, for the first time, some of the splendid ceremonies of the Church of Rome.

In a week Keppel proceeded to Cadiz, and from thence to Tetuan, having heard that the British Consul there had been confined in his own house, by the Moorish governor of the town, in consequence of the non-payment of some ransom money, while several British captives had been thrown into a dungeon; and though Keppel had no instructions relating to the State of Morocco, he thought the appearance of his squadron might assist in redressing these grievances. He arrived in the Bay of Tetuan on the 13th of June, leaving Reynolds at Gibraltar. The Commodore succeeded in obtaining a more comfortable state of things for the Consul and prisoners at Tetuan, and, accompanied by Reynolds, proceeded to Algiers, where he anchored on the 29th of June. On the 30th he had an audience of the Dey, at which Reynolds was present. Keppel's object was to prevent the depredations of the Algerine corsairs upon English vessels; but so many obstacles were thrown in his way by the chicanery of the Dey, that two years elapsed before his negotiations were brought to a close.

Northcote has told us that in the course of these negotiations the Dey became so much incensed that he called the Commodore "a beardless boy," and threatened him with the bowstring. Keppel heard the threat with the utmost calmness, and being near a window from which his ships could be seen, he pointed to them, and said to the Dey that, if it was his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in those ships to make for him a glorious funeral pile.

Keppel has not mentioned this in any account of his interviews with the Dey. But other incidents, relating to himself only, and which are recorded by eye-witnesses, are omitted, even in his private journals; for *self* was never uppermost in his mind. The story, therefore, may be true, and Northcote may have heard it from Reynolds.

During the progress, or rather the no-progress of the Commodore's mission, he was frequently at Minorca, where Reynolds went on shore at Port Mahon, on the 23rd of August, and was most kindly received by the governor, General Blakeney, who would not allow him to be at any expense for quarters, and invited him, also, to a constant seat at his own table. While he remained in this hospitable place Reynolds painted portraits of almost all the officers[1] in the garrison and on the station, equally to the advantage of his practice and his purse.

He was indeed obliged to prolong his stay much beyond his first intention by a serious accident. Though he had probably been from his boyhood a practised horseman, yet, from some chance, a horse he was riding fell with him down a precipice, by which his face was so much cut as to confine him to his room, and the effect of this fall was visible ever after in a scar on his upper lip. On his recovery he proceeded to Leghorn, and from Leghorn to Rome, whence he addressed the following letter to Lord Edgcumbe :—

[1] How little some of them really appreciated the painter appears from an amusing outburst of one of these very officers in after life, recorded by Miss Burney, and quoted post.—Ed.

"MY LORD,

"I am now (thanks to your Lordship) at the height of my wishes, in the midst of the greatest works of art that the world has produced. I had a very long passage, though a very pleasant one. I am at last in Rome, having seen many places and sights which I never thought of seeing. I have been at Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Mahon. The Commodore staid at Lisbon a week, in which time there happened two of the greatest sights that could be seen had he staid there a whole year,—a bull feast, and the procession of *Corpus Christi*. Your Lordship will excuse me if I say that, from the kind treatment and great civilities I have received from the Commodore, I fear I have even laid your Lordship under obligations to him on my account; since from nothing but your Lordship's recommendation I could possibly expect to meet with that polite behaviour with which I have always been treated: I had the use of his cabin and his study of books as if they had been my own, and when he went ashore he generally took me with him, so that I not only had an opportunity of seeing a great deal, but I saw it with all the advantages as if I had travelled as his equal. At Cadiz I saw another bull-feast. I ask your Lordship's pardon for being guilty of that usual piece of ill-manners in speaking so much of myself; I should not have committed it after such favours. Impute my not writing to the true reason; I thought it impertinent to write to your Lordship without a proper reason; to let you know where I am, if your Lordship should have any commands here that I am capable of executing. Since I have been in Rome

I have been looking about the palaces for a fit picture of which I might take a copy to present your Lordship with, though it would have been much more genteel to have sent the picture without any previous intimation of it. Any one you choose, the larger the better, as it will have a more grand effect when hung up, and a kind of painting I like more than little. Though perhaps it will be too great a presumption to expect it, I must needs own I most impatiently wait for this order from your Lordship.

"I am, &c. &c.,

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS."

Reynolds spent two years, and there can be little doubt "with *measureless content*," at Rome. Though he was always too much devoted to his art to be a frequent letter-writer, he must, in those two years, have written at least a dozen or two of letters to Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Johnson; for they had not only the claim upon him of sisters, but they had advanced money for his expenses in Italy, for which he had given them a bond, still in the possession of the descendants of Mrs. Palmer. It will be recollected that she had, also, lent half the money that had been paid as the premium on his being bound to Hudson. I cannot learn, however, that any letter written by him from Italy, excepting that to Lord Edgcumbe, has been preserved;[1] and all that we know of him while there

[1] In a literary periodical, formerly published by Mr. Willis, under the title, 'Willis's Current Notes' (No. 82, Oct. 1857), will be found, under the heading 'Sir Joshua Reynolds's Love Letters,' three letters, purporting to be written by Sir Joshua, while abroad, to a Miss Weston, of Great

is from the memoranda written in his sketch-books, and from some of his papers, written at later periods of his life.

In one of his Roman note-books, now in possession of Reynolds Gwatkin, Esq., is the following list,[1] headed—

"*Copies of Pictures I made at Rome.*

In the Villa Medici.

The vase of the 'Sacrifice of Iphigenia.'

In the Corsini Palace.—April 16, *in the afternoon*, 1750, *anno Jubilei.*

1. A study of an 'Old Man's Head, reading,' by Rubens.
2. April 17 to 19.—A portrait of Philip II., King of Spain, by Titian.
3. April 20.—Rembrandt's portrait by himself.[2]
4. April 21 to 23.—'St. Martino on horseback, giving the Devil, who appeared to him in the shape of a Beggar, part of his Cloak.'

Captain Blackquier's P.

An 'Old Beggar Man.'

Queen Street. Being unable either to vouch for or verify the authenticity of the letters, I do not insert them. Even if genuine, they throw no additional light on Reynolds's occupations abroad, beyond mentioning Mr. Astley, one of his former fellow-pupils at Hudson's, as his companion in an intended *détour* on his way home by Venice and Germany. There is no love in the letters, unless there be any tenderness insinuated in the remark that his lips are spoiled for kissing by the accident at Minorca. Miss Weston is described as a lady with an unrequited attachment for Sir Joshua, who had preserved these letters, and, dying in poverty, soon after the death of Sir Joshua, in 1792, gave them to a family which had befriended her. The story sounds very apocryphal, but there is nothing in the letters themselves to stamp them as forgeries.—ED.

[1] These extracts have been already printed from a very incorrect and imperfect transcript made by, or for, the late Mr. Gwatkin. I have restored the original text from the note-books themselves.

[2] The copy is in the possession of R. L. Gwatkin, Esq.

My own picture. Jacamo's (Giacomo's) picture.

5. Began May 30, finished June 10, in the *Church of the Capuchins*, 'St. Michael,'[1] by Guido.
   A foot from my own.
6. June 13.—The 'Aurora' of Guido, a sketch.
   June 15.—Went to Tivoli.
   August 15.—Worked in the Vatican.

"I was let into the Capella Sistina in the morning, and remained there the whole day, a great part of which I spent in walking up and down it with great self-importance. Passing through, on my return, the rooms of Raphael,[2] they appeared of an inferior order."

The "self-importance" Reynolds felt in the Sistine Chapel looks like excessive vanity: but it was no doubt the feeling he described more clearly forty years later—a self-congratulation in knowing himself capable of such sensations as Michael Angelo intended to excite.

"Raphael," he continues, "in many books on Painting, is praised to the skies for being natural, and because silks and velvets are so naturally painted (by him) that they would deceive any man. This is so far from being true, that they are further from it than the draperies of any other painter; nor ought they to be so natural as to deceive one, except in portraits, as in that of Leo X., at Florence,[3] where the drapery is

[1] This copy came into the possession of George IV., and is now placed over the altar in the Chapel of Hampton Court Palace.

[2] Spelt "Raffaele," and sometimes "Raffaelle," by Reynolds. I have adopted the more modern spelling.

[3] From the mention of this picture it seems probable that Reynolds had stopped at Florence on his way to Rome.—(L.) It is certain that he had, from many comparisons in his notes on the Roman pictures.—Ed.

natural to the last degree, but in none of his history pictures.

"Those pretenders to Painting think the whole art lies in making things natural. If that were the case, how many Raphaels has not Holland produced? What I would endeavour to settle is the point to which the painter is to direct his attention, to give him an idea of what art is by the example of the Great Masters; for young painters, as well as connoisseurs, are sometimes puzzled in seeing a picture, in which there is nothing of what we call natural, preferred to another where there are satins, silks, jugs, &c., which deceive the sight."

In a paper published by Malone, Reynolds says, "It has frequently happened, as I was informed by the keeper of the Vatican, that many of those whom he had conducted through the various apartments of that edifice, when about to be dismissed, have asked for the works of Raphael, and would not believe that they had already passed through the rooms where they are preserved; so little impression had those performances made on them. One of the first painters now in France told me that this circumstance happened to himself, though he now looks on Raphael with that veneration which he deserves from all painters and lovers of art. I remember very well my own disappointment when I first visited the Vatican; but on confessing my feelings to a brother student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raphael had the same effect on him; or rather, that they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind;

and, on inquiring farther of other students, I found that those persons only who from natural imbecility appeared to be incapable of ever relishing these divine performances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on first beholding them. In justice to myself, however, I must add, that, though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master, I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raphael, and those admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and the prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them as I was conscious I ought to have done was one of the most humiliating things that ever happened to me. I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted.—I felt my ignorance and stood abashed. All the indigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England, where the art was at the lowest ebb,—it could not, indeed, be lower,[1]—were to be totally done away with and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as *a little child.* Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again; I even affected to feel their merits, and to admire them more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn upon me, and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art, and that this great painter was

[1] The matchless dramatic powers of Hogarth had evidently, at that time, made no impression on Reynolds.

well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the estimation of the world. The truth is, that if these works had really been what I expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so long and so justly obtained."

"Having since that period frequently revolved the subject in my mind, I am now clearly of opinion that a relish for the higher excellences of the art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation and great labour and attention.[1] On such occasions as that which I have mentioned, we are often ashamed of our apparent dulness; as if it were expected that our minds, like tinder, should instantly catch fire from the divine spark of Raphael's genius. I flatter myself that *now* it would be so, and that I have a just and lively perception of his great powers; but let it be always remembered that the excellence of his style is not on the surface, but lies deep, and at the first view is seen but mistily. It is the florid style which strikes at once, and captivates the eye, for a time, without ever satisfying the judgment. Nor does painting in this respect differ from other arts. A just and poetical taste and the acquisition of a nice discriminative musical ear are equally the work of time.

[1] I believe it would be more correct to say "a *developed* taste, which no man ever *displayed*," &c. Reynolds speaks of the necessity of cultivation; but there must be something native in the mind to cultivate. Can we believe that any training would have made a poet of Sir Isaac Newton, or a musician, or even a lover of music, of Dr. Johnson? Had they been men less honest than they were, they might have been led by fashion to express, the one a fondness of poetry, and the other of music, as thousands do who, in reality, have no taste for either.

Even the eye, however perfect in itself, is often unable to distinguish between the brilliancy of two diamonds, though the experienced jeweller will be amazed at its blindness; not considering that there was a time when he himself could not have been able to pronounce which of the two was the most perfect, and that his own power of discrimination was acquired by slow and imperceptible degrees."

Students in Italy were much employed in copying pictures for gentlemen travellers; alluding to whom, Reynolds at a later period said, in a letter to Barry, "Whilst I was at Rome, I was very little employed by them, and that little I always considered as so much time lost."

He made studies in the Vatican for himself only; one of these I have seen, a group of heads from the *Coronation of Charlemagne*. He also painted two or three caricatures. One, which I have also seen, is a parody on the *School of Athens*, in which are grouped caricature likenesses of most of the English gentlemen then at Rome, in the attitudes of Raphael's philosophers, but dressed in the coats, hats, and wigs they wore.[1]

Northcote, speaking of these caricatures, says, "I have heard Sir Joshua say, that although it was universally allowed he executed such subjects with much

[1] Another of these caricatures, which I saw at the British Institution in 1853, represents Viscount Wicklow getting into his carriage, while his tutor, Dr. Benson, calls his attention to a quarrel between the courier and innkeeper. A third, still in the possession of Mr. Woodyeare, of Crookhill, Yorkshire, contains portraits of his grandfather, and his tutor Dr. Drake, with Sir Charles Turner and Mr. Cooke. It was painted in 1751. —ED.

humour and spirit, he yet held it absolutely necessary to abandon the practice, since it must corrupt his taste as a portrait painter, whose duty it becomes to aim at discovering the perfections only of those whom he is to represent."

The only mention of these pictures, in the note-book of Reynolds, runs thus :—

"*Caricaturas which I did at Rome*, 1751.

Lord Charlemont.	Lord Bruce.
Sir Thomas Kennedy.	Mr. Ward.
Mr. Ward.	Mr. Leeson, Jun.
Mr. Phelps.	Mr. Henry.
Sir W. A. Lowther.	Mr. Cook.
Mr. Leeson, Jun.	Mr. Woodyer.
Mr. Turner.	Mr. Turner (*ancora*).
Mr. Huet.	Mr. Drake.

"*P. in the Caricatura of the School of Athens.*[1]

Mr. Henry.	Abbate De Bois.
Lord Bruce.	Mr. Bretengam (Brettingham).
Mr. Leeson, Sen.	Mr. Murfey.
Mr. Maxwell.	Mr. Sterling.
Mr. Leeson, Jun.	Mr. Ironmonger.
Mr. Barret.	Mr. Dawson.
Mr. Patch.	Sir Matthew Featherstone.
Mr. Virepile.	Lord Charlemont.
Sir William Lowther.	Mr. Phelps.
Dr. Erwin.	Sir Thomas Kennedy.
Mr. Bagot.	Four idea figures."

Different motives have been imagined for the production of these caricatures, while that mentioned by Farington (no doubt the true one) has been overlooked.

[1] This picture is in the possession of —— Henry, Esq., of Straffan, in Ireland.

It was simply that some of the persons caricatured commissioned Reynolds to paint them.

It is scarcely an Irishism to say that the last great Italian painters were Frenchmen; for Claude and Nicolo Poussin were so entirely Italian in their hearts, and passed so great a portion of their lives in Rome, that the French school has no more right to their names than the Architectural School of Sweden has to the name of Sir William Chambers, who was born at Stockholm. When Reynolds visited Italy, the history of her art, for more than half a century, had presented nothing but unredeemed mediocrity; and the foremost of living Italian painters were Pompeo Battoni and Francesco Zuccherelli.

As we are told that, if the sun were to be annihilated, he would still appear, unchanged, to us for a brief space of time, so the vision of the past glories of Italy still lingered with the connoisseurs of the day; and Englishmen (*especially*) could not then, nor indeed long after, believe in any other than the Italian faith in matters of taste.[1] Within my own recollection, Canova received

[1] The belief in the everlasting art of Italy prevailed, indeed, wherever the English language was spoken. Some forty years ago I knew a painter who made a little fortune by painting portraits of the principal people in many of the small towns of America. It was his custom, wherever he set up his easel, to announce himself as Mr. ——— from Philadelphia, New York, or Boston, as either of those cities happened to be the nearest. At one of his halting-places he hired a room in the house of a butcher; and his window being open, he heard his landlord, on the day after his arrival, recommending him to one of his own customers as a great painter from ———. "Let him paint your picture," said the butcher, "and he 'll give you *the true Italian touch*."

Another proof of the existence of the Italian mania in America may be cited. The friends of West sent him to Italy to study. Had they sent him first to England, I cannot help thinking that the influence of Hogarth, of Reynolds, of Wilson, and of Gainsborough, would have told on his practice much more to his future

more commissions than he could find time to execute from the English nobility, who, with one or two exceptions, did not seem to know that such a man as Flaxman existed. Canova *did*, however, know there was a Flaxman; and, while generously recommending him to the notice of his countrymen, he said, "You English see with your ears."

Lord Edgcumbe was one of the most valuable of the friends of Reynolds; and yet so little did he know of the acquirements of his protégé, and so much was he infected with the Italian mania, that, before the young painter left England, he had strongly urged him to become, while at Rome, the pupil of Pompeo Battoni. Reynolds, however, knew himself, and Battoni, too well to follow such advice. Having served a short apprenticeship to a commonplace English painter, he was now too wise to place himself in the hands of a commonplace foreigner; and, while at Rome, the masters he chiefly studied under were Michael Angelo and Raphael.

Allan Cunningham's accusation of Reynolds, that he recommended in his Discourses the masters he did *not* study, and said little or nothing of those he *did* study, is wholly groundless. He felt that, whatever might be his future career, from the frescos of these great painters he could learn best that which would most elevate his style; and the course he pursued himself he recom-

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advantage than did the study of the old masters under the direction of Mengs. It is certain that when he arrived in England his works displayed nothing beyond the learned mediocrity of his teacher, from which the example of the living English painters, in a great degree, enabled him to release himself.

mended to others. The notion that he was incapable of appreciating Roman art sprung from that fallacy in criticism, still prevailing, which classes painting according to its subject, and not according to its own intrinsic greatness entirely apart from its subject, and from the vulgar error of supposing that a great artist cannot appreciate conceptions very unlike his own. Reynolds, in the Sistine Chapel, or in the chambers of the Vatican, though he had never seen such art before,[1] could not but feel that he, "also, was a painter."

Paul Veronese studied Michael Angelo and Raphael, and learned much from them, unlike as he was to either; and Rembrandt possessed pictures by Raphael, and was by no means unacquainted with Italian art, or with the Antique. It may be urged that the genius of Reynolds was confined to portrait more exclusively than theirs; but even so, what could he do better than study the frescoes of Raphael, full as they are of the highest order of portraiture? To say nothing of the portrait groups in the *Attila* and the *Heliodorus*, the *School of Athens* and the *Miracle at Bolsena*, the *Oath of Leo X.* is entirely a portrait composition; and, in the lower half of the *Dispute of the Sacrament*, every head is a portrait.

I shall not here speak of what will be noticed in other pages, namely, the conceptions adopted by

[1] It is here assumed that he had left England without having seen the Cartoons of Raphael. It will be remembered that he had passed very little time in London while not with Hudson; and during his apprenticeship he was probably too much employed by his master to pay a visit to Hampton Court, then an affair of much more time and expense than it now is. Had he seen the Cartoons, he would surely have been better prepared to appreciate the Stanze of Raphael than, by his own account, he was.

Reynolds from the Sistine Chapel; but I must remark that every one of Michael Angelo's Prophets and Sibyls has the individuality of portrait; the grandest style of portrait, but still of portrait. The spaces between these majestic figures are filled with domestic compositions, exquisitely simple, which have an effect something like that produced by the prose passages which Shakespear so often alternates with his verse.

Was the time of Reynolds misspent, then, in the Sistine Chapel? The results have proved that it was not; and have proved also the sincerity with which, in his Discourses, he dwells again and again on the genius of Michael Angelo. And yet it would seem that there was the most in common between Reynolds, so pre-eminently happy in his representations of feminine and infantine grace, and the gentle Raphael. I imagine, however, that the superior powers of Michael Angelo in colour and in breadth of chiaroscuro, combined as they are with so many other noble qualities, commanded his homage at first sight, and retained it ever after.

That he made no copies from Michael Angelo may be owing to the inconvenience of copying pictures from a ceiling, and it was the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel that most delighted him. In the picture he painted for Alderman Boydell, from *Macbeth*, he has, however, taken the attitude of one of the witches from that of a fiend in the *Last Judgment*.

For the studies he made from Raphael he paid dearly; for he caught so severe a cold in the chambers of the Vatican as to occasion a deafness which obliged him to use an ear-trumpet for the remainder of his life.

Few artists, I apprehend, ever visited Italy more to

their own advantage than did Reynolds. Of the English Dilettanti whom he met there, he gave the following account:—"Instead of examining the beauties of the works of fame, and why they are esteemed, they only inquire the subject of the picture and the name of the painter, the history of a statue and where it is found, and write that down. Some Englishmen, while I was in the Vatican, came there, and spent above six hours in writing down whatever the antiquary dictated to them. They scarcely ever looked at the paintings the whole time."

[There are two of his Italian note-books[1] in the British Museum: the largest a small quarto, in parchment; the other a duodecimo. They are filled with notes in pencil, and sketches both of figures and landscapes: the former are chiefly memoranda of pictures; the latter, rough jottings from pictures, or slight sketches from nature, evidently taken as his chaise halted on the road, or at his stopping-places for sleep or meals. More than one of the memoranda from pictures he afterwards turned to account: for example, an angel playing on the harpsichord seems to have suggested his portrait of Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia; and a female figure, in an attitude of contemplation, has evidently furnished the idea for the picture of Mrs. Crewe as St. Geneviève. Mr. R. Gwatkin has his Roman Note-book, which also contains many slight sketches. Two, with notes on Rome and Bologna, are in the Soane Museum.[2]

It is interesting to note, from his memoranda made

[1] Some others, which belonged to Mr. S. Rogers, passed at the sale of his works of art into the hands of Col. Lenox of New York.—ED.

[2] See Appendix.

at the time, what pictures in Rome he copied, studied, and admired. His selection for copies seems to have been quite catholic, including, between April and August, 1750, Rubens, Titian, Rembrandt, Guido, and Raphael. The pictures he notes are—in the Palazzo del Secretario, Vandyke's Portrait of Pontius the engraver, "the best portrait I ever yet" (saw of his); an Angel's Head, by Correggio, "the best likewise I ever yet saw of him;" and an Ecce Homo, by Guido. In the Palazzo Falconiere, three Heads, by Guido, on one cloth; two Borgognones, "fine;" a Holy Family, by Poussin, "his very best manner, the Virgin a noble figure;" two Conversations, over each door, by P. Veronese, the Virgin giving Suck, by Guido, an angel playing on an organ; St. Cecilia, by Guido. In the Palazzo Borghese, Æneas and Anchises, by Baroccio; Domenichino's Diana; Titian's Last Supper; Titian's Borgia and Machiavel; Raphael's St. Catherine (now in our National Gallery); M. Angelo's Crucifix, "of which the story, that a porter (or malefactor) was killed to model from;" Titian's Schoolmaster, "admirable;" Titian's own portrait; a Magdalen, by A. Caracci; St. Cecilia, by Domenichino, of whose colouring he notes most truly, that it is very bright, but wants the clearness and transparency of Correggio and Titian. Of an anonymous "Figure drinking, a young man, only the head and breast, in profile, as big as the life," he says, "This, and the profile in the Cardinal Secretary's collection in the Pope's palace, are the two best coloured pictures that I have seen of any master"—owing to the changes in the Roman galleries I am unable to identify this picture by aid of any accessible catalogue;—Petrarch's portrait;

Titian's Venus Hoodwinking Cupid (engraved by Strange); two Venuses, by Titian, pronounced, "like all others in Rome, not equal to that at Florence; lady's portrait, in small, excellent for its colouring; Titian and his Mistress; the Prodigal returned,—all three by Titian; Nymph and Swain, a delicate picture by Veronese; and some drawings by Raphael.

It would be rash to infer much as to the painter's judgments of pictures from the character of this selection. Wonder at the omission of all reference to such pictures, now in the Borghese Gallery, as the Entombment, by Raphael; the Danaë, of Correggio; the Sacred and Profane Love, of Titian—is checked by a question, whether these pictures were then in the gallery? Again, the painter was not bound to note the things he most admired. We see he sometimes mentions only to condemn. Thus, in the Palazzo Verospi, he writes of a Vault, by Albano, "extremely hard, as usual;" but goes on, "over the famous harpsichord, a landscape of Poussin, in his very best manner; and indeed it is painted in the grandest style that can be conceived. 'Tis finished up at once, except the trees that have the sky for their ground; a large, light pencil, no outline throughout; the leaves touched in Bassano's manner."

In the Campidoglio, he says, "You must by no means neglect to look at the two Lions of Egyptian marble, who spout water out of their mouths. They screw up their mouths for that purpose, as a man does when he whistles: among the best antiques of their kind in Rome." There is a careful enumeration of the objects in and about the Campidoglio.

In the Palazzo Altieri he praises two Claudes, as

"much the best I have seen by this master, or indeed any other." In the Palazzo Spada, after noticing the Statue of Pompey, "at the foot of which Cæsar fell," he passes to Guido's Rape of Helen: "the airs of the heads of the women wonderfully fine." Of "Dido Transfixed with the Sword of Æneas," he says, "She is fallen upon a pile of wood on her face, with a long sword through her body—no very agreeable picture. A woman on the left side of the picture, with her handkerchief to her eyes, is a wonderful genteel figure; by its side a Portrait, by Titian, the face wonderfully coloured." As Reynolds himself afterwards painted the same subject, his remarks on this Dido have special interest.

In the Rospigliosi he notes (besides portraits by Rubens, Vasari, Maratti, Vandyke, Veronese, and Da Vinci) the famous Aurora of Guido, and Domenichino's David, Samson, and Adam and Eve.

In the Church of S. Jacopo delli Spagnuoli he is carried away by the clever naturalism of Bernini's bust of Montoja. "The marble is so wonderfully managed that it appears flesh itself: the upper lip, which is covered with hair, has all the lightness of nature. . . . This bust certainly yields in no respect to the best in the antique. Indeed, I know none that, in my opinion, are equal to it. 'Twas said to be so wonderfully like (and, indeed, from that strong character of nature which it has one easily believes it to have been like) that those who knew him used to say it was Montoja petrified." He notices, also with strong praise, the *Anima beata* and *Anima damnata* of the same sculptor in the sacristy of the same church.

Reynolds's stay at Rome included the jubilee year, 1750, when the concourse of travellers to the Eternal City was greater even than usual. His list of caricatures[1] gives us the best insight we are likely to get into his Roman circle. We may safely conceive of it as made up of young noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, with their bear-leaders; some painters, engravers, doctors, virtuosi, and antiquarians; and of his brother-students, conspicuous among whom are the dashing, reckless, out-at-elbows Astley;[2] Nathaniel Hone, afterwards his bitter assailant; Dalton, a *protégé* of the Prince of Wales, and Lord Charlemont. Richard Wilson, too, was in Rome at this time; and the French painter Doyen, in a letter written many years after, alludes to the vows of friendship interchanged between him and his young friend "Reinols" in the presence of the statue of Marcus Aurelius. Among the men of rank at Rome with Reynolds were several who were afterwards his friends and patrons, as Lord Charlemont, Sir W. Lowther, Lord Downe, and Lord Bruce.

If in the note-books of Reynolds at this time undue space appears to be given to painters of the class of Baroccio and Guercino, it should be remembered that Reynolds was still young, and that his taste was still dominated by the fashions of his day; but even at this stage of his progress his remarks on pictures are eminently to the purpose. He seems always to observe them with an eye to the leading sources of effect,—composition, balance of light and shade, and relief. He seldom notices sentiment or expression, or positive qualities of colour.

[1] See ante, p. 46.

[2] Who probably accompanied him on his return.—ED.

Reynolds left Rome for Naples on April 5, 1752, by way of Marino and Castel Gandolfo; lay at Velletri that night; on the 6th slept at Piperno, noting in his ride the desolation of the Pontine Marshes; and on the 7th passed Sezza.[1]

On the 3rd of May, 1752, at eleven o'clock, he left Rome, and proceeded by short and easy stages to Florence. He slept the first night at Castel-Nuovo, eighteen miles from Rome, and the second at Narni, where, as his journal tells us, he saw the Augustan Bridge. That day's dining place had been Castellano, where he notes the fine fortress. On the 5th of May he dined at Terni, saw the Cascade, and lay at Spoleto, where he saw the aqueduct. On the 6th he dined at Fuligno, and "saw the picture by Raphael, representing the Virgin and Bambino." It is singular that Reynolds makes no remark on this beautiful early work, beyond a description of the arrangement of the figures in the composition.

He reached Perugia on the 7th, after visiting the church of the Madonna delli Angeli, on the plain below Assisi, where he notes the picture of St. Francis in Glory, and Baroccio's Salutation. He stopped at Assisi and sketched one of the gates. Not a word is given to

[1] In his short note on Naples he notices the works of L. Giordano, Domenichino, Lanfranco, and Vasari, in the Duomo, and the fresco of Heliodorus, by Solimene, in the Gesu Nuovo (Soane MS.).

In all the extracts here given I have corrected the many inaccuracies of the published extracts (so called) from Reynolds's Journals, which, in some cases, quite reverse the sense of the MS. Thus, at p. 29, in the remarks on the Marriage of St. Catherine, in the church of that saint, Reynolds writes: "'Tis *not* in his *very best taste* of colouring," where the transcript has, "this *is* his very best," &c. So in page 34, on the 'Conviti di Paolo Veronese,' in SS. Giovanni e Paolo, for "the flesh of *none* of the figures lighter than *its* ground," the transcript reads, "the flesh of *one* of the figures lighter than *the* ground."—ED.

the early works of Cimabue, Giotto, and their scholars, in the Church of St. Francis, which however he mentions as containing the body of the saint. He describes, too, the antique temple of Minerva, in the Piazza, as "fine taste." The only pictures he notices at Perugia are Baroccio's Descent from the Cross, in San Lorenzo, Perugino's Marriage of the Virgin—adding, "an infinite number of his pictures about Perugia"—and a Riposo of Baroccio.

On the 9th he was at Arezzo, where he dined, and notices as the best of Baroccio's works, his Virgin Interceding, "some angels and women wonderfully genteel, the Virgin a fine figure;" and praises, as extremely well painted, and with good keeping in them, some of Vasari's works in the Church of Sta. Maria della Pieve and the Scuola of the Confraternity of St. Roch. Crossing the Arno, or rather its confluent the Ambra, he spent the night of the 9th at Levano, and thence, journeying by Monte Varchi, Figline, and Incisa, and dining at Pian-del-Fonte, arrived late on the 10th at Florence.

Santa Croce is the first church noticed in the journal, and the pictures observed in it are a Descent from the Cross by Salviati (? Bronzino), a Christ delivering souls out of Limbo—probably an early picture—and a work in sculpture by Settignano. Without knowing if the fine frescoes by Giotto, lately laid bare of whitewash in the chapels at the east end of Santa Croce, were visible in 1752, it would be unfair to express surprise that Reynolds says nothing about them. But, even if they had been visible, it is quite intelligible that the journal should be silent about works the interest of which is

derived rather from their sentiment and historical bearing, than from their technical qualities. Reynolds notes everywhere chiefly that which was likely to be useful to himself—as hint of expression or effect, as rule or warning. He had now set his face homewards.]

His Florentine journal contains, among its remarks on pictures, part of the draft of a letter, in which he mentions the probability of his getting "a considerable sum of money at (Weissenbourg?);" and "if so," he writes, "I shall have that to lay out at Brussels for my sisters."

Some of his friends were extremely anxious that he should stay a month longer at Florence than he had purposed; and to this he alludes in the same draft:—

"I remember, whenever my father discoursed on education, it was his constant practice to give this piece of advice—'never to be in too great a hurry to show yourself to the world; but lay in first of all as strong a foundation of learning and knowledge as possible.' This may very well be applied to my present affairs, as, by being in too great a hurry, I shall perhaps ruin all, and arrive in London without reputation, and without anybody's having heard of me; when, by staying a month longer, my fame will arrive before me, and, as I said before, nobody will dare to find fault with me, since my conduct will have had the approbation of the greatest living painters. Then again, on the other hand, there are such pressing reasons for my returning home, that I stand as between two people pulling me different ways; so I stand still and do nothing. For the moment I take a resolution

to set out, and in a manner take leave of my friends, they call me a *madman* for missing those advantages I have mentioned." [1]

We have seen that Reynolds, at this time, considered (however erroneously) the art of his own country to be in the lowest possible condition. He speaks, therefore, of the Italian painters as the greatest alive; and though he no doubt valued them at no more than their true worth, he was fully sensible how much their approbation would conduce to his advantage on his return to England, where the opinions of native talent were in conformity with his own.

While at Florence [2] he painted a portrait of Joseph Wilton, an English sculptor, who afterwards became keeper of the Royal Academy. This picture, Farington says, was much admired as "a brilliant display of those qualities in which he so eminently excelled."

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[1] On the verso of folios 9 to 17, forming part of his Florentine journal, are the most finished pencil sketches to be found in Reynolds's note-books. On folio 14, a lady seated, with a very graceful turn of the head; her bosom covered; one foot displayed, partly out of the slipper; a nosegay at the breast. (15.) A lady in undress, tying her garter, the foot raised on a cushioned stool. (16.) A lady reclining with uncovered bosom, apparently the same as on folio 15. (17.) A slightly draped figure.—Ed.

[2] His note-books show that he had examined the pictures in the Pitti Palace; but he contents himself with a mere mention of certain pictures—including works of Raphael, Titian, Del Sarto, Fra Bartolomeo, Rubens, M. Angelo (the Fates), Correggio, Annibale Carracci, Guido, Baroccio, Cigoli, Rossi, Farini, Borgognone, Castiglione, Carlo Dolce, and Salvator Rosa. In the Painters' Room he notices Rembrandt's portrait as the best coloured; Vandyke's as "greenish;" and Rubens's, "two, both fine." He had gone the round of the churches. In that of San Marco he notices two altar-pieces by the Frate (Fra Bartolomeo); but I find no mention of the works of Fra Angelico in the Convent. In Santa Maria Novella, he notes "the first picture ever Cimabue painted in colours," and adds, "in the cloister the works of the Grecian painters"—referring, doubtless, to the pictures of Gaddi and Memmi in the Capella delli Spagnuoli. But not a word of the Paradise of Orcagna, or the frescoes of Ghirlandajo.—Ed.

At Florence too he was on very intimate terms with Nathaniel Hone, destined, like Wilton, to be one of the members of the future Academy, but who is now only remembered for the jealous malignity he displayed towards Sir Joshua in later life.[1]

The concluding passage of the Journal kept by Reynolds at Florence, as is fitting, concerns Michael Angelo :—

"*Capella di S. Lorenzo.*

"The four recumbent figures by Michael Angelo, with a Great Duke likewise by him.

"When I am here, I think M. Angelo superior to the whole world for greatness of taste—when I look on the figures of the fountains in the Boboli, of which I have seen the models, I think him (John di Bologna)[2] greater than M. A., and I believe it would be a difficult thing to determine who was the greatest sculptor. The same doubt in regard to the Vatican and the Capella Sistina."[3]

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[1] At the end of the smaller note-book I find a malicious little sketch of a pair of knock-kneed, splay-footed legs, surmounted by a large sketching-board and a cocked hat, and opposite written, "Master Hone." By the side of it I find the rule for painting heads, which Reynolds followed in a great measure, at least in his earlier practice. "The ground colour, blue-black and white. Light: first sitting the features, marked firm with red: next sitting the red colours. Blue-black, vermilion, lake, carmine, white, drying oil." In this scale I remark the absence of yellows and the presence of vermilion, which he afterwards, though for a time only, rejected, telling Northcote he could not see any in flesh. Here, too, is a mention of the frescoes in the Annunziata; but, strange to say, the indifferent frescoes of Pocetti, Salimbeni, Roselli, and Mascagni, are dwelt upon more than those of Andrea del Sarto. Pocetti, especially, is highly praised.—ED.

[2] He says of him in another note, after mentioning that the ancients seldom observed grouping,—"John of Bologna has been superior to the whole world, ancient and modern, in that respect at least, as well in statues as in basso-relievos."—ED.

[3] He means, evidently, a doubt as to the relative greatness of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

[The only laudatory mention of any work in Florence earlier than Raphael relates to the frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel. It is remarkable that he does not here notice the resemblance of Lippi's (or Masaccio's) St. Paul to the Paul preaching of Raphael's Cartoon. This tends to confirm the notion that he had not seen the Cartoons before leaving England.]

"*Church of the Carmine.*

"A Chapel (the Brancacci) painted by Masaccio. Raphael has taken his 'Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise' from hence. The heads, according to the ancient custom, are portraits, and have a wonderful character of nature."

That Reynolds could appreciate one leading merit of the earlier painters, notwithstanding his rare mention of them, appears from such passages of his writing as the following:—

"It must be confessed that simplicity and truth, of which we are now speaking, is oftener found in the old Masters that preceded the great age of painting, than it was ever in that age, and certainly much less since. We may instance Albert Durer and Masaccio, from the latter of whom Raphael borrowed his figure of St. Paul preaching.

"The old Gothic artists, as we call them, deserve the attention of a student much more than many later artists. In other words, the painters before the age of Raphael are better than the painters since the time of Carlo Marratti. The reason is, the former have nothing but truth in view; whereas the others do not even

endeavour to see for themselves, but receive, by report only, what has before passed through many hands, and consequently acquired the tinge of a mannerist, or, as a poet would say, mixed with fable, having no longer the simplicity of truth. As we say of wine, it has lost its raciness." [1]

From Florence,[2] Reynolds proceeded, on the 4th of July, to Bologna, where he remained till about the 16th.[3] By aid of his note-books we trace him to Modena —where he praises as "admirable" a Circumcision by Guido in the Duomo—Reggio, and Parma.

His notes on the master (among all the Italian painters) with whose style his own had the most affinity, are these :—

"*The Duomo.*—'The Cupola,' by Correggio, and Angels in stone colour by ditto."

"You must ask to see the 'Holy Family with St. Jerome.' It gave me as great a pleasure as ever I received from looking on any picture. The airs of

[1] Cotton's 'Reynolds and his Works,' pp. 228, 229.

[2] It helps us to a notion of the living Reynolds, to read on the last leaf of the book containing his Florentine notes (the smaller of the two in the British Museum), the jottings and memoranda of the young traveller, now on the wing for Venice. Thus :—

"Buy chalk.—Chest.—Voyages and maps (*Struck out, when bought, or he had found them unnecessary*).—Take the flowers from Dogana and the portraits. (That of Wilton?)—Ultramarine.—Send for my things from Piti (sic). (No doubt his sketching or painting materials.)—Pay Wilton for Gallery. (Some fee for permission to make studies?)—Ultramarine (repeated).—Receive from Hone. (Had Hone been borrowing?)—Breeches made.—Not forget sheet.—Breeches mended.—Pay washerwoman.—Pay Wilton for Verpili. (Virtuoso in Rome had paid Reynolds some debt he owed Wilton at Florence?)—Hat.—Spada. —Capella.—Bianta Scatola.—Stivali. —Canistra.—Umbrella.—Fabry, perruquiere in Piazza di San Marco, Venice. (No doubt a hairdresser recommended from Florence.)—4 shirts; 1 pair of stockings; handkerchiefs; 2 stocks." And opposite is a sketch of four men in cloaks and cocked hats, at a table with bottles and glasses.—ED.

[3] Soane MS.

the heads, expression, and colouring, are in the utmost perfection. 'Tis very highly finished: no giallo in the flesh. The shadows seem to be added afterwards, with a thin colour made of oil, ultramarine, and sometimes oil and red. Outline to the face, especially the Virgin's, the lips, &c., not seen. The red mixed with the white of the face imperceptibly—all broad."

In a paper among the Palmer MSS. he says,

"Well-coloured pictures are in more esteem, and sell for higher prices than in reason they appear to deserve, as colouring is an excellence acknowledged to be of a lower rank than the qualities of correctness, grace, and greatness of character. But in this instance, as in many others, the partial view of reason is corrected by the general practice of the world: and among other reasons which may be brought forward for this conduct is the consideration, that colouring is an excellence which cannot be transferred by prints or drawings, and but very faintly by copies.

"The justly celebrated picture of the 'Holy Family,' by Correggio, at Parma, was offered to Lord Orford for 3000*l.*; but judging only from the print, which was shown him at the time, he declined the purchase; although I, who have seen the picture, am far from thinking the price unreasonable. Yet Lord Orford cannot be blamed for refusing to give such a price for a composition which promised so little from the appearance of the print, though it was engraved by no less a man than Agostino Caracci." [1]

[1] Further references to the pictures at Parma are,—"St. Joanna (Giovanni). In this chapel on the right hand, a Pieta by Correggio. Opposite,

Reynolds appears to have visited Genoa,[1] by some quotations printed by Northcote from his papers; among which are the following:—

"In the Palazzo Durazzo I saw an admirable portrait of a man by Rembrandt, his hands one in the other; a prodigious force of colouring.

"But the picture which should be first mentioned is very large, and the most capital one I have seen by Paul Veronese, of Mary Magdalen washing the Feet of Christ, containing about ten figures as large as life, admirably finished.

"July 21 (1752). Arrived at Mantua.

"22. Departed from Mantua, and arrived at Ferrara[2] same day.

"23. Departed thence.

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the Martyrdom of two Saints, the expression of the woman as that of an angel in bliss. The colouring divine, white and oil transparent, shadows greyish. A copy of the Notte, better than that in the Palace at Modena. A fine copy of the Holy Family and St. Jerome, by Correggio. The cupola: Angles (? angels.) Friese quite round the church is by Correggio's scholars. In the cupola, Christ crowning the Virgin. St. John Baptist (of which a copy in the Palazzo Pitti), St. John Evangelist, with many angels, all by Parmigiano. A St. John over the door by Correggio, with the eagle picking his wings." On the following page a sketch—The Eagle of St. John cleaning his feathers.—ED.

[1] It is probable that this was on his way *to* Rome. The references to pictures at Bologna are contained in one of the note-books in the Soane Museum (see Appendix).—ED.

[2] At Ferrara there is no mention of Garofalo, Dossi, Bonone, or any of the Ferrarese school. He notes Guercino's Martyrdom of St. George; in the Church of that Saint, and his St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, in San Spirito; and an Interment of Christ, by Caravaggio: "the lowest ideas of character possible to imagine, otherwise not ill-executed." In the large Piazza he mentions the bronze statue of Pope Alexander VII., seated in a chair raised on a pillar of the Corinthian order, which was removed in 1796, to make room for a statue of Napoleon, whose name the Piazza bore till 1814, when the statue was removed, and the square christened Piazza d'Ariosto.—ED.

" 24. Arrived at Venice.

" 25. Entered my lodgings.

" 26. The boy (? Giuseppe Marchi) began to eat at my lodgings."

It was his custom to procure the usual printed descriptions of every city he passed through, on which he made memoranda of what was best worth seeing, and he repeated his visits to such objects at times most convenient for close examination.

At Venice he remained from the 24th of July to the 16th of August. It is probable that the low state of his finances prevented his longer stay in a city which had so many and such peculiar attractions for him.[1] Speaking of the Venetian painters, he says,

" The method I took to avail myself of their principles was this:—When I observed an extraordinary effect of light and shade in any picture, I took a leaf out of my pocketbook, and darkened every part of it in the same gradation of light and shade as the picture, leaving the white paper untouched to represent the light, and this without any attention to the subject, or to the drawing of the figures. A few trials of this kind will be sufficient to give their conduct

[1] It is quite evident that, whatever might have been the influence of Michael Angelo's grandeur and Raphael's grace and dignity, on the maturer mind of Reynolds, the Bolognese and Venetian masters were those from whom he gathered most enjoyment and instruction in the material part of his art. While Roman and Florentine pictures are merely noted in his Italian memorandum books, the observations on pictures in Venice are full and detailed, and all of the strictly *practical* kind; notes of their balance of light and shade, warm and cold colour, methods of laying-in and finishing, leaving the ground, scumbling, glazing, &c. &c.; in a word, the remarks of an observant workman upon perfect workmanship. But he made no finished copies in Venice; no sketches, even in colour. He has himself told us *how* he studied these mighty masters of the art. For the notes on Bolognese pictures, see Appendix.—ED.

in the management of their lights. After a few experiments I found the paper blotted nearly alike.[1] Their general practice appeared to be, to allow not above a quarter of the picture for the light, including in this portion both the principal and secondary lights; another quarter to be kept as dark as possible; and the remaining half kept in mezzotint or half shadow. Rubens appears to have admitted rather more light than a quarter, and Rembrandt much less, scarcely an eighth; by this conduct Rembrandt's light is extremely brilliant; but it costs too much; the rest of the picture is sacrificed to this one object. That light will certainly appear the brightest which is surrounded with the greatest quantity of shade, supposing equal skill in the artist.

"By this means you may likewise remark the various forms and shapes of those lights, as well as the objects on which they are flung; whether a figure, or the sky, a white napkin, animals, or utensils, often introduced for this purpose only. It may be observed, likewise, what portion is strongly relieved, and how much is united with its ground; for it is necessary that some part (though a small one is sufficient) should be sharp and cutting against its ground, whether it be light on a dark, or dark on a light ground, in order to give firmness and distinctness to the work; if, on the other hand, it is relieved on every side, it will appear as if inlaid on its ground.

"Such a blotted paper, held at a distance from the

[1] In this passage we should, no doubt, read *papers*. He means to say he found nearly the same *quantity* of dark and middle tint in all; and not that the *forms* of the darks were the same in any two.

eye, will strike the spectator as something excellent for the disposition of light and shadow, though it does not distinguish whether it is a history, a portrait, a landscape, dead game, or anything else; for the same principles extend to every branch of the art."

[His Venetian notes are here printed in full, as they may be of use to future painters who may wish to follow in Sir Joshua's footsteps, to compare his observations with the pictures to which they refer, or to see *how and for what* Reynolds looked at pictures.]

Chiesa dei Carmelitani.

'The Last Supper,' by Tintoret.

The napkin the principal light, divided by a dark figure. A figure at one end of the table in white satin divided from the white principal mass by a dark figure; a light figure at each end of the picture. A dog sitting on his tail, as begging. A fine picture.

Opposite, 'Washing the Feet.' Ditto. The ground and background white.

In the *Carmelitani Scalzi* at Venice an artificial light that is let in at the top of an altar, and rays made of yellow tubes, have an extraordinary effect.

Gregorio.

'Presentation of Virgin,' by Jordano.

Another, where an Angel awaking an Old Man.

'The Descent,' by Titian.

A figure dressed in white, flowered with gold lightly; a fine effect. 1. 'The Descent,' of Titian: all the colours broken —no strong ones, the three Maries make the principal light.— Sacristy: 'Supper.' The woman that leans over the table strong drapery, rough form: but her handk: (erchief) shadows strong blue, lights quite white to harmonise with the tablecloth.

San Giovanni e Paolo. (Larger book, folio 5 b.)

Observations on the 'Pietro Martire,' di Titiano.

The trees harmonise with the sky, that is, are lost in it some

place, at other places relieved smartly by means of white clouds. The angels' hair, wings, and the dark parts of their shadows, being the same colour as the trees, harmonise—the trees of a brown tint. The shadows of the white drapery the colour of the light ground. The light the colour of the face of the saint. The landscape dark. Trees opposed to campo (*i.e.* expanse) of light; behind that, dark trees; behind that again, blue scumbled mountains.

The drawing, in general, noble, particularly of the right leg of him that flyes—His head, &c., the shadows of his eyes and nostrils determined, and a beautiful shape.

Church of S. Georgio Maggiore. (Folio 7 a.)

By the great altar, two pictures of Tintoretto: one 'Last Supper,' and the other 'The Manna.'

On the right hand, as you enter, 'The Nativity,' by Bassan. The Child painted in the great style. It seems to be painted first without shadows at all, and after the shadows are made by washing lake, made very thin with oil. The colour of the Child is lakey and oily.

In the Refettorio is the famous 'Banquet,' by Paolo, representing the Marriage of Cana in Galilee. Among the musicians, the principal is Paolo himself, with a viola; the second, with a violonone, is Titian; the third, with a violine, is Tintoret; he with the flute, Bassan Vecchio.

In the Refettorio Vecchio, the famous 'Banquet' of Paolo. The master of the feast, in red, under the middle arch, looking at the figure drawn from Vecellius. He on the left, using his knife and fork, is the father which employed Paolo. A print.

(Larger note-book, folio 6, verso.) *Observations on the 'Marriage of Cana,' by Paolo.*—The principal light in the middle Paolo himself, dressed in white, and light yellow stockings, and playing on a violino; the next is his brother going to taste the liquor: he is dressed in white, but flowered in various colours. The table-cloth, the end on the other side, with the lady, makes a large mass of light. Almost all the other figures seem to be in mezzotint; here and there a little brightness to hinder it from looking heavy, all the banisters are mezzotint; between some of them, on the right side, is seen the

light building to hinder the line of shadow, so as to make the picture look half shadow and half light. The sky blue, with white clouds. The tower in the middle, white as the clouds; and so all the distant architecture, which grows darker and darker as it approaches the fore figures; between the dark architecture in the foreground and the light behind, are placed figures to join them, as it were, together.

St. Maria della Salute.

The 'Descent of the Holy Ghost,' by Titian.

In the soffitto of the high altar, three fine pictures by Salviati. The middle one the 'Manna in the Desert,' the other represents the Angel which conducts Abaduch to help Daniel in the den, the other the 'Angel giving succour to Elias;' prints by Lovisa.

Around these are the Evangelists, in Tondo (*i.e.* circular compartments), by Titian.

Three pictures by Luca Jordano, the 'Birth,' 'Presentation,' and 'Assumption of the Virgin.'

In the Sagristy, the 'Marriage of Cana in Galilee,' by Tintoretto: a print by Odoardo Fialotti, painter and disciple of Tintoret.

On each side is one of three pictures, which ought to make but one: 'Saul throwing the lance at David,' by Salviati; other works of Salviati, as 'David with Goliah's head in triumph met by young men playing on musical instruments.' Ditto.

The 'Supper of Christ.' Ditto.

'Samson and Jonas,' by Palma.

'Aaron and Giosue,' by Salviati.

'St. Mark,' and below, 'St. Sebastian, Rocko (St. Roch), Cosmo, and Damiano,' by Titian.

In soffito, three most admirable pictures of Titian, the 'Death of Abel,' the 'Sacrifice of Abraham,' and 'David cutting off the head of Goliah.' All three in print by Febre.

Scuola di S. Girolamo, near St. Faustino.

Above stairs the altar, Virgin above and Angels below. 'St. Jerome looking up,' by Tintoret: a print by Agostino Carracci.

In the sacristy, 'The Marriage of Cana in Galilee,' by Tintoretto.

One sees by this picture the great use Tintoretto made of his pasteboard houses and wax figures for the distribution of his masses. This picture has the most natural light and shadow that can be imagined. All the light comes from the several windows over the table. The woman, who stands and leans forward to have a glass of liquor, is of great service: she covers part of the table-cloth, so that there is not too much white in the picture, and by means of her strong shadows she throws back the table, and makes the perspective more agreeable. But, that her figure might not appear like a dark inlaid figure on a light ground, her face is light, her hair masses with the ground, and the light of her handkerchief is whiter than the table-cloth. The shadows blue ultr. strong. Shadows of the table-cloth, blueish; all the other colours of the draperies are like those of a washed drawing. One sees indeed a little lake drapery here and there, and one strong yellow, he that receives the light. This picture has nothing of mistiness: the floor is light, and oily grey; the table-cloth in comparison is blue; and the figures are relieved from it strongly, by being dark; but of no colour scarce. The figure of the woman who pours out liquor, though her shadows are very dark, her lights, particularly on the knee, are lighter than the ground. All the women at the table make one mass of light.

The Last Supper, of him [Tintoretto] in S. Georgio, is managed something in the same, only the Apostles are all on one side. The light is behind them, and throws their shadows on the table.

Scuola di S. Marco.

(P. 70 MS. reversed.) Ob: Scola of St. Marco.

Obs.—Where S. Marco relieves one of his followers—the hands of some of the figures fine. The buildings behind quite light; the shadows oily yellow scumbled on it. The upper part of the sky dark, the lower white, to mass with the building. Trees by the side pretty dark, to mass with the figures, which are dark; but little lights here and there. The dead figure

principal light, being in the middle of this darkish mass. Some of the draperies painted black and white, and then oil is scumbled on it, has a rich effect. Hatchet, and other thing lying on the ground, are only scumbled, as it were, and sometimes only outlines. A light pedestal and pillar, but broke by a figure on the left; behind them darker pillars; and then the distant light ones. Every here and there the mezzotint mass enters into the light ground, by means of white turbans strip'd, flesh, light reds, &c. No mistiness. The light buildings at a distance have likewise some dark doors, so as to mass with the foreground. The dark building on the left hand, the upper part lost in as dark a sky. The tyrant's drapery on the other side the same.

Sometimes on a dark dead colour white scumbled, and the ground left here and there for the partitions between stone, bricks, &c. Flesh, the whole laid in soft and broad in the dead colour, and then the shadows added by scumbling.

(At p. 69 of MS.) *Observations.*—That (of) the carrying away the body of S. Marco, lightish ground—a group of mezzotinto figure, a camel, &c., which indeed receive a light on one side, but in the middle is the body, light, all soft against the ground. The camel, oil. The body of the figure recovering himself, fine. This light body issues out of a mezzotint mass, which masses with the ground at the bottom, which is dark; the ground to separate upper part of the figure is light. In painting architecture, &c., after having dead-coloured it blue, when you would have it shine, scumble white and much oil.

S. Zaccheria, not far from St. Mark.

In the sacristy, a most admirable picture, of Paolo Veronese, 'The Virgin and Bambino, with St. John Baptist,' on a pedestal; below SS. Jerome, Francis, and Catherine. A print by Ant. Luciani, drawn by Tiepolo.

The V. (Virgin) and B. (Bambino) make one mass, St. John another. The pedestal is light, and the fluted pillar. This picture is painted in a very large manner; large bold features, and wonderfully well coloured. It looks very much as if it

were painted on a Jess priming (*i.e.* gesso—priming of gypsum), and then smoothed with the finger. 'Tis the best preserved of any picture I know of his. The flesh of an Indian red, purply. A print, by Wagner.

A fine picture, by Salviati, representing a 'Miracle of SS. Cosmo and Damiano.'

St. Maria Guibenicco.

Christ in the air, below, St. Giustina and Francesco di Paolo, Tintoret; over the door, 'Conversion of St. Paul,' Tintoret; the 'Soffito,' and many others, by Palma.

Il Redemtore.

'Ascension of Christ,' Tintoretto; and another by F. Bassan. The Christ of the latter has a fine sweep.

'Christ carrying to the Sepulchre,' a fine picture by Palma.

'Scourging of Christ,' by Tintoret; the 'Baptism of Christ,' begun by Palma, finished by somebody else.

St. Anna, Monache.

A 'St. Francis,' by Guido; the same as that in the Colonna, and at Bologna in the Public Palace.

School of St. Rock, by Tintoret.

In the ground floor, 'The Annunciation.' A print of it by Sadeler. The angel has just entered in at the window; a whole troop of boy-angels are likewise just entered. 'The Magi,' 'Flight.'

Near seventy pictures by Tintoret.

'The Salutation,' where a whole string of angels are rushing in at the window. Fine effect.

'St. Agnes,' of Tintoretto, in Madonna del Orto. She in the middle, in white. The lamb's head on the white. This mass is surrounded by figures in dark colours, but on each side towards the edges is a little light. A white cap or a shoulder with a bit of linen; and, that the bottom of the picture may not be heavy, the legs of the figure lying are lightish. Two women's heads and breasts over St. Agnes are light, to join the architecture behind, which is light on a light sky. A

mass of dark architecture on one side near the eye. The angels above are dressed only in sky blue; lights white, the same as the sky, which is white and blue. On the 'Presentation of the Virgin' she is dressed in a dark colour on a light ground; but her flesh, and some lights on the drapery, harmonise. The ground she stands on harmonises with the dark drapery; as the upper part, being light, harmonises with the light ground!

A General Rule.—Ven.

A figure or figures on a light ground; the upper part should be as light if not lighter than the ground, the lower part dark, having lights here and there. The ground (properly) dark.

When the second mass of light is too great, interpose some dark figure, to divide it in two.

A white drapery edged and striped, or flowered with blue, as the bride in the 'Marriage of Cana,' or the Venus in the Colonna, on a mellow oily ground. Goddiliers (*so I read it*—(?) '*Cordeliers,' referring to some picture in a church of that fraternity*) are so.

Zuccarelli (*sic*) says Paolo and Tintoret painted on a gess ground. He does not think Titian did. I am firmly of opinion they all did.

A portrait—putting on a morning gown, one sleeve on only, the figure of Paolo in the Library at Venice—the figure relieved on one side only. If dark figures on a light ground, not relieved quite all round.

Obs.—'Venice on the Throne,' &c. Her face, &c., in mezzotint shadow with reflections. The white petticoat with gold flowers, and a piece of white ermine, make the white mass against a light blue sky with flesh-colour clouds. The figure under Peace (has) her upper garments very dark, the under light being flesh-colour heightened with yellow. The curtain soft against the ground. No strong shadows at all. Justice rather darkish; hands, linen, and head, lighter than the ground. Some touches of the drapery ditto, light on dark. The light drapery of Venice (is) darker towards the edges than the ground.

A General Rule.

A light sky of angels, the light by means of clouds, &c., and goes off by degrees; but on one side a dark figure must come smart against the light, to give the picture a spirit. Titian's 'Salutation.' If two figures, one overshadowed on a light ground, the other must be light on a dark ground.

Laky garments, the lake scumbled on the gess ground, warm the lights, and if need be, glazed afterwards.

'Ascension of the Virgin,' in *Giesu*, by Tintoret. The sepulchre white marble surrounded with dark figures, tints, flesh, &c., little lights here and there, the Virgin above. A dark mass on light ground, her head, hands, and some of the angels, light to mass with the ground.

S. Catarina.

'The Marriage of St. Katherine in her Church.'

A gay, light picture. The upper part of the figures, light on a light ground; pillar light, St. Catherine rather light; the angel light under the light pillars. 'Tis not in his very best taste of colouring.

Refettorio of St. Sebastian.

Obs.—'The Woman washing Christ's Feet,' (by) Paolo (Veronese). The table-cloth, the principal light, divided by means of dark figures into many compartments. The nearer pillars oiled 'till they are yellow. Dogs painted, &c., on a gess ground.

The 'Purification.' Ditto, on the organ (in the Church of S. Sebastian).

This principal light is a changeable piece of silk, flesh colour, heightened with yellow; a boy with a yellow drapery on his breast comes on it. No other light but what the flesh makes, and indeed a dog, which is inclinable to flesh colour. A square pillar, light.

The principal light of the picture, where the two saints are going down steps to be martyred, is the same colour on a woman kneeling. This is a very good manner; it makes the principal (light) of the flesh. If the drapery was flesh colour, like that in the 'Transfiguration,' it might be still better. The buildings of this last picture are all white.

Obs.—'St. Sebastian before the Tyrant.' All dark figures on a light ground (a pretty building), except him who holds a horse: he is pink-colour, sleeves of the same tone as the ground; the sky originally was blue with white clouds; the blue is now turned black. The St. Sebastian a fine figure. The buildings are only two tones, one lightish, the other a degree lower to smart (*i.e. give vivacity to*) shadows.

Chiesa dell' Umilta.

Pieta, with the three Maries, angels by Tintoret, large Carracesco. A print by Sadeler.

St. Peter and Paul; admirable picture by Bassan, superior to anything I ever saw of his; more grace; the background and the whole enlightened, and the feet of the figure are seen.

The soffito is all painted by Paulo. 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' with (Step?) the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' with the 'Annunziata.' Ornaments likewise by him.

Chiesa de' Frari.

On the right as you enter the great door, after you are past the altar of the Crucifix, is the 'Presentation,' with many saints; below, an admirable picture of Salviati, as fine as Titian or Paulo; 'tis in their style.

The 'Martyrdom of St. Katherine,' by Palma.

The great altar, 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' by Titian. Most terribly dark; I saw it near; 'tis nobly painted.

The Virgin, with Christ, on a pedestal, below St. Peter and St. Francis directly under, and under him many portraits, profile most, incomparably well painted, without shadow. On the side (where) St. Peter is, lower is a warrior with a standard, perhaps St. George. This picture is very dark, except the heads of the portraits, and those are almost covered with pots of artificial flowers and candles. A print by Fevre.

S. Agostino.

'Ecce Homo,' with Pilate and others, a good picture, by Paris Bordone, in the style of Titian.

Chiesa di San Nicolo de' Frari.

High Altar—The Virgin with Angels above; below, St.

Nicholas, Catherine, Anthony of Padua, Francis, and St. Sebastian. 'Tis so dark that you see nothing but the body of the St. Sebastian; and he looks as if he had lost his head, 'tis so dark. No doubt it was painted so a little at first, to preserve the mass of his body [interlined] of a beautiful shape. S. Nicolo is said to be from the head of Laocoon, which Titian much admired. A print by Febre; and another in wood by Titian himself, a little different from this picture.

On the right hand of this chapel is the 'Last Supper,' by Benedetto Caliari, according to Boschini. Ridolfi says 'tis Paolo. Under the 'Baptism of Christ,' and at a distance, the 'Temptation,' by Paolo. The other side, the 'Resurrection,' by Carlotto. Ridolfi says Paulo. Under, 'Christ in Limbo,' by Palma. Two Profets and two Sibils by Paulo. The 'Resurrection,' and 'Christ before Pilate,' by Benedetto. Ridolfi says Paulo.

'Christ on the Cross,' Paulo.

Soffitto, all by Paolo. In the middle the 'Visit of the Wise Kings,' St. Nicolas, St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, a print by Lovisa. In the corners the four Evangelists: two of which, Matthew and Luke, prints by Febre.

St. Maria Formosa.

The door of the church pretty architecture; an Altar, by Palma Vecchio, divided into many compartments; in the middle, Sta. Barbara, a very good figure.

St. Francesco della Vigna.

'The Virgin and Bambino,' with many saints below, as St. Joseph, John, Catherine, and Ant. Abbate, by Paolo. A print by Agostino Caracci.

In the sacristy, painted in oil on the wall, the colours scaled off in several places, and otherwise much damaged, 'The Virgin and Christ,' and two angels below playing on musical instruments.

St. J. Baptist and Girolamo, by Paulo.

Opposite is a copy, in little, of the 'Supper,' of Paolo, where the woman is drying Christ's feet, and a man offers a napkin. The original is in France.

Obs. 'The Banquet of Paolo,' a little Copy in the Sacristy at S. Francesco della Vigna.

The distant building, white on a blue sky, with white clouds. The shadows of the buildings the same tone as the blue sky, the lights the same as the white clouds. The figures, in strong colours, encompass the two table-cloths; that on the right side (is) the principal, and is enlarged by some of the furthermost figures at the table being clothed in white, and another in light yellow. A man with a table-cloth, the white cloth hinders the two table-cloths from appearing spots. The line of the other table is broke by a boy, which comes very soft upon it. Another figure light towards the cloth, to make the light go off by degrees. The near pillar light, a woman's head and back light on it; lower part, red darkish.

The 'Christ in the White Sheet,' in the School of St. Mark, will serve extremely well for the apparition that comes to Brutus; the upper part may be kept in shadow, like those fryars at the Church at San Gregorio. The Brutus, the man holding the possessed child in the 'Transfiguration.'

Obs. on the 'Conviti' di Paolo, in John and Paul.

The mass of light is the table-cloth in the middle, the Christ with the figures on each side tender. The whole distant building and sky light, as usual. The building on the foreground, light and dark. Two pedestals on each side the table-cloth, a little distant, light. The flesh of none of the figures lighter than its ground; at the most 'tis only the same tone, sometimes darker. No broad light, but this middle tablecloth, unless you will except the two pedestals before mentioned.

Scola della Carità.

Adam and Eve (after Tintoretto).

His back a mass of light, his thigh lost in the ground; the shadows in general of all the pictures are the colour of the ground, sometimes a little greyer, sometimes warmer. The landscapes all mellow, except a little blue, distant hills and sky; black trees; on others more yellow. The nearer hills are painted slap-dash with white, and grey, and flesh tints. The leaves of the trees ditto, then scumbled over with a mellow

colour. The shadow of Eve grey, a mellow colour scumbled over, or oil.

'Cain and Abel.' The shadows of Abel a grey colour, without white, scumbled. The shadows painted last.

Old Man's Portrait. All the shadows, the marking of the nose, the eyes, and mouth, entirely painted af (after) the flesh was dry.

They all appear to be painted on a gess priming, at least a white one.

A very light figure on a light ground, with dark hair, &c., and other little strengths, must have a fine effect.

'The Presentation,' by Titian.

Principal light (is) the profile woman in the middle. The old woman underneath has nothing light but the linen on her head and breast. The woman holding the child, light.

Santa Maria Mater Domini.

The 'Finding the Cross,' by Tintoret. A print by Giuseppe Maria Metelli; commonly on red paper.

Saint Salvatore.

High Altar—The 'Transfiguration,' by Titian.

Christ in white, only, on the same-coloured ground, relieved by his hair being black, and a shadow on thigh, which goes off by degrees. The figures on each side enlightened.

The 'Salutation,' ditto. On it is writ, *Titianus pinxit.*

The angel a mass of light. The glory, dove, and angels, the principal. The white of the angel seems to be painted grey, and then run over with very yellow oily white in the lights. On the Virgin, nothing light, but head, breast, and hands.

Tutti li Santi.

The 'Salutation of Mary and Elizabeth,' by Cavalier Ridolfi. An imitation of Paolo.

A large 'Crucifixion,' by Pietro Vecchia.

An admirable picture; the whole is well composed, and the particularities are nobly painted, a large, broad manner. There are heads in this picture equal to any masters whatsoever. Over Christ on the cross is the Padre Eterno. An angel directs the

good thief to Christ, whilst devils are very busy with the other. A figure on a white horse, on the fore-ground, leans forward and looks up with great expression. The horse's head light, darker and darker towards his breast. A dark boy covers his legs. A whole-length figure another mass of light; dark figures about them; some have breeches and stockings all in one, striped with red—slashes in sleeves.

S. Gervaso (S. Trovaso).

The 'Last Supper,' by Tintoret; fine picture. Prints by Sadeler and Lovisa.

Opposite is N. S. (our Saviour) washing his disciples' feet, dark manner. A print by Lovisa.

'St. Anthony tempted by the Devil and some handsome Women; N. S. (our Saviour) descending to succour him.' A good picture, by Tintoret. The upper part of the saint, the same colour (as) the ground. Christ descending comes dark on the light ground; his legs, &c., lost in the dark sky.

The Great Altar—A most pompous 'Slaughter of the Innocents.' A deal of merit, but the subject does not require so much magnificence. In the sacristy a Madonna. Portrait, life, in crayons, by Rosalva.

Near this church is 'Casa Toffetti,' painted in fresco by Tintoret, with friezes of boys and naked figures, admirably drawn and coloured. Below, Aurora and Titan; on the other side, 'Cybele in a Car.' Prints of these two last by Lovisa. This is esteemed the best fresco in Venice; much decayed.

S. Maria Maggiore.

A large picture: a woman who is delivered in the sea. A woman on horseback, a fine picture. A Boy with a Dog. I have seen a drawing in England. Varottari.

Altar maggiore—An 'Assumption,' by Paolo.

The principal light is very strong. A kneeling figure in the middle of the picture, his back towards you—a white loose drapery on him.

On the sides are the 'Visit of the Wise Kings,' by Tintoret. The two opposite by Domenico Tintoret.

The chapel, on the left, the fine 'St. John Baptist, by Titian.' In perfect preservation, admirably drawn and coloured.

The flesh on a blue sky, with white clouds; the breast forms the principal mass of light; the mass of the face separated by a black beard; the thigh, by the skin he holds in his hand; the legs of a low tint; the right thigh quite lost; shadow of drapery ditto; veins marked, but not blue, have the same effect as those in the Laocoon. The whole finely drawn. The lamb another mass; the white clouds, another; waterfall, another; scarce anything seen but the white of the waterfall; three or four trees; those behind the gess ground oiled, with touches of shadow; those before dotted dark: the back, the light gess.

Hung up in the church, a picture of Noah's Ark. The 4 Seasons, and others, by Bassan. 'Christ in the Garden,' little, by Paulo; fine clair-oscure. An 'Ecce Homo,' by Paris Bordone. A 'Madonna,' on board, with cherubims and angels; a picture of much merit, by Giovanni Bellini.

(Chiesa di S.) Pantaléone.

St. Pantaléone, that recovers a boy supported by a priest; and a portrait, by Paolo.

The soffitto of all the church is by (J. Ant.) Fumiani.

'St. (Bernardino) curing in a Hospital,' by Paolo (in his old age).

'St. Bernardino and Paolo,' ditto.

Scuola della Carità, by the Saluté.

Thirteen pictures by Tintoret.

'Padre Eterno creating the World.'

The 'Formation of Eve,' a fine picture. As is also 'Eve tempting Adam,' and 'Cain and Abel:' all finely drawn, and coloured, and composed. Prints by Lovisa.

The 'Coronation of the Madonna,' and the 'Trinity' are not by him.

Two fine portraits by Tintoret.

Giovanne Elemosinario, di Rialto.

The altar- (piece), representing 'St. Gio. Elemosinario giving Alms to the Poor,' is a fine picture of Titian.

Obs.—The white rochet shadow dark to mass with the ground, the short cloak being dark, the upper part of the rochet is likewise so, to mass with it. The left arm in shadow.

The Cupola is by Pordenone, but damaged so as scarce anything to be seen.

S. Polo.

The 'Marriage of the Virgin' (on the left), by Paolo.

The lower part of St. Joseph catches a little light, otherwise they are both in a mezzotint on a light sky.

High Altar—The 'Conversion of St. Paul,' but half covered by things before it, by Palma.

Four pictures on the sides of the altar, by Palma.

The chapel on the left, four pictures by Salviati, the history of Christ.

'Assumption,' by Tintoretto, covered by a jointed baby.

On the left of the principal door, is the 'Last Supper,' of Tintoret, where there is a figure leaning back, reaching bread to a beggar, who lies along. Christ, with both hands, giving bread to the Apostles. In the middle isle (aisle) the two middle pictures above are very good ones of Cav. Bambini. On one side the 'Conversion of St. Paul,' on the other the 'Preaching at Athens.' There are many other good pictures dispersed about it.

S. Sebastiano.

Paolo's monument in this Church.

The soffitto is painted by Paolo, in three compartments, and some long slips with boys and festoons of fruit. The first compartment is Easter (Esther) in the presence of King Ahasuerus, and Mordecai by: in the middle, the same queen: in the third, the 'Triumph of Mordecai;' with subjects from the history of Esther.

The High Altar—the 'Virgin and Bambino,' above; below, St. Sebastian, St. Catherine, John Baptist, Pietro, and St. Francis; and a Padre, a countryman of Paolo, and promoter of this work, by Paolo.

A print by Alessandro della Via.

On each side (of the high altar) is a fine picture by Paolo, on the right St. Mark and Marcelliano condemned, and going to

suffer death. They are met by their father, who is sustained by servants, who prays them to live. The mother follows in tears. The wife (of Marcelliano) meets him with his little Children; St. Sebastian, on their side, encourages them, showing them an angel with the book of life. This is one of Paolo's best pictures.

On the other side is St. Sebastian about being (fastened) to a piece of wood to be martyred with clubs. There are many heathen priests about him, endeavouring (to persuade him) to idolatry. A print by Metelli.

Over the pulpit, a small 'Holy Family,' by Paolo.

On the organ, outside, the 'Purification;' a print by Febre. Within, the 'Paralytic healed,' by ditto.

On the Pergolato (on the body of the organ)—The 'Nativity,' ditto.

In the Sacristy—Some of his first works, a ceiling, but indifferent; Moses, serpent, &c.

In the Coro—'St. Sebastian before the Tyrant.' Fine, ditto.

Opposite, in fresco, his martyrdom; no dogs; fine ornaments, columns, &c., about these.

Isola Murano.

Pietro Martire.

The High Altar—A most capital picture of Salviati, the 'Descent from the Cross.' As well as I remember, the Christ is a good deal the same as that (in St. Croce, I think it is) in Florence. The Christ crosses the picture. The Virgin swoons, and in as fine an attitude as was ever invented; the figures around her are all fine.

Four pictures by Paolo, two on each side the door.

Burano.

St. Mauro Monache.

The High Altar—The Martyrdom of that Saint, by Paolo.

Torcello St. Antonio.

The right side of the church, looking towards the high altar, is all painted by Paolo. The high altar, three saints sitting, by ditto.

The organ is the best part of this work; inside is a fine 'Salutation;' on the outside, the 'Adoration of the Magi;' and all the little ornaments in chiaroscuro are likewise of him.

St. Angelo.

On the right of the high altar, a Pietà, with St. John Evangelist, St. Jerom, two statues, a sepulchre in the middle. This was began by Titian and finished by Palma. The statues are entirely of Titian, and are very fine and mellow. The lightest part is little more than the colour of Jess (gesso).

S. Stefano.

The Cloister, by Pordenone, much decayed.

St. Cassiano.

Saints John Baptist, Jerom, Mark, Peter, and Paul; the best picture I ever saw of old Palma.

The organ, by Tintoret.

Capella Maggiore, all by Tintoret. The altar, 'Resurrection;' one side the 'Crucifixion;' other, 'Limbo.'

In the Refettorio, the 'Banquet of Simon Leproso.' This is the second picture he made in Venice on this subject. The woman washing Christ's feet, at the end of the picture, the right side. 'Tis much decayed. A print, in two sheets, by Metelli.

Padri Gesuiti.

The 'Martyrdom of St. Lorenzo at Night,' by Titian.

'Tis so very dark a picture, that, at first casting my eyes on it, I thought there was a black curtain before it. He painted this same subject for Philip King of Spain, but somewhat different from this: this (picture) having in the background architecture, and figures, particularly one with a torch coming out from between the pillars; the other has smoke clouds, and two boys above. Of this latter is a print (by) Corn. Cort.

The 'Assumption of the Virgin,' by Tintoret. A print by Lovisa.

St. Ermagora, detto S. Marcuola.

The High Altar—On one side, the 'Last Supper,' by Tintoret. Opposite, 'Washing the Feet,' ditto.

Obs. on the 'Last Supper,' of Tintoret.—The table-cloth, as, usual, the principal light, but divided by a dark figure, so as to make a secondary light; then comes a dark figure which covers entirely the end of the table. Then comes a figure in white satin. At the other end of the table there is likewise another light (on) one of the figures, in this manner (a sketch), and a light figure on each end of the picture.

On the steps, a dog sitting on his tail, as begging.

Obs. on 'Washing the Feet.'—The ground and back white; a dark colonnade, with banisters, runs across the picture.

Corpus Domini.

'St. Domenico throwing the Book in the Fire.' A good picture of Seb. Ricci.

S. Marcilian.

In the sacristy is an admirable picture, by Titian, well preserved, only too yellow, of 'Tobias and the Angel.' The heads are remarkably fine. A print by Lovisa.

S. Eustacio.

The 'Flagellation of Christ,' by Giorgione.
Another picture joined to it of another hand.
St. Lucia; the architect Palladio.

After so long an absence Reynolds, no doubt, longed to be at home again. Northcote tells us, as on Sir Joshua's own authority, in illustration of his yearning for England, that while at Venice, being at the opera with some other English gentlemen, a ballad was played or sung which had been popular in London when he was last there, and that it brought tears into his eyes and the eyes of his companions.

[On the 16th of August he left Venice, and the same day arrived at Padua; on the 19th he slept at Torre Confini; on the 20th he passed Peschiera and Lago di Garda, slept at Osteria del Papa, and on the 21st

arrived at Brescia; on the 22nd at Bergamo; on the 23rd at Milan; and on the 27th he left Milan on his journey home. No remarks on any of the pictures in these places are to be found in his note-books.]

Between Turin and the foot of the Alps he met his old master Hudson, who, in company with Roubiliac, was hurrying to Rome merely to say he had been there. Hudson travelled, indeed, so rapidly, that he met Reynolds again in Paris, and they returned to England together.

Reynolds seems never to have entirely lost his early admiration of Hudson; and, indeed, the feeling of a modest mind towards its first instructor is not to be eradicated. We know with what respect Raphael, when commissioned by the Pope to cover the entire walls of the Vatican with his works, treated those of Perugino, a man with whose sordid nature his own had nothing in common; and we know, also, that Hogarth always spoke in much higher terms than we should confirm of Sir James Thornhill, notwithstanding the harsh treatment he received from him when he did Sir James the honour to marry his daughter.[1]

That Reynolds and Hudson should have travelled from Paris to London together, could scarcely have been a matter of necessity; and we may, therefore, suppose they found it agreeable to do so. Many years later, when Reynolds had built a house on Richmond Hill, and Hudson occupied one on the opposite side of the Thames, the latter made some remark on the cir-

[1] The reader may perhaps smile at finding Hogarth classed with modest painters. But I am not inclined to retract the classification, of which I shall have something to say in a future page.

cumstance, and Sir Joshua replied, "I never expected that I should look down on *you*, Sir."

At Rome Reynolds had taken under his care a young Italian, Giuseppe Marchi, his first pupil. In his future career Marchi did not succeed as a painter, but he became a very good engraver. He was a man of sense and integrity, of an excellent temper, and great simplicity of character.

On reaching Lyons, Reynolds found his purse nearly empty. He had only six louis left,[1] two of which he gave to Marchi with orders to proceed as he could and meet him in Paris. When he had been eight days there, Marchi joined him, having walked from Lyons. Reynolds saw everything most remarkable in Paris, and found time also to paint portraits of Mr. Gauthier,[2] and of Mrs. Chambers, whom he met there with her husband, the distinguished architect, afterwards Sir William Chambers. She was a beautiful woman, and he made a beautiful picture of her. He painted her in a straw hat shading the upper part of her face.

He did not form a high opinion of the existing state of the French school. Watteau had been dead more than thirty years, and all that was excellent in French art, indeed in the art of the whole Continent, had died with him.

He observed of French art,—"The French cannot boast of above one painter[3] of a truly just and correct

[1] This was evidently only a temporary embarrassment. He had probably no letter of credit on Lyons, and was unable to replenish his purse till he reached Paris. Besides Reynolds's own Devonport savings, he had been assisted with loans by his old friend Mr. Craunch, and his sisters Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Johnson.—ED.

[2] Engraved in an oval.—ED.

[3] Le Sueur doubtless.—ED.

taste, free of any mixture of affectation or bombast, and he was always proud to own from what models he had formed his style—to wit, Raffaelle and the Antique; but all the others of that nation seem to have taken their ideas of grandeur from romances, instead of the Roman or Grecian histories. Thus their heroes are decked out so nice and fine, that they look like knights-errant just entering the lists at a tournament, in gilt armour, and loaded most unmercifully with silk, satin, velvet, gold, jewels, &c., and hold up their heads, and carry themselves with an air like a petit-maître with his dancing-master at his elbow; thus corrupting the true taste, and leading it astray from the pure, the simple, and grand style, by a mock majesty and false magnificence. Even the rude uncultivated manner of Caravaggio is still a better extreme than those affected turns of the head, fluttering draperies, contrasts of attitude, and distortions of passion."

These remarks are just as true of French sculpture: Roubiliac, who was a thoroughly honest man, told Reynolds, that when he went to look at his own works in Westminster Abbey, on his return from Rome, "By God! my own work looked to me meagre and starved, as if made of nothing but tobacco-pipes."

After spending a month in Paris, Reynolds arrived in London October 16, 1752.

CHAPTER III.

1753—1764. ÆTAT. 30—41.

The health of Reynolds impaired — He spends three months in Devonshire — Dr. John Mudge — Return of Reynolds to London — Takes apartments in St. Martin's Lane — The first drawing academy after Sir J. Thornhill's — His sister Frances — Her character — Sketch of the times — Reynolds paints a portrait of Marchi — Hudson's observation on it — Portrait painters of the time — He removes to Newport Street — His prices — His great industry — Lord Edgcumbe obtains much employment for Reynolds — His whole-length of Keppel — Liotard — Mason's description of Reynolds's mode of painting — The author's remarks on his drawing and colouring, and on his use of nostrums — Account by Reynolds of his own practice—He becomes acquainted with Johnson—Introduction of Roubiliac to Johnson—Johnson's fondness for tea and Miss Reynolds—Public events from 1754 to 1760 — His circle in 1755 — Negotiations with the Dilettanti for the establishment of an Academy of Arts — His practice in 1755—Sitters for 1755—(1756): First portrait of Johnson—Portrait of young Mudge — Events of 1756 and 1757 — Byng's execution — Popularity of Italian and neglect of English art by patrons — Sitters for 1757 — Increasing practice — His visiting list — Events and engagements in 1758 — Sitters for 1758 — The Duke of Richmond's statue gallery opened for the use of art students — Reynolds paints the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. — He paints Kitty Fisher — Portraits of Woodward, Barry, and Garrick — Of Horace Walpole — Contributions to the Idler — Entries in pocket-book for 1759 — Mason's account of Reynolds painting his Venus — Sitters for 1759 — Exhibition of pictures at the Foundling Hospital — First Exhibition in the Strand, 1760 — Reynolds removes to Leicester Square — His carriage — Events of the year — Accession of George III. — Sitters for 1760 — Portraits of Lord Ligonier and of Sterne — The coronation and marriage of the King, and its beauties painted by Reynolds — Literary acquaintances; Goldsmith, M'Pherson — Entries in the pocket-book for 1761 — Sitters for 1761 — Exhibition of 1762 — His portraits of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, and of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy — Capture of the Havannah — The glories of the Keppels — Reynolds's dining-houses at this time — Ramsay appointed Court painter — The King of the Cherokees — Reynolds visits Devonshire in company with Johnson — Northcote, for the first time, sees Reynolds — 1763: Boswell's introduction to Johnson — Portrait of Lord Bute — Wilkes's committal to the Tower — Fire at Lady Molesworth's — Exhibition of the year — 1764: Political agitations of the time — Reynolds's studio a neutral ground

— Exhibition of 1764 — The Literary Club established — Reynolds dangerously ill — Johnson writes to him — Visit to Blenheim — Death of Hogarth — Entries in the pocket-book for 1764 — Sitters of the year.

THE time spent by Reynolds abroad was no doubt passed in much enjoyment. He had, however, his anxieties for the future, of which a portion of his Florence journal has given us a glimpse, and he had no doubt worked hard. Northcote tells us that, on his return, "he found his health in such an indifferent state as to judge it prudent to pay a visit to his native air;" but this he would naturally do, whether well or ill. He remained three months in Devonshire; and while at Plymouth painted a portrait of Dr. John Mudge,[1] an eminent physician; a man of great abilities, and not more esteemed for the variety of his knowledge than loved for his amiable manners. He was a son of the Rev. Zachariah Mudge, Prebendary of Exeter, to whose eloquence, learning, and virtues, we have the testimony of Johnson and Burke. He told Burke that he owed to Zachariah Mudge his first disposition to generalize and to view things in the abstract.

His price for a head was at this time but five guineas, and the portrait of Dr. Mudge, and one of a young

[1] This portrait is now at the residence of Mr. Mudge, at Buckland, not far from Plympton. It represents Dr. Mudge almost in profile, he wears a reading cap, and is turning over the leaves of a folio. The head is a very noble one, with marked and regular features. But owing, I have no doubt, to an injudicious removal of the varnish which locked up the glazing colours, the carnations have utterly disappeared, leaving the head as modelled in the first stage of painting in little more than tones of black and white. Both the doctor's portrait—still in possession of the family—and two of his father, have been engraved; the former by Grozier, Dickenson, and S. W. Reynolds, the latter by Watson. —ED.

lady, were all that he undertook while at Plymouth, being strongly urged by Lord Edgcumbe to establish himself as soon as possible in the metropolis. In compliance with this advice he returned to London, and took handsome apartments in St. Martin's Lane, at that time the fashionable residence of artists. Here he was joined by his youngest sister, Frances, who took charge of his household.

[The house was No. 104, and had been successively occupied by Thornhill, Van Nost the sculptor, and the friend of Hogarth, Hayman, now painting historical pictures and portraits in London. "Just behind the house," says Smith, "upon the site of the present meeting-house for Friends, vulgarly called Quakers, in St. Peter's-court, stood the first studio of Roubiliac. There, among other works, he executed that famous statue of Handel for Vauxhall Gardens. Upon his leaving this studio it was fitted up as a drawing academy, supported by a subscription raised by numerous artists, Mr. Michael Moser being unanimously chosen as their keeper. Hogarth was much against this establishment, though he presented to it several casts and other articles which had been the property of his father-in-law Sir James Thornhill. He declared that it was the surest way to bring artists to beggary, by rendering their education so easy as one guinea and a half and two guineas per quarter; since it would induce hundreds of foolish parents to send their boys to keep them out of the streets, whether they had talent or not. However, the school commenced. Reynolds, Mortimer, M^c^Ardell, Nollekens, Spang, Taylor, so frequently mentioned in this work,

and my father, with numerous others, became members."][1]

Frances Reynolds, though she lived with her brother many years, was certainly not his favourite sister. Madame d'Arblay, who became acquainted with her at a much later period, may enable us to understand why. She describes Miss Reynolds as "a woman of worth and understanding, but of a singular character; who, unfortunately for herself, made, throughout life, the great mistake of nourishing a singularity which was her bane, as if it had been her greatest blessing ..... It was that of living in an habitual perplexity of mind, and irresolution of conduct, which to herself was restlessly tormenting, and to all around her was teasingly wearisome.

"Whatever she suggested or planned one day, was reversed the next; though resorted to on the third, as if merely to be again rejected on the fourth; and so on almost endlessly; for she rang not the changes on her opinions and designs in order to bring them into harmony and practice, but wavering to stir up new combinations and difficulties; till she found herself in the midst of such chaotic obstructions as could chime in with no given purpose, but must needs be left to ring their own peal, and to begin again just where they began at first."

This lady painted miniatures, and copied her brother's pictures. Of these copies he said, "They make other people laugh, and me cry."[2]

[1] Life of Nollekens, vol. ii. p. 230.

[2] It may be as well to say here that the brother and sister were evidently unsuited to each other. Madame

[A few words may be given to the state of England and the capital at the moment of Reynolds's return.

d'Arblay's character of Miss R. enables us to see clearly enough how antagonistic she must have been to her placid, even-tempered brother, whose leading principle of life was to overlook petty annoyances, and never to worry himself about anything in which regret was unavailing and remedy out of the question. Miss Reynolds, after presiding over her brother's house for many years, left it, and, after trying Devonshire, which she seems to have found intolerable, with her experience of London and the society of her brother's circle, and Paris, where she was, in the autumn of 1768, finally established herself as a lodger in the house of Dr. Hoole, the translator of 'Ariosto,' whose portrait, prefixed to the first edition of his translation, she painted. She seems from her letters, and from verses and passages in a commonplace book of hers in possession of Miss Gwatkin, to have suffered from an unrequited attachment, and to have considered herself hardly used by her brother. Thus I find her lamenting the stagnation of her powers in the country. "I am incapable of painting; my faculties are all becalmed in the dead region of Torrington. I want some grateful gale of praise to push my bark to sea, some incentive to emulation to awake my slumbering powers. I thank my God who put it in my head to acquire this delightful art, and in a manner called my light out of darkness, for necessity struck the hot spark, that as the world recedes I may have something to fill up the vacancies in my heart made by ungrateful returns to the most unfeigned fraternal love and purest friendship." Again, in a rough draft of one of her letters, without date or address, we may read the perplexed, self-tormenting, and painfully conscientious character, which perfectly bears out what Madame d'Arblay says of the writer:—"As the mind must have some pursuit, and I unhappily have none that is so satisfactory, or that appears to me so praiseworthy, as painting, and having been thrown out of the path nature had in a peculiar manner fitted me for,"—poor woman! she means that of ministering to her brother,—"and as it is natural to endeavour to excel in something, I confess I can't help pleasing myself with the hope that I might arrive at a tolerable degree of perfection in these little pictures [fancy subjects of children and landscapes], could I refresh imagination and improve my ideas by the sight of pictures of that sort, and by the judgment of connoisseurs. But I must beg you to believe that nothing but the greatest necessity should prompt me to make any advantage of them in a manner unsuitable to the character of a gentlewoman, both for my own sake, as well as for my brother's." She then adverts to the income allowed her by her brother, as sufficient to keep her within the sphere of gentility, "without pecuniary schemes to raise it higher." She concludes, "The height of my desire is to be able to spend a few months in the year near the arts and sciences, but if you think that it will rather bring my character in question, for my brother to be in London, and I not at his house, I will content myself with residing at Windsor. It would give me the sincerest satisfaction to have his opinions and advice in this, as well as in every action of my life;

It is true that the painter's connection with the public life of his time is indirect. We only catch glimpses of the outer world as it is given back to us from the looking-glass of his painting-room. But the yearly list of Sir Joshua's sitters, from 1753 to 1789, supplies, to those who can read it aright, at once a running commentary and an index to the history of the period. The leading actors in the dramas of politics, fashion, and literature saunter into the fashionable studio, sit down, rest themselves, chat over the incidents of the performance, the look of the house, the gossip of the green-room, and, before they quit the place, have left their faces reflected for all time in the faithful mirror of Sir Joshua's canvas.

So numerous are these visitors that it is hardly possible in the limits of this Life even to record their names. To *label* them,—to give the distinctive anecdote, or incident, or point of celebrity to each,—would of itself require another volume as large as this.

We have no lists of sitters for 1753-4. But the loss is the less to be regretted, since the time was a singularly dull one. There was, as Horace Walpole writes in 1753,—"no war, no politics, no parties, no madness, and no scandal. In the memory of England there never was so inanimate an age: it is more fashionable to go to church than to either House of Parliament. Even the era of the Gunnings is over: both sisters have lain in, and have scarce made one

but he is so much engaged in business, that I fear I should receive no answer. However, I should not think it right to draw so near to him as Windsor, without first acquainting him of it."—ED.

paragraph in the newspapers, though their names were grown so renowned that in Ireland the beggar-women bless you with, 'The luck of the Gunnings attend you!'" In fact, no public event of the time filled half as much space in the mouth, eye, and ear of London as those lovely Irish sisters who had been married at the beginning of 1752, the younger to the Duke of Hamilton, "hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and his person;" and the elder to Lord Coventry, "a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed," as Walpole describes him, who seems to have been a pedant, but passionately attached to his beautiful young wife. Lady Coventry died in 1759, and had the seeds of death in her when she married. Reynolds painted them both, in the year in which the elder and lovelier sister died of consumption. Walpole is our great authority for the strange *furore* excited by their surpassing loveliness. He tells us how even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at them; how their doors were mobbed by crowds eager to see them get into their chairs, and places taken early at the theatres when they were expected; how seven hundred people sat up all night, in and about a Yorkshire inn, to see the Duchess of Hamilton get into her post-chaise in the morning; while a Worcester shoemaker made money by showing the shoe he was making for the Countess of Coventry.

These reigning beauties had a rival in Lady Caroline Petersham, who, with the Viscountess Townshend and the Duchess of Devonshire, kept the town in talk;

the first by her beauty and oddity; the second by her cleverness; and the third by her meanness and vulgarity.

The manners of the town at that time are best reflected in the letters of Walpole and in the pictures of Hogarth. They were coarse, rollicking, hearty times, with strongly-marked demarcations of classes; times of great relish for material pleasures, eating, drinking, talking, and merry-making at clubs, taverns, and tea-gardens.

Faro and hazard flourished at White's and the other fashionable clubs in St. James's street and Pall-Mall. George Selwyn was the reigning wit, and Lord March, Sir George Bland, and Lord Mountford the boldest punters.

The grand tour was still a part of every gentleman's education; a varnish of connoisseurship was thus acquired by the few, and it was thought an absolute canon of good taste to profess the most sovereign contempt for native art. The pretentiousness and utter hollowness of this connoisseurship was of course intolerable to such a genuine man as Hogarth; and Reynolds, in his heart, must have laughed at it, though he "shifted his trumpet," and "only took snuff" instead of doing fierce battle with the connoisseurs, like his more pugnacious contemporary. He painted down the sneerers, instead of writing and talking at them. The Dilettanti Society included the best of the connoisseurs, and their Sunday dinners were a favourite resort of Reynolds, after he became a member of the Society, in 1767.

Murders and crimes abounded, and the law still resorted to the gallows as the great means of repression.

Highwaymen infested our roads, and cried "Stand and deliver!" even in the streets of London. Seventeen wretches were turned off in a morning at Newgate, where gaol-fever decimated prisoners and counsel. Miss Jefferies, murderess of the uncle who had debauched her, and Miss Blandy, poisoner of the father whose dying efforts were all to save the life of his destroyer, were almost as great nine-days' wonders as the Gunnings.

Politics this year, as a witty woman of the time said, took rank after the two young ladies who were married, and the two young ladies who were hanged. Henry Pelham, and his brother the Duke of Newcastle, still retained, as Ministers, that absolute empire which the Government owed mainly to its successful suppression of the Jacobite attempt of the '45, and to Hawke's naval successes. The power of the Pelhams had been consolidated by the withdrawal of the Bedford section of the ministry in 1751. The 4 per cents. had been reduced in 1750. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, concluded in 1748, inglorious as it was, was not yet unpopular. Pitt and Fox were both muzzled by office. The death of the Prince of Wales, in March, 1751, had greatly checked the hopes and intrigues of the Opposition, which had made its head-quarters in Leicester House. The only stir on the languid surface of public affairs was in Ireland, where the Duke of Dorset, as Lord Lieutenant, was at loggerheads with the Irish Parliament;[1] and at Kew, where a struggle was going on between the contending elements of Jacobitism and Whiggery, in the persons of the governors and tutors

[1] Walpole to Mann, May 13, 1752.

of the young Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., now eleven years old. That struggle ended in the resignation of Lord Harcourt, and the substitution of Lord Waldegrave as chief governor.

The field of arts and letters was as dull as that of politics. Hogarth had touched his highest point of art some years before. He now rarely worked at portraits. He had lately attempted the "grand style" in his 'Paul before Felix,' and was on the eve of publishing his 'Analysis of Beauty.' Of all his great satirical pictures only the Election series dates after this year. Ramsay, it is probable, was still in Scotland. Hudson was the fashionable face-painter. Cotes came nearest to him. Wilson, if employed at all, had now given up portrait-painting for landscape. He had probably left Rome at about the same period as Reynolds. Such artists as Ellis, Hayman, Highmore, and Pine scarcely deserve mention. They are mere shadows of names to us; all memory of their works has perished. Astley, who had been one of Reynolds's fellow-students at Rome, a clever, conceited, out-at-elbows, and reckless fellow, came to London this year, and by his first performances greatly delighted Walpole, for whom he had painted, while at Florence with Reynolds, a portrait of Walpole's friend and correspondent, Mr. Horace Mann, then our Minister at that capital; but marriage with a rich wife[1] soon removed him from the practice of the art.

[1] Lady Duckenfield Daniel, who fell in love with the flashy, handsome young painter at the Knutsford Assembly, at which Astley was figuring, while painting his way up to London from Dublin, where he had made a large sum in three years of portrait painting, on his return from Italy.

All these portrait-painters were following a dull routine at the heels of Hudson. Even the elder Richardson, with all his fire and passion as a writer on art, had not lifted the portrait-painter's practice out of the dead level, from which people looked up to Sir Godfrey Kneller as a great painter. Everybody who is conversant with English country houses knows Hudson's style—his inanimate, wooden men, in velvet and embroidery, and periwig or bob, one hand on the hip, the other in the waistcoat; the ladies almost as unvarying, generally half-lengths, in white satin, with coloured bows and breast-knots, or in flounced brocades, with deep lace ruffles. Hudson painted solidly and simply, however, and his men and women, if tame, are correctly drawn.[1] Good examples of Richardson's work may be seen in the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge. It, too, is tame; and both he and Hudson were utterly devoid of that life which Reynolds gave to portraiture by availing himself of all such accidents of light, pose, and gesture, as helped out character and gave individuality to his work. It is this which, with his intense

He married in 1760, but his wife, and her only daughter by Sir William Daniel, dying soon after, Astley inherited a Cheshire estate and 5000*l.* a year. He purchased Schomberg House, Pall-Mall, and occupied the centre compartment himself. He was a gasconading spendthrift, and a beau of the flashiest order. When the Dublin ladies sat to him, he is said, by way of flourish, to have used his unsheathed sword as a maulstick. The story of his unguardedly taking off his coat at a picnic near Rome, and displaying a waistcoat-back made up of one of his own canvases, with a magnificent waterfall, has often been reprinted. Sir Joshua Reynolds might have been of the party.—ED.

[1] The best works of Hudson's I have seen are a portrait of Lady Mary Coke, in the Bute collection, a not unworthy version of its beautiful subject; a portrait of Charles Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim; and a vigorous full-length of one of the Parker family at Saltram, a lady with a feather in her hand. He was certainly a good mechanical painter, but had not a spark of genius, fire, or invention.—ED.

sentiment of grace, and his fine feeling for colour, crowns him—probably for all time—king of English portrait-painters, and certainly the founder of a new dynasty.

Roubiliac was the great sculptor of the day. His monument of John Duke of Argyle was already erected. His Newton, at Cambridge, had not yet set the crown upon his fame. After him came Wilton, Scheemakers, and Rysbrack.

Garrick was in the zenith of his immense popularity. Burke was at the Middle Temple, nominally reading for the bar, but already contributing to the newspapers and periodicals of the day, and casting about for settled employment; at one moment meditating emigration, at another entering the lists for a consulship at Madrid. Goldsmith, in disgrace at home, was leaving his uncle Contarine's, to study medicine at Edinburgh. Johnson was drowning his grief for the death of his wife in hard labour on his Dictionary, and putting the finishing touch to the 'Rambler,' of which the last paper appeared in the March of this year. Richardson was on the pinnacle of his fame: 'Clarissa Harlowe' had been finished for two years; and 'Sir Charles Grandison' was on the eve of publication. Fielding had produced his 'Amelia' the year before, and was now beginning to sink under the complication of ailments which carried him off in 1754. Smollett was resting his pen after the publication of 'Peregrine Pickle,' and trying, without success, the experiment of a return to practice. Gray was enjoying the reputation of his 'Elegy,' published in 1749, and on the point of breaking into what Walpole called his "three years of flower."

Such were the salient features of the London world of politics, fashion, arts, and letters when Reynolds appeared on the scene.]

The first picture Reynolds painted, after his establishment in London, was a head of Marchi in a turban.[1] Hudson, on seeing it, said, "Reynolds, you do not paint so well as you did before you went to Italy." For this Hudson has been accused of jealousy. The world is prone to attribute every uncomplimentary remark of an artist on a contemporary (and sometimes even his compliments), to that passion. What Hudson said was, at any rate, not expressed behind the back of his former pupil, of whose previous practice, if Hudson was right, it was great praise.

Reynolds found, as Constable did on coming to London, that "there was room enough for a natural painter." He thus described the portrait-painters of the time:—"They have got a set of postures which they apply to all persons indiscriminately: the consequence of which is that all their pictures look like so many sign-post paintings; and if they have a history or family piece to paint, the first thing they do is to look over their commonplace book, containing sketches which they have stolen from various pictures;[2] then they search their prints over, and pilfer one figure from one print and another from a second; but never take the trouble to think for themselves." Hogarth, to

[1] This head belongs to the Royal Academy. The Earl of Leven has a duplicate.

[2] Sir Joshua himself, it is well known, freely resorted to this practice. I have already noticed the sketches in one of his Italian note-books which have suggested his charming pictures of Mrs. Crewe as a shepherdess, and of Mrs. Sheridan as Saint Cecilia, to say nothing of other instances mentioned by Leslie.—ED.

whom these remarks could never apply, had long ago relinquished portraiture for the subjects he was born to paint.

The reputation of Kneller was then higher in England than that of Vandyke; and the wide departure of Reynolds from the style of Sir Godfrey could not but meet with opposition. Ellis, a portrait-painter, eminent at that time, said "Ah! Reynolds, this will never answer. Why, you don't paint in the least like Kneller." The innovator attempted to defend himself; but Ellis would not stay to hear him, and exclaiming "Shakespear in poetry, and Kneller in painting, damme!" walked out of the room.

Reynolds soon, however, triumphed over all rivals. Among the portraits he painted shortly after his return to London were those of Sir James Colebrooke,[1] Sir George Colebrooke, their wives, Lord Godolphin, and Lady Anna Dawson (Lord Pomfret's sister) as Diana.

From St. Martin's Lane he removed to No. 5, Great Newport Street, where he commenced housekeeping, and raised his prices to a level with Hudson's. These prices were, for a head twelve[2] guineas, for a half-length twenty-four, and for a whole-length forty-eight. A few years afterwards they both raised them to fifteen, thirty, and sixty guineas; by which it would appear

[1] Then Mr. Colebrooke. It appears from the pocket-books that this was in October, 1755. George Colebrooke was painted in November, 1759, and his wife in February, 1761. She appears in the picture as a very lovely woman, of an elevated and contemplative cast of countenance — "with looks communing with the skies." The Colebrooke pictures are now, or were lately, in the possession of Lady Littler, at Bigadon, Devon.—Ed.

[2] While at Devonport, before his visit to Italy, his price had been three guineas a head.—Ed.

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that Hudson's business was not destroyed even by the immensely superior powers of his pupil.

The industry of Reynolds was extraordinary, and his success rapid, and long unchecked by the caprices of fashion. He received, says Farington, five, six, or seven sitters daily, and some of these as early as six or seven o'clock in the morning. [This is an exaggeration. The entries in his pocket-books (the series of which begins in 1755) give in 1755 and 1760 about 120 sitters; in 1759, 148; and in 1758 as many as 150; the greatest number in any one year; but very few appointments are for an earlier hour than nine o'clock.[1]] His niece, Mrs. Gwatkin, told Haydon that he often took a walk round the Park before breakfast.

Among the pictures he painted in Newport Street, a whole-length of the Duchess of Hamilton (formerly the beautiful Miss E. Gunning),[2] and a smaller picture of her sister, the Countess of Coventry, are mentioned by Farington, who says, "He also began a portrait of Charles Duke of Marlborough, but the head only was finished when the Duke was ordered to join the army in Germany, whence he never returned."

He now employed an assistant, Peter Toms,[3] an

[1] There is one with Garrick, in 1761, at eight, and another in 1766, at half-past eight; and others with other sitters at nine, but the usual hour is ten or eleven.—ED.

[2] Her portrait was painted in 1759, and exhibited in 1760. He painted her again in 1764, and again in a red habit and hat, on horseback, with the Duke standing near her, in a fine picture now at Hadzor, near Droitwich.

Lord Coventry's name occurs in the pocket-book for 1760, and the Countess's in that for 1759 (January).—ED.

[3] Toms had been a pupil of Hudson, and worked as "drapery man," not only for Reynolds, but for Cotes and West. Edwards mentions, among whole-lengths of Sir Joshua's to which Toms had painted the draperies, the Woburn whole-length of the Marchioness of Tavistock, when Lady Elizabeth Keppel, in her dress as one of

artist of much ability, in addition to Marchi; and about the same time he received Thomas Beach and Hugh Barron[1] as pupils. Yet he did not in the least become, like Hudson, a manufacturer of portraits.

"The evident desire which he had," wrote Northcote, "to render his pictures perfect to the utmost of his ability, and in each succeeding instance to surpass the former, occasioned his frequently making them inferior to what they had been in the course of the process; and when it was observed to him, 'that probably he had never sent out to the world any one of his paintings in as perfect a state as it had been,' he answered, 'that he believed the remark was very just; but that, notwithstanding, he certainly gained ground by it on the whole, and improved himself by the experiment;' adding, 'if you are not bold enough to run the risk of losing, you can never hope to gain.'

"With the same wish of advancing himself in the

Queen Charlotte's bridesmaids. For this Toms only received, says Edwards, twelve guineas. The drapery and accessories are certainly very finely painted. Toms fell into drink, and died by his own hand in 1776. He was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and Port-Cullis Pursuivant in the Heralds' College.—Ed.

[1] Of all Sir Joshua's pupils Northcote was the only one who ever attained any distinction. Yet Barron had considerable success at Rome, as we learn from a letter written thence by Bankes, the sculptor, in July, 1773:—"Little Wickstead has had most of the portraits to paint last season, owing to the endeavours of Messrs. Norton and Byres to carry every gentleman they could get hold of to see him; but Barron, arriving here the beginning of the season, and having great merit in the portrait way, and a good correspondence with the gentlemen, got so many portraits to paint as proved no small mortification to the aforesaid gentleman, as well as his helpers. Barron is a young man of very conspicuous merit; has the most of Sir Joshua's fine manner of any of his pupils; and it is beyond a doubt that when he returns to England he will cut a great figure in his way." After spending five years in Rome, Barron set up in London, where he died in 1791. He was considered the best amateur violinist of his time, but was a feeble painter.—Ed.

art," continues Northcote, "I have heard him say that whenever a new sitter came to him for a portrait, he always began it with a full determination to make it the best picture he had ever painted; neither would he allow it to be an excuse for his failure to say 'the subject was a bad one for a picture;' there was always nature, he would observe, which, if well treated, was fully sufficient for the purpose."

His early friend, Lord Edgcumbe, we are told by Mason, "persuaded many of the first nobility to sit to him for their pictures; and he very judiciously applied to such of them as had the strongest features, and whose likeness, therefore, it was the easiest to hit. Most of them also had, but a little time before, sat to Vanloo, a Dutchman, who, while he remained in England, was in high fashion, though a dirty colourist, and whose only merit was that of taking a true but tame resemblance of features. Amongst those personages were the old Dukes of Devonshire[1] and Grafton;[2] and of these the young artist made portraits, not only expressive of their countenances, but of their figures, and this in a manner so novel, simple, and natural, yet withal so dignified, as procured him general applause, and set him in a moment above his old master, Hudson, and that master's rival, Vanloo. But the portrait which tended most to establish his reputation was a whole-length of Captain Keppel (afterwards Admiral) on a sandy beach, the background a tempestuous sea. A figure so animated, so well drawn, and all its accompaniments so perfectly in unison with it,

[1] Engraved in 1755.—ED.

[2] Now in the picture-gallery at Oxford.—ED.

ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

(The first picture of him painted by Sir Joshua.)

I believe never was produced before by an English pencil."[1]

In the conception of this fine picture he availed himself of an event that had occurred before the commencement of his acquaintance with the Commodore. Keppel, when but twenty-one years of age, had been appointed to the command of the Maidstone, a fifty-gun ship,[2] and in the following year was wrecked in her on the coast of France, while in the pursuit of a large French vessel. By great exertion he saved most of his crew; and, on his return to England, was honourably acquitted of all blame by the unanimous resolution of a court-martial, that "the loss of his Majesty's ship Maidstone was in no manner owing to Captain Keppel or any of his officers, but to the thickness of the weather at the time the Maidstone was chasing in with the *land*, and the ledge of rocks she struck upon being under water, and therefore not perceived, and trusting to the ship the Maidstone was chasing, which had the appearance of being a large one, and drawing near as much water as the Maidstone."

In the picture Keppel appears on a rocky shore; the breakers are around him, and he is stepping forward

[1] It was painted in 1753.—ED.

[2] Family influence would sufficiently account for the early promotion of the son of an Earl; but Keppel earned his position. He entered the navy at the age of ten years, and at eighteen he had been round the world with Anson, on that voyage, so remarkable for its perils, as well as for the energy and endurance with which they were surmounted by the officers and men of a squadron which the Government of the country had done everything it could do to render inefficient, except in its appointment of those officers.

Keppel's first promotion to the rank of a lieutenant came from Anson, who had witnessed his gallantry during a successful action with a Spanish galleon.

to give his orders with an energy and an expression that tell the story, though no other figure is seen. Light, spare, and active, and with a quick eye of great intelligence, he looks the very beau idéal of a sailor.

When the Maidstone was wrecked there was no such thing as a naval uniform. Every officer wore what he pleased; and Keppel, while with Anson, had part of a jockey cap shot away from his head in the attack on Payta. When the picture was painted, however, uniforms were worn, and Reynolds committed the justifiable anachronism of dressing his friend as he then dressed.[1]

Keppel was the first of many heroes painted by Reynolds, who was never excelled, even by Velasquez, in the expression of heroism. So anxious was he to do all possible justice to his gallant friend, and so difficult did he find it to please himself, that after several sittings he effaced all he had done, and began the picture again.

And yet, in this admirable portrait, which cost him so much pains, the attitude is taken from that of a statue, of which a drawing by Reynolds is in the possession of Mr. William Russell; and of which he again made use in a whole-length of the Earl of Carlisle, making the picture very unlike that of Keppel, not only by its background, but by dressing the Peer in the robes of the Thistle. I have been unable to ascertain the subject of the statue, or to what period it belongs. The

[1] There are not fewer than nine portraits of Admiral Keppel claiming to be from the hand of Reynolds; and there are, no doubt, many more from those of his pupils and copyists. The finest picture of his life-long friend, above referred to, in fine preservation, is now with the other Keppel portraits at Quiddenham.—ED.

figure is youthful, and Apollo-like, and seems to hold a lyre in the left hand, or it may be a fiddle, for Reynolds's sketch is very slight.

He condemned, as we have seen, other painters for pilfering "one figure from one print and another from another;" but no artist more often adopted hints from previous art, and in his Twelfth Discourse he not only excuses but recommends the practice. "A readiness," he says, "in taking such hints, which escape the dull and ignorant, makes, in my opinion, no inconsiderable part of that faculty of the mind which is called genius."

The remarks of Fuseli on this, as on most subjects connected with art, are conclusive. He says:—"An adopted idea or figure in a work of genius is a foil or companion of the rest; but an idea of genius borrowed by mediocrity, tears all associate shreds; it is the giant's thumb by which the pigmy offered the measure of his own littleness. We stamp the plagiary on the borrower, who, without fit materials or adequate conceptions of his own, seeks to shelter impotence under purloined vigour; we leave him with the full praise of invention, who, by the harmony of the whole, proves that what he adopted might have been his own offspring, though anticipated by another. If he take now, he soon may give."

The most lovely of all the early works of Raphael, the *Graces*, in the collection of Lord Ward, is from an antique group; but Raphael has made it entirely his own, and we cannot be sufficiently grateful for a translation so far above the original.[1] So with respect to

[1] At Siena. There is a photograph of it, and Raphael's little gem is engraved; and though the photograph may not adequately represent the an-

the statue, the attitude of which Reynolds adopted, but much improved in energy, for his sailor hero: to judge from his drawing, it would scarcely attract notice in a gallery of sculpture, while the portrait of Keppel would command attention among the finest Vandykes.

Having triumphed over his English competitors, Reynolds was now to have a short contest with a foreigner. Liotard, a native of Geneva, who had been to Constantinople, and had adopted the Levantine dress, came to England,[1] where he attracted as much notice by the singularity of his costume and habits as by his skill in painting, which consisted in what was considered high finish. He was immediately much employed. "The only merit," said Reynolds, "in Liotard's pictures is neatness, which as a general rule is the characteristic of a low genius, or rather no genius at all. His pictures are just what ladies do when they paint for amusement; nor is there any person, how poor soever their talents may be, but in a very few years, by dint of practice, may possess themselves of every qualification in the art which this great man has got."

The reign of "The Turk," as Liotard was called, was short, and that of Reynolds was again completely established. Mason,[2] speaking of the impression the

tique group, as the print certainly does not (for no print can) express all the charm of Raphael, yet a comparison even of these will show that the modern painter has far exceeded the ancient sculptor in grace and sentiment.

[1] He came to London in 1753, and stayed two years on his first visit to England, returning in 1772 for the same period. According to Walpole (March 4, 1753) he exacted extravagant prices, and was "avaricious beyond imagination." He worked in crayons, water-colours, and enamel. —ED.

[2] In his 'Observations on Sir Joshua Reynolds's Method of Colouring,' published by Mr. Cotton in 1859. Mason was himself an amateur painter, and was always admitted, he says, to Sir Joshua's painting-room, unless he

portrait of Keppel made in his favour, says, "His business increased rapidly upon it, and chiefly among persons of the first rank. The young Lords Huntingdon and Stormont,[1] just arrived from their travels, sat to him for two whole-lengths on one canvas; and here his merit in drawing complete figures and setting them well on their legs, in the attitude most natural to them, was equally conspicuous.

"It was upon seeing this picture that Lord Holderness[2] was induced to sit for his portrait, which he was afterwards pleased to make me a present of, on which occasion he employed me to go to the painter, and fix with him his Lordship's time of sitting. Here our acquaintance commenced; and, as he permitted me to attend every sitting, I shall here set down the observations I made upon his manner of painting at this early time, which, to the best of my remembrance, was in the year 1754.[3]

"On his light-coloured canvas he had already laid a ground of white, where he meant to place the head, and which was still wet. He had nothing upon his

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had a lady or gentleman sitting for a portrait. When not so occupied, Mason says Reynolds was always either retouching an old master, or had some beggar or poor child sitting to him, "because he always chose to have nature before his eyes." This whole paper of Mason's is worth reading.—ED.

[1] "There are new young lords, fresh and fresh: two of them are much in vogue, Lord Huntingdon and Lord Stormont. I supped with them t'other night at Lady Caroline Petersham's. The latter is most cried up; but he is the more reserved, seems shy, and to have sense, but I should not think extreme; yet it is not fair to judge a silent man at first. The other is very lively and very agreeable."—*Walpole to Montague*, Dec. 6, 1753. Lord Stormont was nephew of the great Lord Mansfield. His distinguished parliamentary career is familiar to all students of the history of George III.'s reign.—ED.

[2] At this time holding the office of Home Secretary.—ED.

[3] Mr. Cotton says 1755, but the first sitting may have been in 1754.

palette but flake-white, lake, and black; and, without making any previous sketch or outline, he began with much celerity to scumble these pigments together, till he had produced, in less than an hour, a likeness sufficiently intelligible, yet withal, as might be expected, cold and pallid to the last degree. At the second sitting, he added, I believe, to the three other colours, a little Naples yellow; but I do not remember that he used any vermilion, neither then nor at the third trial; but it is to be noted that his Lordship had a countenance much heightened by scorbutic eruption. Lake alone might produce the carnation required. However this be, the portrait turned out a striking likeness, and the attitude, so far as a three-quarters canvas would admit, perfectly natural and peculiar to his person, which at all times bespoke a fashioned gentleman. His drapery was crimson velvet, copied from a coat he then wore, and apparently not only painted but glazed with lake, which has stood to this hour perfectly well, though the face, which, as well as the whole picture, was highly varnished before he sent it home, *very soon faded*, and soon after the forehead particularly cracked, almost to peeling off, which it would have done long since, had not his pupil Doughty repaired it."

We see by this account that from an early period Reynolds adopted what he strongly recommended in his Discourses, the practice of drawing with the hair pencil instead of the port-crayon; and this constant use of the brush gave him a command of the instrument, if ever equalled, certainly never exceeded; for there are marvels of delicacy and of finish in his execution, combined with a facility and a spirit unlike

anything upon the canvases of any other painter. I am far from meaning that in the works of other great masters there are not many excellences which Reynolds did not possess; but what I would note is, that though he was all his life studying the works of other artists, he could not, and it was fortunate that he could not, escape from his own manner into theirs. No original painter, indeed, can do this; while many, without originality, and with but little perception of the beauties of nature, have often mimicked the art of their betters in a manner to delight judges of their own order. There have been "English Claudes" and "English Cuyps," as they were called by way of commendation, but they are now forgotten.

In the colouring of Reynolds it must be admitted that his experiments in vehicles,[1] and his use of fugitive pigments—however the consequences may generally be lamented—have, in many instances, produced effects so singularly beautiful as in a degree to atone for the ruin they have caused in other cases.[2]

At a much later period of his practice he said to Northcote, "There is not a man on earth who has the

[1] In painters' language, the oils, compounds of oils and varnishes, or whatever fluids they mix with their colours, are called *vehicles*.

[2] Opie used to say that the faded pictures of Reynolds were finer than those of most other painters in a perfect condition. From an anecdote preserved by J. T. Smith, in his amusing 'Life of Nollekens' (vol. ii. p. 294), it seems that in one instance, at least, this fading had maintained a curious parallelism between the fate of the picture and its original:—"The Marquis of Drogheda was painted in early life (January, 1761) by Sir Joshua Reynolds. His lordship shortly after went abroad, and remained there between twenty and thirty years, during which time he ran into excesses, became bilious, and returned to Ireland with a shattered constitution. He found that the portrait and the original had faded together, and corresponded, perhaps, as well as when first painted."—ED.

least notion of colouring; we all of us have it equally to seek for and find out, as at present it is totally lost to the art." He could hardly mean that the power of producing true and beautiful effects of colour was lost; for, even if his modesty prevented a just estimate of his own excellence, he could not be blind to the excellence of Wilson and of Gainsborough as colourists. What he meant was, most likely, that the art of preparing the palette, and mixing the colours with such oils, varnishes, &c., as would produce brilliant and at the same time lasting effects, was lost.

He believed as confidently in the *Venetian secret* as ever alchymist did in the *philosopher's stone;* and so intense was his love of colour, that he would always hazard the durability of his works rather than give up any chance of attaining its truth and beauty. He would not, however, allow his pupils and assistants to work with any other than the ordinary materials; and he condemned in others that which he practised himself. He said of a young painter who had been trying experiments, "That boy will never do any good if they do not take away from him all his gallipots of varnish and foolish mixtures."

When Northcote recommended to him the use of vermilion instead of such fleeting preparations as lake and carmine, he said, looking on his hand, "I can see no vermilion in flesh."—"But did not Sir Godfrey Kneller always use vermilion?"—to which he answered rather sharply, "What signifies what a man used who could not colour? But you may use it if you will." He once said to Sir George Beaumont (who amused himself with painting), "Mix a little wax with your

colours, but don't tell anybody;" and at another time, when Sir George observed that some vehicle he recommended would crack, he said, "All good pictures crack."[1].

It was not from any narrowness of mind that he kept his experiments secret. Could he have become certain that he had discovered a process by which the closest possible imitation of the beauty of Nature's colour might be united with durability, he would, no doubt, have given it as readily to other painters as he gave to them, in his Discourses, the result of all his thinking on art.

His great excellence as a colourist, though not fully admitted while he lived, will not be disputed now. Whatever portion of this may be attributed to "well-directed industry," there can be no question that he was gifted by nature with what is called a *fine eye*; and not for colour only, for his natural perception of shapes seems to have been as accurate, and the power he had acquired of drawing them as enviable, as his power of colouring. The occasional incorrectness of his human forms is simply the result of his ignorance of anatomy, for nobody can draw truly the varying forms of an

[1] I think it will be found generally true that Reynolds's pictures during the eight or ten years after 1752 are more simply and *safely* painted than his later ones. In many of his portraits of this period which I have examined the impasto is thin, the finish smooth, and where the varnish has remained untouched by the cleaner, the colour, even of the fleeting carnations, is well preserved, with no breaking of the surface. In other portraits of this period said to have escaped the cleaner, the carnations have flown, and left little more than the black, or blue, and white of the first painting. As among the finest examples of this period which I know, I should select the portrait of the Countess of Albemarle and her two lovely daughters, the Ladies Caroline and Elizabeth Keppel, at Quiddenham, Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Albemarle.—ED.

elaborately constructed machine without a competent knowledge of its contrivance.[1] He was never surpassed in the drawing of the face; in which an acquaintance with anatomy may be dispensed with, as the muscles that move the features, unlike those that cause expression and the varieties of form in other parts of the figure, are not seen in their own shapes, but in the lines and forms of the surface, the shape of which is generally the reverse of that of the actual muscles.

The following remarks of Reynolds on some of the peculiarities of his practice will not be out of place here :—

"Not having the advantage of an early academical education, I never had that facility of drawing the naked figure which an artist ought to have. It appeared to me too late, when I went to Italy and began to feel my own deficiencies, to endeavour to acquire that readiness of invention which I observed others to possess. I consoled myself, however, by remarking that these ready inventors are extremely apt to acquiesce in imperfections; and that, if I had not their facility, I should, for this very reason, be more

[1] Constable said, and I believe it, that no painters excepting Rembrandt and himself (who were both the sons of millers) ever drew a windmill correctly. It is certain that no painter ever drew a ship rightly who had not been much at sea; and even though Turner had been often at sea, the ships in his *Battle of Trafalgar* at Greenwich afford a constant topic of ridicule to the old pensioners.

In justice to Turner, however, I must add—and I do so on the highest authority, that of Mr. Stanfield—that the class to which the vessels in his pictures belong is always admirably characterised, even when they are represented as far distant, and that British ships are always to be distinguished in his pictures from foreign ones. So with Reynolds; in the occasional inaccuracy of his drawing *character* is never lost.

likely to avoid the defect which too often accompanies it,—a trite and commonplace mode of invention."

In another part of the same paper he says:—

"I considered myself as playing a great game; and, instead of beginning to save money, I laid it out faster than I got it, in purchasing the best examples of art that could be procured; for I even borrowed money for this purpose. The possession of pictures by Titian, Vandyck, Rembrandt, &c., I considered as the best kind of wealth. By carefully studying the works of great masters, this advantage is obtained; we find that certain niceties of expression are capable of being executed, which otherwise we might suppose beyond the reach of art. This gives us a confidence in ourselves; and we are thus invited to endeavour at not only the same happiness of execution, but also at other congenial excellences. Study, indeed, consists in learning to see nature, and may be called the art of using other men's minds. By this kind of contemplation and exercise we are taught to think in their way, and sometimes to attain their excellence. Thus, for instance, if I had never seen any of the works of Correggio, I should never, perhaps, have remarked in nature the expression which I find in one of his pieces; or, if I had remarked it, I might have thought it too difficult, or, perhaps, impossible to be executed.[1]

[1] The use of other men's minds is of little worth unless made by those who have minds of their own, and even by such may be carried too far. That simpering expression which Reynolds adopted from Correggio is, if I mistake not, the only instance of affected expression in his pictures. It occurs in some of his fancy subjects of children, in which the lips are pinched by a smile into something of the shape of the letter V. It is conspicuous in two of the child angels that bend over the Infant in his *Nativity*, a work entirely founded on Correggio; but I do not recollect it in any of his *portraits* of children.

"My success, and continual improvement in my art, if I may be allowed that expression, may be ascribed in a good measure to a principle which I will boldly recommend to imitation; I mean a principle of honesty; which, in this, as in all other instances, is, according to the vulgar proverb, certainly the best policy,—I always endeavoured to do my best. Great or vulgar, good subjects or bad, all had nature; by the exact representation of which, or even by the endeavour to give such a representation, the painter cannot but improve in his art.

"My principal labour was employed on the whole together; and I was never weary of changing, and trying different modes and different effects. I had always some scheme in my mind, and a perpetual desire to advance. By constantly endeavouring to do my best, I acquired a power of doing that with spontaneous facility, which was, at first, the whole effort of my mind; and my reward was threefold: the satisfaction resulting from acting on this just principle, improvement in my art, and the pleasure derived from a constant pursuit after excellence.

"I was always willing to believe that my uncertainty of proceeding in my works—that is, my never being sure of my hand, and my frequent alterations—arose from a refined taste, which could not acquiesce in anything short of a high degree of excellence. I had not an opportunity of being early initiated in the principles of colouring: no man, indeed, could teach me. If I have never been settled with respect to colouring, let it at the same time be remembered that my unsteadiness in this respect proceeded from an

inordinate desire to possess every kind of excellence that I saw in the works of others; without considering that there is in colouring, as in style, excellences which are incompatible with each other:[1] however, this pursuit, or, indeed, any similar pursuit, prevents the artist from being tired of his art. We all know how often those masters who sought after colouring changed their manners; while others, merely from not seeing various modes, acquiesced all their lives in that with which they set out. On the contrary, I tried every effect of colour; and leaving out every colour in its turn, showed every colour that I could do without it. As I alternately left out every colour, I tried every new colour; and often, it is well known, failed. The former practice, I am aware, may be compared, by those whose chief object is ridicule, to that of the poet mentioned in the *Spectator*, who, in a poem of twenty-four books, contrived in each book to leave out a letter. But I was influenced by no such idle or foolish affectation. My fickleness in the mode of colouring arose from an eager desire to attain the highest excellence. This is the only merit I assume to myself from my conduct in that respect."

When other painters complained of the unfitness of

[1] Certain combinations of colour may be incompatible, as the grave with the gay; but *excellences* of colour can never be so; and Reynolds could not help admitting, when he visited Holland, that the colour of Jan Steen might become the design of Raphael. On this subject he often expresses his doubt of a previous conclusion. At one time he thinks that, if Julio Romano had painted his Horses of the Sun as naturally as Rubens painted horses, he would have brought them down from their "celestial state;" but he adds, "In these things, however, there will always be a degree of uncertainty. Who knows that Julio Romano, if he had possessed the art and practice of colouring of Rubens, would not have given to it some taste of poetical grandeur not yet attained?"

the dresses of the time,—the coats, wigs, hats, bonnets, &c.,—for pictorial effect, Reynolds answered, "Never mind; *they have all light and shadow.*" In these few words he expressed one great secret of his art, which no other portrait painter of his time excepting Gainsborough fully comprehended, namely, the management of chiaroscuro. It was by this secret that Rembrandt and the best of the Dutch painters of the 17th century gave beauty to the most homely objects; and in this secret lay the charm of Correggio.

It was while Reynolds lived in Newport Street that he became acquainted with Johnson,[1] who then lived in Gough Square. They met for the first time at the house of two ladies, who lived opposite to Reynolds in Newport Street, the daughters of Admiral Cotterell. Reynolds had been prepared to admire Johnson from having read his *Life of Savage*; and Johnson, at their first interview, was struck with a remark of Reynolds which showed a knowledge of nature and a degree of courage above the average. The ladies were regretting the death of a friend to whom they were under great obligations, on which Reynolds observed,—"You have, however, the comfort of being relieved from the burthen of gratitude." They were shocked at the suggestion of comfort in so selfish a form, but Johnson defended the feeling as natural; he was pleased with the close observation of life it discovered, and compared

[1] Reynolds is mentioned by Barber, Dr. Johnson's black servant, as one of his master's intimates, soon after Mrs. Johnson's death, which occurred in March, 1752. (See Boswell, *sub anno.*) This cannot be exact. It was in 1753 that Reynolds removed to Newport Street; and his acquaintance with Johnson probably dates from that year. —ED.

it to some of the reflections of Rochefoucault. He went home with Reynolds, and supped with him. At another meeting in the same house it was Johnson's turn to shock the ladies. The Duchess of Argyle, with another lady of rank, came in. Johnson, thinking that their hostesses paid too much attention to the great ladies, and neglected Reynolds and himself as low company of whom they were rather ashamed, grew angry, and assuming the suspected imputation, said to Reynolds, in a loud tone, "How much do you think you and I could get in a week if we were *to work as hard as we could?*"

[He soon became a frequent visitor at the house of his new friend, and Reynolds returned his visits in Gough Square. He once brought Roubiliac with him, the sculptor wishing to be introduced to Johnson—already the great master of stately dedications, whether of books or tombstones—that he might get from him an epitaph for a monument he was executing for Westminster Abbey. Johnson received the sculptor with civility, and took his visitor into what Northcote describes as "a garret, which he considered his library." Probably it was the room he had fitted up for his dictionary copyists, where the two Macbeans, Shiels, W. Stewart, Maitland, and Peyton —Scotchmen all but one—had transcribed and extracted, under the eye of the lexicographer. Besides the books, all covered with dust, there was a crazy deal table, and a still crazier elbow-chair with only three legs. Johnson, seating himself in this with a dexterity showing practice, took pen in hand, and asked what the sculptor would have him write. Roubiliac began in his full-blown French

style. "Come, come, Sir," sternly broke in the awful dictator on the three-legged throne, "let us have no more of this bombastic ridiculous rodomontade, but let me know in simple language the name, character, and quality of the person whose epitaph you intend to have me write."]

Johnson was no respecter of time in his visits. The dinner hour of Reynolds was four o'clock, and immediately after dinner tea was brought in. Tea was also served later, and again after supper. Johnson partook plentifully of it every time, and generally prolonged his visits far into the night. However desirous of cultivating the friendship of so extraordinary a man, Reynolds could not give up all other society for that object; and, as Johnson's visits were often without invitation, on one of those occasions Reynolds unceremoniously walked out of the room. We are not told, however, that Johnson was offended with this. Miss Reynolds, who was one of his greatest favourites, was, no doubt, at home; and he was content to be left at her tea-table.

The reader will recollect his Touchstonean parody on *Percy's Ballads*.

"I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar soften'd well,
Another dish of tea.

"Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drunk the liquor up.

"Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown,
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down."

He always spoke and wrote to Miss Reynolds in the most endearing manner. He considered her, indeed, as a being "very near to purity itself." The only severe thing he is recorded to have said to her was occasioned by a portrait she painted of him. He called it "Johnson's grimly ghost;" and, as the picture was to be engraved, he recommended for a motto the line in which such an expression occurs, from the old ballad of *William and Margaret.*

Northcote tells us that Miss Reynolds, fancying her brother had treated her unkindly, thought of writing him a letter of expostulation. She consulted Johnson, who either wrote the letter for her, or transformed it so entirely into his own style, that she could not send it to her brother, well knowing that he would instantly detect Johnson's hand in it.

This lady seems to have written better than she painted;[1] for, of an *Essay on Taste,* which she printed privately, Johnson wrote, "There are in these few pages or remarks such a depth of penetration, such nicety of observation, as Locke or Pascal might be proud of."

The following is a favourable specimen of the little book so highly praised by him:—

"A family reared in indigence is often rich in reciprocal affections; but affluence gives to hirelings those tender offices which endear parents, children, brothers, and sisters to each other."[2]

[1] And yet her engraved portraits are very characteristic, and anything but the sort of works either to laugh or cry over. I would instance the engraved portrait of Johnson's blind friend and dependent, Mrs. Williams, and that of Hoole, prefixed to his 'Ariosto.'—ED.

[2] Frances Reynolds affected the sententious style, which rather possessed

Among the names of sitters entered in the pocket-books of Reynolds, that of his sister occurs at intervals from May, 1755, to April, 1759. Once only he calls her "Sister Fanny," the other entries are all "Miss Reynolds." The result of these sittings was probably a portrait I remember to have seen in the collection of Mr. Phillips the Academician. It is a head and bust only, the face in profile, and, excepting the cheek, entirely in shadow. She is in black, and wears a gipsy hat. Her face is round, the features small, and the resemblance to her brother striking. As a work of art the picture is beautiful and original.[1]

[Few periods of our history of the same length embrace more stirring incidents—parliamentary, social, and national—than the interval between 1754 and

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the whole Johnsonian circle. Thus, among other extracts from her commonplace book already referred to, I find—

"The first step to be despised is to be pitied."

"Cheap and humble blessings I have always found to be the sweetest and sincerest, being in unison, as it were, with the sober sense of the soul."

"The cord breaketh at last by the weakest pull."

"Dr. Johnson was leaving a family where he had been made very welcome at dinner, and on his friend saying that he liked to be often in such company with plain people, better than with greater geniuses, I said, Yes, in the same manner that you like for a constancy meat rather than sauce."—ED.

[1] Now in the possession of Mr. Monro. Northcote quotes from Sir Joshua's *memoranda* for December of this year the following notes on his practice at this time:—

"For painting the flesh: black, blue-black, white, lake, carmine, orpiment, yellow-ochre, ultramarine, and varnish.

"To lay the pallet: first lay carmine and white, in different degrees; second lay orpiment, and white ditto; third lay blue-black and white ditto.

"The first sitting: for expedition, make a mixture on the pallet as near the sitter's complexion as you can.

"On colouring: to preserve the colours fresh and clean in painting, it must be done by laying on more colours, and not by rubbing them in when they are once laid; and, if it can be done, they should be laid in their proper places at first, and not any more be touched, because the freshness of the colours is tarnished and lost by mixing and jumbling them together; for there are certain colours which destroy each other, by the motion of the pencil, when mixed to excess."—ED.

1760. A brief enumeration of the leading occurrences of the time is necessary to connect the painter and his works with the out-door world. These incidents comprise the death of Pelham, in 1754, after an unexampled lease of power; the Duke of Newcastle's impotent attempt to conduct affairs against the opposition of Pitt and Fox, both still holding office under him, the former as Paymaster of the Forces, the latter as Secretary at War; Fox's elevation to the Secretaryship of State and the lead of the House of Commons in the next year; Pitt's appearance as leader of opposition in November, 1755; his resistance to the system of subsidies, and dismissal from office; the declaration of war against France, speedily followed by the loss of Minorca; the subsequent popular discontents, and the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle in November, 1756; the short-lived Devonshire administration, with Pitt for its Secretary of State and leader of the Commons, and—as the leading event of its brief tenure of office—the execution of Admiral Byng, in spite of Pitt's resistance and the court-martial's unanimous recommendation to mercy, in March, 1757; the interregnum of eleven weeks following the break-up of the Devonshire administration in April, closed by the return of Pitt to office in July, with the Duke of Newcastle at the Treasury, and with the adhesion of Fox purchased by the lucrative office of Paymaster of the Forces; the inauspicious inauguration of the new Cabinet by the defeat of the Duke of Cumberland at Hastenbeck, and the ignominious capitulation of Kloster Severn, in September; the turn of the tide, by the taking of Louisburg and the islands of Cape Breton and St. John, in

July, 1758, and the defeat of the French fleet by Boscawen; the still more brilliant exploits, by sea and land, of 1759, including the conquest of Goree, the capture of Martinique, Guadaloupe, Ticonderoga, Majorca; the defeat of the Toulon squadron, off Cape Lagos, by Boscawen; Wolfe's glorious victory and death at Quebec; the defeat of the Brest fleet, under Conflans, by Hawke, and the conquests of our ally, the King of Prussia, aided actively by the Minister both with men and money; the still unchequered successes of the following year; the subjugation of Canada, the crowning of our East Indian triumphs of the last three years by the King's gracious reception of Clive at Kensington; and, lastly, the sudden death of George II., at the pinnacle of all this glory, on the 25th of October, 1760.

The distinguished part borne in these achievements by the three Keppels, both on sea and land, must have given Reynolds even a deeper interest in the marvellous tidings of our successes—as victory followed victory, acquisition acquisition—than he would have felt as a patriotic Englishman merely.

We may now turn to the details of the painter's professional life during this eventful period. To those who are familiar with the public and private history of the time—for the latter of which we have the invaluable letters of Horace Walpole as our guide, besides other collections only second in interest to Walpole's, of which the Selwyn correspondence may stand as the type—the list of Reynolds's sitters will a have special interest; for they will find there the names of the men most distinguished in Parliament or in war, the

heroes of fashion, the popular authors, doctors, actresses and actors, the beauties, the queens of society, the blue-stockings, and the demireps of the day. Indeed, to insure the full enjoyment of a collection of Reynolds's pictures, there is nothing like a diligent course of Horace Walpole, and the other letter and memoir writers of his time, as Wraxall, Selwyn, Cumberland, Cradock, Lord Auckland, Lord Malmesbury, and others. For all this period, it may be added, Reynolds's sitters cannot be said to belong to any one party. The words Whig and Tory did not then mark the same sharply-drawn party-divisions which they designate during the reign of George III. Reynolds was from the first thrown among the Whigs by his friendship for the Keppels; but the Whiggishness of his connection is far more distinctly traceable from the period of Burke's rise in public life, than at the time now under consideration.

The pocket-book for 1755—the first of the series—throws considerable light, here and there, on the painter's private life and associates. Of acquaintance with Burke—who in March this year was only debarred from accepting a colonial appointment by his father's rage on hearing of his intention—I find no trace. It would have been pleasant to have been authorised by the pocket-book to infer that Reynolds and Burke had been acquainted in these years of Burke's early studies and first literary achievements; that the enthusiastic law-student, historical inquirer, Robin-Hood-orator, metaphysician, of twenty-seven, and the successful painter of thirty-two had discussed together those theories of the beautiful which Burke gave the world next year, within a few months of his admirable imitation of Bolingbroke, 'The

Vindication of Natural Society.' One would like to think of Burke interesting Reynolds in the fate of Emin, the friendless Armenian wanderer, whom he had with such tender humanity rescued from starvation and despair.[1]

It is likely enough that Burke and Reynolds may have met, either this year or next, through the introduction of Johnson; with whom I should think either Dodsley or Garrick must have made Burke acquainted. The absence of Burke's name in Reynolds's engagements would not be incompatible with acquaintance; for Burke's dinners at this time would be at a tavern. The poor rooms over the bookseller's shop, at the entrance of the Temple, were not suited for giving dinners in, even had the slender purse allowed of such entertaining.

The acquaintance of whom traces first appear in the pocket-book are Reynolds's fellow-apprentice at Hudson's, and fellow-student at Rome—John Astley, and the three brothers, Israel, John, and Heaton Wilkes. Astley was now in London, and seems to have been drawing from time to time on Reynolds's purse, better filled now than in the old days of their dinners at the Café Inglese, and their picnics at Tivoli. I find this note on the first page for January, 1775, as if Reynolds had been posting up his card accounts for 1754:—

	£.	s.	d.
Mr. Ashley (debtor)	7	7	0
Do., cards at Mr. Wilkes's	0	16	0
Do., cards at Mr. E. (Heaton) Wilkes's ..	2	0	0
Ashley at Charlton	2	2	0
Do., at my house	0	10	6
	£12	15	6

[1] See MacKnight's 'Life of Burke,' pp. 77-86, for this episode, showing Burke's noble and self-sacrificing virtue in so clear a light.—ED.

The acquaintance with the Wilkes family—if Miss Weston's letters can be trusted—had dated from the days of apprenticeship with Hudson. I observe that even thus early, in writing the names of the brothers, he gives Israel, though the eldest, and Heaton, the youngest brother, their Christian names. John is entered as Mr. Wilkes; it is to be presumed he had already shown his metal. The elder brother was a thriving London merchant, who married a fortune and never meddled with politics. John Wilkes was not yet in Parliament, but had contested Berwick unsuccessfully at the last general election. In 1749 he had married Miss Mead, a Buckinghamshire heiress, who was now sitting to Reynolds. The union was not a happy one; but, thanks to the fortune and position brought him by his wife, Wilkes had been high sheriff of Buckinghamshire in 1754, and was now an active county magistrate and model country gentleman. This intimacy between Reynolds and Wilkes at first surprised me, and will probably surprise others; the more so as it will be found to have been closely kept up through all the fierce political heats of the time, when Wilkes was to the one side a martyr, a patriot, and an idol, to the other a swindler, a satyr, a traitor, and a blasphemer. It fits in so ill with our preconceptions to find a man so placid, sensible, and measured as Reynolds, intimate with one so much the opposite of all this as Wilkes, that we must be prepared to admit in the demagogue more than merely the wit and good humour which all allowed him, and in the painter to bate something from our estimate of his placidity and political poco-curantism. Other reasons for this abatement will appear as the Life goes on.

It is striking at this early period of the painter's life to find how his sitters become his friends. His modesty, unaffectedness, information, and intelligence must have so showed themselves in the painting-room, in spite of his deafness, that the painter was soon invited by the sitter, and, if the acquaintance were mutually agreeable, grew to be a regular guest and family friend.

In this way I account for his frequent engagements this year at the houses of Lord Cardigan and Lord Scarborough, and others of his sitters. But the Keppels, with all of whom he dined often, and several of whom sat to him at this time, were already old friends. So were his special Devonshire circle—Lord Edgcumbe, the Bastards, and the Molesworths; at all of whose houses he is a very frequent guest. His portrait of a Devonshire beauty, Mrs. Bonfoy—daughter of the first Lord Eliot—whom he had painted as a young girl in 1746, and whose name occurs in the pocket-book for this year as *having* sat, not as sitting—was, I have little doubt, painted in 1754. It is one of his most beautiful female portraits, and in perfect preservation. The lady is painted as a half-length, in a green dress, with one hand on her hip, and the head turned, with that inimitable ease and highbred grace of which Reynolds was master beyond all the painters who ever painted women.[1]

Then there are frequent engagements with brother-artists—Wilton, Hayman, Hudson, Ramsay, and Cotes. These might have been visits of business as well as good-fellowship; for the project of an Academy was now again under discussion.

[1] The picture, which is at Port-Eliot, bears a wrong date on the frame.

During the first year of Reynolds's establishment in London, an effort had been made to develope into an Academy of Arts the drawing-school in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane, immediately behind the house first occupied by Reynolds. It is probable that he took part in this project; which seems, however, never to have got further than a meeting of artists at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street—a house destined to become classical eleven years later as the first quarters of *the* Club. Francis Milner Newton, afterwards the first Secretary of the Royal Academy, signed the circular calling this meeting for the 13th of November, 1753, at five in the evening, "to proceed to the choice of thirteen painters, three sculptors, one chaser, two engravers, and two architects (twenty-four in all), to make regulations, take in subscriptions, erect a building, provide for the teaching of students, and otherwise act in setting on foot a public academy for the improvement of the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture.".

The election of this committee or directorate was to be by marked lists, including all the artists of repute in London. Not one of these lists has survived. Paul Sandby's copy of the circular convening the meeting, from which Edwards printed, was in 1808 supposed to be unique.

Of course the name of Reynolds was included in the list, and stood high in it, young as he was. He had already painted several distinguished people, and his style had a vigour and freshness which,—when it did not disgust, as it disgusted the Kneller-worshippers,—must have attracted.

The meeting was held, but the project dropped for the

time. It was revived again this year (1755), under fashionable auspices. Connoisseurship stepped in to help struggling Art. The Dilettanti Society had been founded some twenty years before this by a set of young noblemen and gentlemen, hot from the grand tour, who had brought back from Italy a more durable and deep-seated relish for art and virtù than such travel, in most cases, left behind it. Good-fellowship was at first as much their object as high art, and for a long time the Sunday dinners of the Society, with their arch-master of the ceremonies in crimson taffeta robe, rich hussar cap, and Toledo rapier, and their secretary in the grave garb of Machiavelli, together with certain mysterious rites, round a box crowned with a figure of Bacchus—which some people whispered were political, and others shook their heads over as profane—were more conspicuous than their patronage of the Arts. Still from time to time the Dilettanti have nobly asserted the higher purpose of their Society by their promotion of the artistic and archæological inquiries of Chandler and Gell in the East, and their outlay on such publications as Stuart's 'Athenian Antiquities,' the 'Roman Antiquities,' and the 'Select Specimens of Ancient Sculpture,' and their purchase of the bronzes of Siris for the British Museum in 1833. Their first effort in Art had been in the cause of music. They had attempted in 1743 to get up subscriptions for carrying on operas, but the scheme fell through. Reynolds at this time had many friends and acquaintances among the Dilettanti—the Earl of Holderness; Lord Gowran, afterwards Earl of Upper Ossory; Sir Everard Fawkener, father of the beautiful Mrs. Bouverie; the

Marquess of Granby, Lord Eglinton, Lord Anson; Stuart the painter, who had been with Reynolds during the latter part of his stay at Rome; Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Euston, the Marquis of Hartington; and, above all, a friend of his boyhood—now divided between the studio and the hazard-room at White's—Dick Edgcumbe, with whom he had bird's-nested in Maker Woods, and who stood by as Reynolds, a boy between twelve and thirteen, painted the broad face of Parson Smart in Cremyll boat-house. Captain George Edgcumbe, another of the Dilettanti, had been one of the painter's first Devonshire sitters, on his settlement at Plymouth Dock, after leaving Hudson.

The Dilettanti "kept a painter." It was a rule that every member of the Society should present his portrait, done by the painter of the Society, or forfeit what was called "face money" every year till the neglect was repaired. Knapton was at present painter to the Society —to be succeeded by Athenian Stuart, and, later still, by Reynolds and Lawrence.

Already in 1748 the Dilettanti had had under consideration a scheme, drawn up by one of the members, Mr. Dingley—afterwards an intimate of Reynolds's—for the establishment of an Academy. When, in 1755, the Artists were at the same work, it was natural that they should communicate their design to the Dilettanti. They did so this year, in a paper which I believe to have been the composition of Reynolds. The introduction is marked by that generalisation which Burke considered the peculiar characteristic of Reynolds.

The writer professes to take for granted the utility of the Arts, but "as they have hitherto been more admired

than cultivated amongst us, as there is something ridiculous in sharpening the appetite and refining the taste without showing any regard to the means of gratifying the one or the other," he recapitulates briefly the reasons why the Arts are to the full of as much importance to society as they have been represented to be. He goes on to show how the Arts gratify our natural love of pleasure, and our curiosity; how, as the sphere of the operations of this faculty is enlarged, the operations themselves will enlarge with it, till gradually from architecture, painting, sculpture, graving and chasing, planting and gardening, down to utensils, plate and cabinet work, patterns of silk, jewellery, garniture, carriage-building, toys and trinkets, cultivated taste will exercise its influence, and the employment of industry and ingenuity will thus be extended, till all England becomes in some degree "self-supplying" in Art and its pleasures. And here the paper touches on that silly, shallow connoisseurship which more than any errors in theory had hitherto dwarfed our native Art:—

"The prodigious sum England has laid out at foreign markets for paintings, is but a trifle to the more prodigious sums expended by English travellers for the bare sight of such things as they despaired of ever seeing at home. But the loss in point of money is not so much to be regretted, perhaps, as the loss in point of character; for in this one particular, at least, we voluntarily yield the palm to every petty state that has happened to produce a painter; and by the language generally used on this subject by our own countrymen, as well as others, one would think this was the only country in the world incapable of producing one: as if the genius of a painter

was one kind of essence, and the genius of a poet another; and as if the air and soil which had given birth to a Shakspere and a Bacon, a Milton and a Newton—names which the proudest writers of the Continent dare not mention without a note of admiration—would be deficient in any species of excellency whatsoever.

"Whereas the whole secret lies in this: when princes for their grandeur, or priests for their profit, have had recourse to painting, the encouragement given to the profession gave spirit to the art, and others thought it worth their while to distinguish themselves in hopes of obtaining the like reward.

"On the contrary, those who set their hearts on making collections *only*, instead of advancing the art they profess to love, or animating the professors of it, have actually helped to create the very deficiency they complain of; for, in order to justify the excessive prices they have been artificially induced to give for names and characters, they are insensibly led to decry and undervalue every modern performance. And as a collection alone is, too often, sufficient to create a tasteless connoisseur,—and connoisseurs are received in the gross as the only competent judges,—it will necessarily follow that it must be with a painter as with the Roman Catholic saints, who are never beatified till a hundred years after they are dead, nor canonised till after a hundred years more: a consideration, which in the present undervalued, if not derided, state of fame or glory, cannot be esteemed a very powerful incentive.

"If thus a national character is a matter of any concern to individuals, and if to be complete it ought

to be sound, consistent, and of a piece, the present neglected state of the Arts, and of painting in particular, is worthy both of attention and concern."

The design of a public Academy is then broached. The good done by the private Academy, supported by the private subscriptions of the artists and students, had already produced in a few years so many able draughtsmen, and had so improved the arts of design, as to justify the best hopes from a more extended scheme. The plan proposed is very much that afterwards realised in the Royal Academy Schools, for working from casts and from the life, collections of examples, professors, lectures, instruction in drawing from the model, the presentation of one of his works to the Academy by every professor, annual medals, travelling fellowships. The scheme comprehended, besides, some features of a national School of Design, as professorships of ornamental and other branches of study inferior to that of the figure; the appointment, under the seal of the Academy, of masters for provincial schools of design; the purchase of specimens of tasteful and elegant manufactures, and giving premiums for such productions; and last, but not least, an annual exhibition of pictures, statues, models, and architectural designs by the Fellows of the Academy.

The abstract of the proposed charter follows. The King was to be patron. The Society was to consist of a President, Vice-President, Directors, Fellows, and Scholars; the Directors to be thirty in number, including the President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, who were to choose the Fellows; the President to be for life, the Directors to be in office for three years.

Francis Hayman was the Chairman of the Committee of Artists, from whom the scheme emanated, consisting of Moser, chaser, medallist, and enameller; Roubiliac; Hudson; George Lambert, scene and landscape painter; James Paine, architect; Francis Milner Newton, painter; Joshua Reynolds; Wale, historical painter and book illustrator; Samuel Scott, marine and landscape painter; Robert Strange, engraver; John Shackleton, Court painter; William Hoare, portrait painter; Grignion, chaser, engraver, and watchmaker; Ellys, portrait painter; Cheere, sculptor and lead-figure maker; Ware, architect; Dalton, landscape painter and topographical draughtsman; Gavin Hamilton, historical painter; John Gwynn, architect; Robert Taylor, engraver; Sandby (Thos.), landscape painter; Richard Yeo, medallist and modeller; Thomas Carter, engraver; Ashley, portrait painter; and John Pine, engraver.

The Society of Dilettanti approved the project and promised assistance, and at a meeting in May, 1755, resolved, as a condition of their participation in the scheme, 1st.—That the President of the Academy be always chosen from the Dilettanti Society. 2nd.—That all the Society of Dilettanti be members of the Academy, but only the twelve seniors present at any meeting to have votes. 3rd.—That any artist may be chosen a member of the Academy; but only twelve, to be chosen annually, to have votes.

The Artists' Committee had been prepared beforehand for the swamping of the painters by the patrons, and had given a modified consent to it by a letter of the 2nd of April, in which they profess their willingness to enlarge their plan so as to include non-professional

members, declare they will think themselves highly honoured and extremely happy in receiving the number which may be proposed from the Society; and submit to the Society the nomination of their first President. Colonel Gray, who was directed to procure the opinion of the Artists on the Society's resolutions of May, does not seem to have obtained that opinion; at least he never reported it to the Society. The Committee of Artists wrote again on the last day of the year, begging to know the determination of the Society as to their plan. But whether it had been ascertained that the claims of the painters and patrons to authority and influence in the proposed Academy were incompatible, or for whatever reasons, certain it is that no further trace appears in the Society's records of any progress with the design of an Academy of Arts.

Hayman, the Chairman of the Artists' Committee, had one special claim on Reynolds's regard which was always honoured by him. He was a Devonshire man; of no great note as a historical or portrait painter, but more famous for the conversation pieces in the manner of Hogarth, with which he ornamented the alcoves and supper-boxes of Vauxhall. He was the Master of Gainsborough, and the intimate friend and associate of Hogarth and Quin; had often made one with the former at the Cockpit, or Southwark Fair, and "beaten the rounds" of Covent Garden in his company. It was at Moll King's "Finish" that Hogarth, in company with Hayman, saw the incident he has introduced into the bagnio scene of the Rake's Progress, of the woman squirting a mouthful of wine into the face of the sister drab she is quarrelling with.

Hayman was a straightforward John Bull, rough in his manners, blunt in speech, more at home over his bottle and pipe at the Artists' Club, at Slaughter's, than in more refined haunts and more highly bred company. Smith tells a story of him rolling drunk in a Covent Garden kennel with Quin. Hayman kicked. "What are you at now?" asked Quin: "Trying to get up," stuttered Hayman." "Pooh!" was Quin's rejoinder, "lie still: the watch will be round shortly; they'll take us both up."

I find, in this year's pocket-book, one entry "Slaughter's," which probably refers to a rendezvous given to Reynolds at that famous coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane, where was held the club to which Reynolds had been introduced by Hudson, and of which Roubiliac, Hogarth, and Hayman, McArdell, Gravelot, and Sullivan, the engravers, Ware and Gwynn the architects, with other artists of the time, were members.

Among Sir Joshua's sitters and entertainers this year, besides men remarkable for social and official rank, and ladies distinguished for fashion and beauty, occur two names at that time of literary and controversial note, Archibald Bower and Dr. Armstrong.

Bower's had been a strange life. Born at Dundee, of Scotch parents, he had left Scotland for Italy, while a child: had been educated by the Jesuits, had become a priest, Professor of the Humanities, and finally Councillor to the Inquisition at Macerata, where becoming convinced of the errors of the Church of Rome, and being suspected and imprisoned on a charge of heresy, he made his escape to England, and made public profession of Protestantism. In this country he supported

himself as an antiquarian and historical writer for the booksellers; for whom he wrote the Roman portion of the 'Universal History,' and a 'Historia literaria,' in four volumes. In 1748 he was made librarian to Queen Caroline. Having, while a priest, been intrusted with materials for a Romanist 'History of the Popes,' he turned them to use for a Protestant one; and was fiercely attacked by the Romanists as a rogue and renegade. The truth of his narrative was fiercely contested; and as late as February, 1756, the town was stirred, even amid the terrors of the expected earthquake and invasion, by news that Bower had been discovered and arrested in the act of treasonable correspondence with the Jesuits. When Reynolds knew and painted him, he was the object of interest and admiration to the Protestant and antigallican Whigs, of suspicion and denunciation to the Romanising Jacobites, who were still a party.

Dr. Armstrong, who ten years before had won a reputation by his dull didactic poem on the 'Art of Preserving Health,' was now husbanding a small practice and a narrow income with Scotch frugality in London. At his house Reynolds met some of the best literary society of the time; but I observe the Doctor's invitations are always for evening parties, never for dinners.

In June I find Reynolds in company with Mr. Knight, an original member of the Dilettanti Society, visiting James, afterwards better known as Athenian, Stuart, now newly returned with his companion Revett from a three years' residence in Attica, with the drawings, which subsequently appeared in his trustworthy and

valuable work, 'The Antiquities of Athens.' In Stuart Reynolds found a man after his own heart. By the most determined energy and industry he had raised himself first from destitute orphanhood, to employment as a fan-painter under Goupy, thence to sufficient occupation as a painter to amass the means of travelling to Rome. There he worked and studied for years, mastering Latin and Greek, writing an archæological dissertation, which had the honour of publication at the Pope's expense, and finally breaking ground as an accurate archæologist and architectural antiquary, in his investigations, measurements, and drawings at Pola, and Athens.

Besides dinners and evening assemblies, there are repeated notes of suppers and card-parties, with families unknown to fame, the Misses Smyth, Mr. Willson, Mr. Nesbitt, and others. Reynolds was fond of cards to the last, and, after the Academy was founded, on council nights used to hurry his guests from their wine to snatch a rubber before he was obliged to leave for Somerset House. He passed for a bad player in later years among his fashionable friends of the Pall Mall clubs and chocolate-houses in St. James's Street, where play never ran higher or was the cause of more startling tragedies than this year. The Lord Montford, who sat to Reynolds in June, came into the title in consequence of the suicide in January of the greatest gambler of his time, Henry Bromley, Lord Montford of Horseheath, in Cambridgeshire. He had reduced life to a calculation of chances.[1] Looking over his hand at the end of the year, he found

[1] Walpole says that being asked soon after his daughter's marriage if she was with child, he answered, "I really don't know, I have no bet upon it."

the odds so dead against him that he determined to throw up the cards for good and all. He went about suicide like a man of business; inquired the easiest mode of death; and ordered a supper at White's, where he played whist till one on the New Year's morning. Lord Robert Bertie drank "a happy New Year" to him. His guests observed him put his hand strangely to his eyes. In the morning he had a lawyer and three witnesses; executed his will and made them read it over twice, paragraph by paragraph, asked the lawyer if that will would stand good, though the testator were to shoot himself; being assured it would, he said "Pray stay till I step into the next room," went into the next room and shot himself.

One proximate cause of Lord Montford's suicide had been the loss of twelve hundred a year consequent on a death, which at once bereaved and well-nigh beggared Reynolds's staunch friends the Keppels. Their father, the second Lord Albemarle, was the most magnificent spendthrift in his time. He stood high in the favour of the King. His public employments brought him in (says Walpole) 15,000*l.* a year; he had inherited a noble landed estate and 90,000*l.* in the funds; and had married a daughter of the Duke of Richmond with 25,000*l.* Yet at his death (while ambassador in Paris), thanks to high play and profusion of all kinds, he left vast debts, deeply mortgaged estates, and a family without a shilling.

Two of his beautiful young daughters were sitting to Reynolds within a month of their father's death. Reynolds was on intimate terms with the three eldest brothers; the new Lord, who was the most trusted

friend and Lord of the Bedchamber to the Duke of Cumberland, Augustus, the naval Captain, and William, Colonel of the Guards and aide-de-camp to the Duke. Through them Reynolds was introduced to the Duke of Cumberland, whom he soon afterwards painted.

Another mad gambler of the time was Sir John Bland, a Yorkshire baronet, who after flirting away the whole of his large fortune at hazard—losing two-and-thirty thousand pounds in one night to Captain Scott,—blew his brains out, in a post-chaise between Calais and Paris, in September of this year.

But though Reynolds—with Shafto and the Vernons, General Guise, and Sir John Ligonier, among his sitters, and Wilkes and the Keppels among his friends—must have heard enough of the play at White's and the fate of its victims, it is pleasanter to think of him in company with McArdell and Hogarth, Gravelot and Roubiliac, Hayman and Hudson, discussing the establishment of an Academy of Arts at Slaughter's Coffee-house, or dining in company with lords and wits, with Garrick in his new villa at Hampton, or in Gough Square, receiving the modest hospitalities of Johnson, who had launched his Dictionary in April, and was now resting from his great labour of years, poorly repaid by the 1575*l.* which had been advanced to him during its progress. He was still obliged to meet the day's wants with the day's work. Within less than a year of the publication of the 'Dictionary,' he was applying to Richardson to relieve him from an arrest for 5*l.* 18*s.*; and there is reason to believe that Reynolds's purse was opened to him in more than one difficulty of the same kind.

The politics of the year were personal; their interest centering in the rivalry of Pitt and Fox for the lead of the Commons, under the Duke of Newcastle, and in the bitter opposition of the country to the King's Prussian and Hessian subsidies for the defence of his Hanoverian dominions, which he visited this year, in spite of the French war and threats of invasion. War with France, though not yet formally proclaimed, had already begun in North America with the capture of two French men-of-war by two of Boscawen's captains off Cape Race. A French invasion was generally expected during the autumn, when the defeat of Braddock, at Fort Duquesne, had depressed English spirits and proportionably elated the enemy. The news of this defeat was brought home by Commodore Keppel, who had been superseded in the naval command of the North American Station by Admiral Boscawen. The pious prophesied judgments upon the godless town, which, in defiance of threatened invasions and earthquake, danced, masqued, played, and squandered its money on kept mistresses.

Reynolds's pictures of this period which I have seen are carefully and smoothly painted, with no great body of colour, and are, as a rule, in good preservation, where the cleaner has not been allowed to tamper with them. In most, however, the lights have darkened, owing to the use of orpiment with the white, and the carnations, made with lake and carmine, have too often flown, especially where the varnish has been interfered with. We know from one of Reynolds's notes published by Northcote, that the colours he used for flesh-painting at this time were black, blue-black, lake, carmine,

orpiment, yellow ochre, ultramarine, and varnish: for laying the palette his rule was, first lay carmine and white in different degrees; second, lay orpiment and white ditto; third, lay blue, black, and white ditto. At the first sitting, for expedition, his practice was to make a mixture as near the sitter's complexion as possible. His pictures were laid in with white, black, and cool red, and over this dead-colouring the richer and warmer colours were applied with varnish. To the use of orpiment, lake, and carmine, there are grave objections, as the first destroys other colours by intermixture, and the others are highly fugitive. But in other respects his practice at this time appears to have been safe and cautious. His use of varnish with his colour was in accordance with the practice of the Flemish school, and gives that mixture of substance and transparency which Reynolds especially aimed at and generally attained.

From entries in the pocket-book for 1755 it appears that not fewer than 120 persons sat to Reynolds in the course of that year.

He had been only two years established in London, but already his list of sitters includes persons of the highest distinction for station, beauty, literary and political eminence, wealth, and prowess by sea and land.

The sitters enumerated[1] are,—

[1] In this and all the lists of sitters I put down the name under the month of the first sitting, and enter every name of a sitter that occurs in each year. Names will thus appear in successive years, when the pictures were long in hand. The number of sittings for a portrait varies exceedingly, from five or six to sixteen or eighteen; evidence, I think, of an uncertain and tentative practice.—ED.

January.

Mrs. and Master Woollery;[1] Mrs. Wilkes;[2] Captain Hale (probably a sitter of 1754); Mr. Brett;[3] Mr. Shaftoe;[4] Lady Juliana Penn;[5] Dr. Chauncey;[6] Ladies C. and E. Keppel;[7] Lord Stormont;[8] Mrs. Morris.[9]

February.[10]

Mr. Haywood; Lord Holderness;[11] Lord Anson;[12] Lord Euston;[13] Mr. and Mrs. Douglas; the Duchess of Norfolk; Mr. Mangles; Mr. Philip Yorke;[14] Mr. Plumer; Mr. Ludlow (and his dog); Mr. and Mrs. Cadogan; Lady[15] and Miss Cathcart.

March.

Colonel Prideaux; Mr. Knight (probably a sitter of 1754); Mr. and Mrs. Ayre; Admiral Boscawen (had probably been sitting in 1754); Lord Hillsborough;[16]

[1] There is an engraving from a picture of a mother and child, called Mrs. Woolridge. Is it from this picture? Sir Joshua's names are often imperfectly caught and carelessly spelt.

[2] The wife of John Wilkes, the demagogue, already one of the painter's intimates.—ED.

[3] Charles Brett, Esq., of the Navy Office, a Lord of the Admiralty under Howe, and Member for Sandwich in the parliaments of 1776 and 1784. His wife was a Miss Hooker, of Crome Hall, Greenwich, one of the painter's intimates.—ED.

[4] Of the county of Durham; one of the most determined turfites of his time.—ED.

[5] Fourth daughter of Lady Pomfret, married in 1751, to Thomas Penn, Esq., of Stoke Pogis, "the wealthy sovereign of Pennsylvania." (Walpole.) Reynolds afterwards painted her children in the famous Penn family picture.—ED.

[6] Nathaniel, brother of Charles Chauncey, M.D. and F.R.S., an able scholar and bibliomaniac. He died in 1799, and his library was sold by Leigh and Sotheby in April of that year.

[7] Sisters of his fast friend, the Captain. These pictures are still at Quiddenham — Lord Albemarle's seat — exquisite in beauty and perfect in preservation. See *post* sub ann. 1762, 1764, 1768.—ED.

[8] Nephew to the great Lord Mansfield; afterwards ambassador to Vienna and Paris; Secretary of State (1779), and President of the Council (1783). He succeeded to the Earldom of Mansfield in 1793.—ED.

[9] Perhaps the wife of Valentine Morris, Esq., of Piercefield, Monmouth. For the fall of the family fortunes, and her daughter's sad end, see *post* 1770.—ED. Perhaps the mother of the Misses Morris, of Swansea, one of whom afterwards married Mr. Des Enfans.

[10] "*Mem.*—Send home Miss Fenwick." 4th Feb.

[11] Secretary of State in 1751.—ED.

[12] The circumnavigator, now First Lord of the Admiralty.—ED.

[13] The Duke of Grafton of the Grafton administration.

[14] Afterwards second Earl of Hardwicke.—ED.

[15] Daughter of Lord A. Hamilton. An engraved picture, rather Hudsonesque in character, now in the collection of Lord Cathcart. She died at St. Petersburgh in 1771, while Lord Cathcart was ambassador. The child in this picture was afterwards the lovely Mrs. Grahame, painted so exquisitely by Gainsborough.

[16] Made Treasurer of the Chambers this year. Afterwards Secretary of State under Lord North.—ED.

Mr.[1] and Mrs. Bastard;[2] Mr. and Mrs. Molesworth;[2] Lord Scarborough; Miss St. Leger; Mr. Westley; Lord Kilwalin; Miss Freeman; Mr. Charles Townshend;[3] Mr. Fleming (probably a sitter of 1754).

April.

Sir R. Atkins; Master Nicol; Lady Scarborough; Lady Cardigan; Lady Harriet and Mrs. Vernon; Mr. Churchill;[4] Mrs. Ross; Miss S. Stanley; Miss Wynyard;[5] Miss Russell; Miss Compton; Lord Eglinton;[6] Colonel Haldane;[7] Lord Harcourt;[8] Lord Malpas;[9] Sir Ralph[10] and Lady Milbanke; Lady Strange.[11]

[1] The member for Devon, afterwards prominent in the House of Commons.—ED.

[2] Devonshire and Cornish couples. The Bastard pictures are at Kitley, South Devon. Mrs. Bastard is painted (three-quarters) as a beautiful young woman, with rather a long face, dressed in a sacque and stomacher edged with ribbons.

The Molesworth pictures are at Pencarrow, in Cornwall. Mrs. Molesworth, a young and lovely brunette (half-length), in one of the quaint, every-day dresses of the time, closely copied, without the least attempt at "idealizing" or "generalizing," with flowers in her hand, a little cap on her head, a prim apron and a lawn kerchief closely covering her shoulders. It is one of the most attractive of his female portraits, and especially valuable for its literalness. It has been engraved by S. W. Reynolds.—ED.

[3] The wit and statesman, to whom we owe the resolutions that lost us America; at this time a Lord of the Admiralty. He this year married the Countess of Dalkeith.—ED.

[4] Colonel Charles Churchill, M.P. for Great Marlow, was a natural son of General Charles Churchill, by Mrs. Oldfield, the actress. He married Lady Mary Walpole, a natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole, by Maria Skerrett, whom Sir Robert subsequently married. When Sir Robert was created Earl of Orford, Lady Mary was allowed to take precedence as an earl's daughter. From the identity of the name, it has sometimes been supposed that Sir Joshua painted a portrait of Charles Churchill, the satirist; and in the collection of engravings after Sir Joshua, in the British Museum, there is a small one of the satirist, which is erroneously ascribed to him by the engraver or publisher.—ED.

[5] As a sibyl wearing a turban, and holding an inscribed scroll.

[6] Shot in 1770 by Mungo Campbell, an excise officer, whom he attempted to disarm of his gun, as a poacher.

[7] M.P. for the Stirling Burghs, and highly distinguished for his services in the West Indies in 1759.—ED.

[8] Late Governor to the Prince of Wales, a marvel of pomposity and propriety. "Sir, pray hold up your head! Sir, for God's sake turn out your toes!" Such, says Walpole, are Mentor's precepts to the Prince.—ED.

[9] M.P. for Bramber, and Treasurer of Ireland. A note in the pocket-book, apropos of the sending off his picture, will show the sort of perils pictures must have run in their transit in those days:—"To the Right Honourable Viscount Malpas: to go by Goswell, the Walton bargeman, from the Globe, Hungerford Market." The waggon is the most common mode of transport. —ED.

[10] M.P. for Scarborough.

[11] Wife of Lord Strange, M.P.

May.

Lord Cardigan; Mrs. Curedill; Mrs. Harris; Miss Dashwood; Mr. Butler; Miss Stuart; Mr. Medlicot;[1] Mr. Ramsden; Dr. Armstrong;[2] Mrs. Quane; Colonel Elliot; Colonel Geakle (? Jekyll); Lady F. Ludlow.

June.[3]

The Duke of Grafton; Lady Kildare;[4] Lord Monford;[5] Colonel Griffin;[6] General Guise;[7] Mrs. Boscawen;[8] Mrs. Trevor;[9] Miss Shepherd; Miss Cartwright.

July.

Captain Blackwood; Col. or Mr. (?) Witchell.[10]

August.

Lord Bath;[11] Colonel Pearson; Mr. and Mrs. Groves; Captain Smelt;[12] Mr. Clerk; Miss Jones.

September.

Sir John Ligonier;[13] Lady Ann Hamilton; Dr. Lucas;[14] Colonel Sandford.

October.

Mr. and Mrs. (afterwards Sir

for Lancashire, son of the Earl of Derby.

[1] M.P. for Milborn Port, Somersetshire (probably a sitter of 1754).

[2] The Scotch physician, and author of 'The Art of Preserving Health,' Satires, &c.—ED.

[3] "*Mem.*—A case to be made for Lord Greville." He had probably been sitting in 1754.

[4] Afterwards Duchess of Leinster, sister of the Duke of Richmond, Lady Holland, and Lady Sarah Bunbury, and one of the loveliest women of her time.—ED.

[5] Of Horseheath, Cambridgeshire. The successor of the coolest and cleverest gambler of his time, who shot himself in the early part of this year. (See in Walpole, the curious account of his suicide.)—ED.

[6] M.P. for Andover. He established his claim to the Barony of Howard-de-Walden in 1784, and in 1788 was created Lord Braybrooke. Died in 1797.—ED.

[7] Celebrated for drawing the long bow: an eccentric, but very brave officer, who served in the disastrous expedition to Çarthagena. He was a picture collector, and left a collection of what is now sad rubbish, whatever it may once have been, to Christchurch, Oxford. (See, for anecdotes of him, Walpole to Mann, July, 1742.)—ED.

[8] Anne, wife of General Boscawen.—ED.

[9] Of Glynd, in Sussex; mother of Mrs. Boscawen and Mrs. Rice. Her husband was son of Lord Trevor, the descendant of Hampden.—ED.

[10] "*Mem.*—Mrs. Yorke's picture to be finished."

[11] The retired minister. This picture is now in the National Portrait Gallery. It was painted for a great friend of Lord Bath, good old Mr. Tolcher, a Plymouth alderman, the friend of Reynolds and of Northcote, whom he introduced to Reynolds, and always befriended in the kindest manner.—ED.

[12] Leonard Smelt, Esq., afterwards sub-governor to the sons of George III.

[13] Commander-in-Chief.—ED.

[14] A man of note at this moment. He was an Irishman; originally an apothecary, became a physician (an honour of which he shows himself proud by making Reynolds put into his hand in this portrait the thesis for his doctor's degree); distinguished himself by his vehement opposition to the

George and Lady) Colebrook; Lady C. Murray; Mr. Bridgman; Mr. Hopkins, and Mr. Hopkins jun.

November.

Mr. Seymour; Mrs. Hope; Mrs. and Miss Macartney; Lord Brooke; Mr.[1] and Mrs. Whitshed.

December.

Miss Crook; Mr. Compton; Miss Deck, or Degg; Alderman Beckford,[2] and his Wife; Captain Whitwell; Miss Gardiner; Mrs. Sloper; the Countess of Essex.]

In 1756 Reynolds painted the half-length of Johnson, with a pen in his hand, sitting at a table, on which are books, ink, and paper.[3] Employed as he was by people

Government and the Duke of Dorset, the Viceroy; was accused, and compelled to leave Ireland, and was now regarded by the opponents of the Administration as a martyr to liberty. Johnson, in a review of his Essay on Waters in 1756, says of Lucas:—"The Irish ministers drove him from his native country by a proclamation in which they charge him with crimes of which they never intended to be called to the proof; and oppressed him by methods equally irresistible by guilt and innocence. Let the man thus driven into exile for having been the friend of his country be received in every other place as a confessor of liberty; and let the tools of power be taught in time that they may rob, but cannot impoverish." In 1758 Lucas edited 'Swift's History of the Last Four Years of Queen Anne;' went back to Ireland, where he was returned member for Dublin; died in 1771, and was honoured by a statue in the Dublin Exchange. His portrait represents a young and handsome man, but with an unmistakeable expression of vanity.

[1] M.P. for St. Ives.

[2] Now one of the members for London—already a determined adherent of Pitt, but not yet arrived at the height of his popularity as a demagogue. His noble seat at Fonthill was burnt in February this year, with pictures and furniture of great value. "He says, 'Oh, I have an odd 50,000*l.* in a drawer; I will build it up again. It won't be above 1000*l.* apiece difference to my thirty children'" (Walpole to Bentley, March, 1755).—ED.

[3] The first portrait of Johnson, now in Mr. Morrison's gallery, at Basildon. Another, without a wig, and with the hands raised, was painted about 1770, and is now in the Duke of Sutherland's gallery. The Knole picture is a repetition of this. A third is of the date 1773. It has the hand on the waistcoat, was originally painted for Bennet Langton, and was several times repeated. The original was in the possession of P. Massingberd, Esq., but was removed from his house by Sir G. Lewin for cleaning, and by some accident was sold at Sir G. Lewin's sale in May, 1846, at Christie's, where it was bought by Mr. Norton for 41 guineas. Sir Robert Peel has the repetition painted for the Streatham Gallery. A fourth bears date 1778. Johnson holds a book close to his eyes; it was painted originally for Malone, but repeated. There is, besides, the curious little *Scherzo* at Bowood—the infant Johnson—in which, for a joke, Rey-

of the highest fashion, this portrait must have been painted by Reynolds for himself, for he afterwards gave it to Boswell, who published an engraving from it, with his Life of its illustrious subject.

But it was not only to indulge *himself* with the portrait of a friend that he could spare time. A young lad, the son of Dr. Mudge, the physician, then employed in the Navy Office in London, was very anxious to visit his father on his sixteenth birthday; but unfortunately he was confined to his room by illness. He expressed his disappointment to Reynolds, who said, "Never mind, *I* will send you to your father," and accordingly sent a portrait of the youth, in which he represented him as peeping from behind a curtain. This portrait was, of course, a gift; though the painter was somewhat chary of making presents of his pictures. He used to say he found they were seldom highly valued unless paid for.[1]

[The pocket-book for 1756 is lost. But it could hardly have been a profitable year for the Arts. Through the winter and spring political and fashionable heads were filled with the dread of a French invasion, with the earthquake, to which even masquerades were sacrificed, and the recruiting, in which all the young lords, who furnished so important a part of the painter's sitters, were actively engaged. But even

nolds painted Johnson as he supposed him to have been at two years old—a preternaturally heavy-headed child, with a brow bent forward, "prone with its weight of mind." This little picture is beautiful in colour, and in fine preservation.—ED.

[1] Mr. Cotton points out the probability that the arrangement of the picture was suggested by a mezzotint by B. Lens. Master Mudge's portrait was painted in February, 1758. (See list of sitters for that year, *post.*) Mr. Tom Mudge was painted in the same year.—ED.

among these fears and occupations, both Houses of Parliament, and the leaders of fashionable society, were fighting hard over the Bill for the construction of the New Road, which the Duke of Bedford and his faction opposed, because it would raise a dust before Bedford House and spoil the prospect, and the Duke of Grafton and his followers as fiercely supported. At this dead time Reynolds had a singular stroke of good fortune, in consequence of the death of Sir William Lowther. This amiable and accomplished young millionaire had known Reynolds at Rome, and had sat to him soon after his first settlement in London. In April this year he died of a fever, at twenty-six, leaving 20,000*l.* a year in land, of which the bulk descended to his imperious and morose cousin Sir James, afterwards the first Earl of Lonsdale, already enormously rich, and the tyrant of Cumberland and Westmoreland. But Sir William, generous in death as he had been in life, left out of his personal estate thirteen legacies of 5000*l.* each to as many friends. Most of the legatees commissioned Reynolds for copies of Sir William's portrait, and for two years afterwards he was busy with these profitable commissions, executed under his own eye, but principally painted no doubt by Marchi, Barron, and Berridge, his pupils, or by his drapery-men. The original picture belongs to Mr. G. Bentinck.

In June all England was convulsed with news of the loss of Minorca, and of Byng's having retreated from the French squadron. The popular feeling in London was raised to madness. The shops were filled with caricatures—"Hang Byng, or take care of your King," the walls covered with placards, demanding vengeance on the coward and traitor who had disgraced

the British flag. The counties sent up addresses to the throne; the towns instructed their representatives to stop the supplies till inquiry was granted. We know now how unjust this fury was—that Byng was at worst guilty of an error of judgment in adhering too closely to the fighting instructions then in force; but for the moment all fair consideration of the case was drowned in the blindness of public rage.

Reynolds had many special motives for interest in this startling news. He knew Minorca well; had been the guest of its garrison, and had painted the old General, Blakeney, now besieged by the Maréchal de Richelieu. His early acquaintance Commodore Edgcumbe brought the tidings to England. His friends, Keppel and Saunders were among the officers designated by the public voice to retrieve the tarnished honour of our flag.

The winter was as distracted by political disarrangements as the spring and summer by the fear of invasion and the disastrous news from the Mediterranean. The King had managed to patch up a ministry by means of the Duke of Devonshire and Pitt, to the exclusion of the Duke of Newcastle and Fox. This administration lasted for five months, of which the principal event was the execution of Admiral Byng in March, 1757.

As Reynolds's intimate friend, Captain Keppel, was on the court-martial, and exerted himself earnestly, both in and out of Parliament, to save the life of this unfortunate victim to Draconian articles of war and a popular cry, Reynolds must have been warmly interested in the event, independently of any part he might have taken in the passionate public excitement about

Byng. His friend, Captain Edgcumbe, moreover (whom he painted in 1758), had borne a command under Byng in the squadron of Minorca, and, as I have said before, brought home the news of the Admiral's retreat. Other names connected with the event occur among the painter's sitters about this date, as that of James O'Hara, Lord Tyrawley, the blunt, outspoken veteran, and inveterate enemy of Lord George Sackville. He superseded General Fowke in the command of Gibraltar, when the latter was dismissed in consequence of his slackness in supplying Byng with men.

In April, Pitt—racked by gout, hated by the King, without credit at Court, without influence in the House of Commons, undermined everywhere (except in the estimation of the public)—was dismissed, and the Duke of Newcastle recalled to power. The popularity of the dismissed minister at once manifested itself in the fall of the stocks and the rain of gold-boxes and addresses from the city and principal boroughs, upon him and Legge his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pamphlets, caricatures, lampoons, swarmed again. The House of Commons commenced its ineffectual inquiry into the causes of the late disasters, in the midst of which the Duke of Cumberland, with Lord Albemarle and Colonel Keppel in his suite, left England to assume the chief command of the army defending Hanover.

At the height of these complications, Reynolds had the mortification of seeing another added to the many evidences of the exclusive faith of the nobility of that day in Italian painters. The Earl of Northumberland opened his great gallery in Northumberland House,

which he had adorned, to his own great contentment, with second-rate works on a large scale and at large prices, by Mengs and Battoni. There had been no thought of employing an English painter or decorator in the work, from first to last.

After a two months' interregnum, filled by vain efforts on the King's part to avert the recall of Pitt to office, the Duke of Newcastle and the Great Commoner concluded the terms of a coalition, with Lord Holderness as Secretary of State and Fox as Paymaster.

In August came the ill news of the Duke of Cumberland's defeat by the Maréchal d'Estrées at Hastenbeck, followed by the Convention of Kloster Severn, which must have been especially mortifying to one on such friendly terms as Reynolds with the Keppels, the principal members of the Duke's "family." This disgrace was but poorly compensated in September by Sir Edward Hawke's abortive raid on the French coast, in which Commodore Keppel bore a distinguished part. Here the gallantry of the sailors was neutralised by the blunders and irresolution of Sir John Mordaunt, who commanded the troops.

The country was disaffected and depressed; the execution of Byng had whetted the appetite for blood: the mob would fain have had Sir John Mordaunt treated in the same way, and with better reason.

To add to the public despondency, with the winter came our losses in America, the capture of Fort William Henry, the resignation of the Duke of Cumberland, the dearness of corn, and the unpopularity of the ballot for the militia.

Still through all this unlucky year Reynolds was closely employed, and, if general popularity and large earnings had been all he sought from his calling, they flowed in upon him in an ever-increasing tide. But with his aspirations after an English school of Art, he must have been deeply mortified by the scorn of the patrons and connoisseurs of the time for every form of painting and sculpture, in English hands, except portraiture. While Hogarth was reduced to engraving for a livelihood, and Wilson was starving, Italian pictures, especially of the later and weaker schools, were eagerly bought at high prices. It was about this time that many of the great English galleries were begun.

"At Henry Furnese's auction," says Walpole, "a very small Gaspar sold for seventy-six guineas, and a Carlo Maratti, which I am persuaded was a Guiseppe Chiari, Lord Egremont bought at the sale for 260*l.*, and Spencer[1] gave no less than 2000*l.* for the Andrea Sacchi and the Guido from the same collection. The latter is of very dubious originalty. . . . There is a pewterer, one Cleeve, who some time ago gave one thousand pounds for four very small Dutch pictures."

At Sir Luke Schaub's sale, a collection not worth 4000*l.*, in Walpole's opinion, went for double the money. The Duchess of Portland paid 700*l.* for a copy after Raphael. A Sigismunda, by Farini, to the wrath of Hogarth, fetched 400*l.* "In short," says Walpole,

[1] Afterwards first Earl Spencer.

"there is a Sir James Lowther, Mr. Spencer, Sir Richard Grosvenor, boys with twenty and thirty thousand a year, and the Duchess of Portland, Lord Ashburnham, Lord Egremont, with nearly as much, who care not what they give."

Walpole admits, as a set-off, that the publication of the 'Palmyra' and 'Baalbec,' by Mr. Robert Wood, Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Dawkins, and Mr. Bouverie, the husband of Reynolds's beautiful sitter, are noble works to be carried out by private men. He also praises the establishment of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences, and Commerce, which was now about to give premiums for pictures—and the grand seigneural design of the Duke of Richmond, more fully described hereafter.

But all this could not, in the opinion of Reynolds, make up for the advantages to be hoped from a well-regulated Academy of Arts—such as he lived to preside over eleven years later. For this he was still labouring through this year, and the frequent engagements with his brother painters, recorded in the pocket-book, I have no doubt were connected with this object.

The only conspicuous person added this year to the painter's circle was Lord Charlemont, now newly returned from his travels, and already one of the very few enlightened patrons who appreciated the thoroughly English art of Hogarth.

To the names in the list of sitters for this year I have appended the number of sittings, as an illustration of the extraordinary amount of work got through by Reynolds.

List of Sitters for 1757.

January.

"*Mem.*—Send home Sir H. Williams."

"*Mem.*—Send home Mr. Walpole to Mr. Churchill."

"*Mem.*—Send Ad. Boscawen."

"*Mem.*—Send home Gen. Guise."

"*Mem.*—Copy of Sir Wm. Lowther and Mr. Grey."

"*Mems.*—Send home Mr. Bridgman. Copy Lady Dartmouth. Send home Mr. and Mrs. Pelham."

Mr. Pelham[1] (6); Lord North[2] (5); Lady North (4); Miss Day;[3] Mrs. Pelham[4] (4); Mr. Colwer (? Calvert) (4); Mrs. Walter (4); Mr. Hunt; Sir G. Lee[5] (4); Mr. Charlton (8); Mr. and Mrs. Grey (10); Master Holbourne[6] (2); Colonel Montgomery (2); Mr. and Mrs. Buller[7] (8); Mr. Townsend? (6); Colonel Earl (7); Mr. Halden (Haldane)[8] (7); Mr. Johnson[9] (6); Lord Bruce (5); Miss Radcliff (5); Mr. Fitzroy (8); Lord and Lady Dartmouth (6).

February.

"*Mem.*—Mr. and Mrs. Gray to finish."

"*Mem.*—Mr. Reynolds's Sir W. Lowther."

Lord Dalkeith; Mrs. Hesketh (7); Lord Plymouth (3); Duke of Marlborough[10] (6); Colonel Honeywood (2); Lord Grey (12); Mrs. Bouverie[11] (7); Lady Pembroke (4); Master Bouverie (4); Lord R. Manners (2); Mr. Bower (3); Mr. Bouverie; Duke of Grafton; Lord Charlemont; Mr. Hunt (2); Lord Sutherland[12] (8); Mr. Millbank (3); Mr. James; Mr. Chartres (?) (5).

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[1] Thomas, afterwards Lord Pelham and Earl of Chichester.

[2] He had married, in 1756, Anne, the daughter and heir of George Speke, Esq.

[3] Afterwards Lady Fenhouillet. A pretty woman in a flat Woffington hat, with her hands in a muff.

[4] Wife of Thomas Pelham, daughter of Charles Frankland, Esq.: married in 1754.

[5] An eminent civilian: treasurer to the Princess of Wales; spoken of this year for Chancellor of the Exchequer. He died in 1758.

[6] Son of Admiral Holbourne, who this year commanded a squadron on the North American station.

[7] Of King's Nympton, Devon.

[8] George Haldane, in August this year made Governor of Jamaica.

[9] Dr. Johnson—the first portrait—with a pen in his hand, in a chair covered with chequered stuff.

[10] Charles Spencer, second duke. The picture remained unfinished in consequence of the Duke's taking the command in Germany, where he died in 1758.

[11] Daughter of Sir Everard Fawkener, lately married to Mr. Edward Bouverie, a great patron of the arts and a friend of Reynolds.

[12] The Right Hon. William Earl of Sutherland, Lord Strathnaver, one of the sixteen peers of Scotland, Lieut.-Col. Commandant of a battalion of Highlanders, died the beginning of June, 1766.

March.

"*Mem.*—6, Society" (*i. e.* Royal).

"*Mem.*—Lady Middleton's picture and child, 3 ft. 5 in. high, by 4 ft. 3¾ in. wide."

Mrs. West (2); Col. Griffin; Mr. Darby (5); Col. Vernon (3); Mrs. Morris (3); Miss Pelham (6); Mrs. Watson (5); Lord R. Bertie[1] (9); Duke and Duchess of Ancaster (9); Mrs. Charlton; Mr. and Mrs. Jubb (10); Mr. Hayward; Lord Guildford[2] (4); Lady C. Fox[3] (6); Capt. Tryal (?) (3); Lord Middleton (4); Mrs. Lethulier (4); Mrs. Douglas;[4] Lord Abergavenny (2); Mr. Lloyd (8); Mrs. Lloyd (8); Sir J. Ligonier;[5] Col. Trapaud;[5] Sir H. Grey (2); Mrs. Phillips (4); Lord Pembroke (3).

April.

"*Mem.*—Mrs. Sneyd, in Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square."

"*Mem.*—To finish a copy of Sir W. Lowther for Mr. T. Wilson: to be finished by the beginning of June."

Lord Middleton (4); Miss Townsend (4); Mr. Thomas (2); Capt. Hamilton; Mr. Wood's Lady; Mrs. Sneed (Sneyd); Miss Sneyd (2); Mrs. Charlton; Miss M. Pelham (5); Mrs. Thorrold (4); Miss Morris[6] (10); Lord Hyndford; Mrs. Iremonger (6); Mrs. Maynard (6); Miss Thorrold (5); Mr. Phillips; Lady Hyndeford (3) (or 4 ?); Lady McDaniel; Mr. and Mrs. Wood (11); Miss K. Hunter (13); Mr. Thorold (3).

May.

"*Mem.*—Send home Lord Hyndeford in Savil Row with a receipt."

"*Mem.*—Copy of Lord Dartmouth."

"*Mem.*—To Mr. Richardson about Milton's head: to Mr. Ryder about Pope's." (Sir Joshua had probably bought these drawings, which had belonged to Gervais the painter.)

Lady Fortescue (7); Mr. King; Miss West; Lord Brook; Lady Brook; Capt. Millbank (3); Lady E. Keppel (5); Mrs. Porter (?) (7); Dog (2); Sir M. Fetherstone (2); Miss Ingram (6); Mr. Jennings (6); Miss Ashton (6); Mr. and Mrs. Bastard (10); Master Featherstone (4); Lady Thorrold (6); Sir J. Thorrold (6); Mr. Carter (3); Mrs. Panton, Mr. Panton[7] (8); Mrs. North.

[1] Brother to the Duke of Ancaster, a great cardplayer and turfite. He took part in the council of war off Minorca under Byng, and was involved in the popular discredit of that affair.

[2] Father of Lord North.

[3] Wife of the great debater, now Paymaster of the Forces; daughter of the Duke of Richmond, afterwards the first Lady Holland.

[4] Wife of Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

[5] See 1758.

[6] The Misses Morris sat this year, daughters of Mr. Morris, a gentleman of near Swansea, of whom one was afterwards Mrs. Des Enfans, the other died unmarried. A third sister, afterwards Mrs. Lockwood, also sat. The two pictures of this year are still in the possession of Colonel Morris, C.B., in very good preservation: one lady is in white satin, with rose-coloured ribands; the other in blue, with pearls.

[7] The father and mother of the Duchess of Ancaster. Walpole calls

June.

"*Mem.*—Mr. Cambell (sic), in Hanover Square, to send the copy of Sir W. Lowther."

"*Mem.*—Lord Fortescue at Caple Hill, near South Molton, to deliver the picture to the porter in town, and write my Lord word."

"*Mem.*—A copy of Sir William Lowther for Major Kinnear to be ready within six weeks."

Mrs. Turner (6); Sir J. St. Aubyn (2); Mrs. Wetham; Lady Granby (5); Sir Edward Thomas (2); Mrs. Vaughan (5); Miss Wombwell (2); Mr. Luard (?); Master Phipps (5); Miss Bishop[1] (4); Lady Caroline Keppel (3); Mr. Copin (2); Lady Trevor; Capt. Banks.

July.

Mr. Brudenell (6); Capt. Hale; Admiral Knowles (3).

August.

Mr. and Mrs. Long (6); Cole Barrington (5); Mr. Charlton (8); Dr. Nicols (5); Mr. Clark (4); Mrs. Wynyard (4).

September.

Mrs. North; Mr. Sedgewick (4); Mr. Vassall, jun. (5); Mrs. North (2); Miss North; Mrs. Vassall (5); Mr. and Mrs. Jackson (4); Mr. Vernon (4); Mrs. Arnold (4); Lady Albemarle (3); Mr. Arnold (3); Master Heiliger (3).

October.

Col. Sandford (2); Mr. Radcliffe (4); Mr. Williams (4); Dr. Edmond Thomas (2); Mr. Nugent[2] (3); Miss Weston; Mrs. Cotterell[3] (7); Mr. Clarke.

(*N.B.—Here two pages are torn out.*)

November.

Mrs. Barrington (4); Mr. Brett (4); Lord Northumberland (5); Mr. Edging (2); Mr. Delaval (7).

December.

Mr. Fore (3); Master Honeywood (6); Miss Pains (2); Mrs. Hill (4); Col. Colleton (4); Mr. Hill; Mr. Andrews (6); Mrs. Hillison (2) (Ellison?); Mr. Hope (2); Mr. Southern (2?); Miss Grimston; Lord Morpeth; Lady Betty Montague;[4] General Guise; Mr. Boothby; Duchess of Grafton; Mr. Elliot (2); Mrs. Grimstone.

The year 1758, according to Northcote, was the very busiest time of Reynolds's whole life, and the pocket-book completely confirms him. It contains the startling number of one hundred and fifty sitters.

Panton a "horse-jockey." He was a gentleman, but a notorious turfite, and keeper of the king's running-horses at Newmarket, a post of 500*l.* a year under the Master of the Horse.

[1] One of the pretty daughters of Sir Cecil Bishop.

[2] Afterwards Lord Clare.

[3] The widow of Admiral Cotterell, at whose house he made Johnson's acquaintance.

[4] Afterwards Duchess of Buccleugh.

The Duke of Richmond—who sat to Reynolds in October—eager to distinguish himself at once in arts and arms—this year erected and opened his Statue Gallery in Privy Gardens, under the superintendence of Wilton the sculptor, and Cipriani, as a place of study for artists. The gallery contained about thirty casts from the best antiques. All "settled" artists were admitted, to draw or model, and students above twelve, by recommendation from any known artist to Mr. Wilton. Wilton and Cipriani attended on Saturdays to correct the drawings and give instruction. Premiums were promised at Christmas and Midsummer: two silver medals for figures, and two for bas-reliefs. All this was absolutely gratis, even fees to the servants in attendance being strictly forbidden.

In consequence of the Duke going abroad to join his regiment in Germany the premiums were not distributed, when some of the students posted up this notice on the door: "The Right Honourable the Duke of Richmond, being obliged to join his regiment abroad, will pay the premiums as soon as he comes home." When the Duke returned he found, to his disgust, another paper stuck up, apologizing for his poverty, and expressing his regret at having offered premiums. He shut up the gallery for a while in disgust, but seems to have transferred the contents of it to the Society of Artists, on their incorporation in 1765. They sent him a letter of thanks at their last general meeting on August 9, 1770, by Mr. Woollett, the engraver, their secretary. Some of the casts afterwards became the property of the Royal Academy,

and may still be in the cast-room there, for students to draw from in 1861.

The winter had been inactive both in Parliament and in the field, but by the summer the spirit of Pitt had made itself felt in the public counsels, and in the conduct of the war. Before the end of May the painter had to hurry many portraits to an end, or to turn them to the wall unfinished. An expedition of eighteen ships of the line, and fourteen thousand men, was assembled in Cawsand Bay, for a descent on the French coast. Many young men of fortune and fashion, then sitting to Reynolds, were ordered off on service, or joined their friends of the army and navy, as volunteers. Among them were Sir James Lowther, Sir John Armitage, Lord Downe, and Mr. Delaval. Lord Anson took the command of the fleet in person, with Commodore Howe under his orders. Keppel, not yet well cured of the wound received in capturing the *Godichon*, joined him in the *Torbay*. The Duke of Marlborough left his picture unfinished, to put himself at the head of the land-forces, with Lord George Sackville as his second in command. Prince Edward, who sat to Reynolds on his return, distinguished himself by his spirit in this his first service afloat, as a midshipman on board the *Essex* under Howe. If the expedition did no real service by its descent on St. Maloes, its burning a few ships at Rochefort, and its destruction of the basin at Cherbourg, these successes revived the public spirit of England, and paved the way for the more solid triumphs which rapidly succeeded — the capture of Louisburg in July, and the reduction of Cape Breton in August. The painter must have heard

every detail of that somewhat farcical and resultless foray on the French coast, from his many soldier and sailor-sitters who took part in it. Prince Edward may have repeated to him, with all the glee of his frank and joyous temperament, how he had kissed the ladies all round at the ball he had given them at St. Helens, or how the Duc d'Aiguillon had sent a cartel-ship after the expedition, with the Duke of Marlborough's tea-spoons, accidentally left behind. Reynolds doubtless saw the French flags borne in triumph from Kensington Palace to St. Paul's with military pomp, amid the acclamations of the multitude, and the cannon of Cherbourg dragged into Hyde Park to the delight of a crowd who a year ago had been expecting the arrival of invaders, instead of trophies, from France.

In 1758 and 1760, as well as in 1759—"the great year," the year of victories *par excellence*—it is worth pointing out how Reynolds's lists of sitters reflect the warlike complexion of the times, by the large proportion of naval and military officers included in them. There are few of the men most distinguished in our conquests in Africa, North America, and the West Indies, or in the campaigns under Prince Ferdinand in Germany, but will be found figuring in the lists for one of these years.

List of Sitters for 1758.

January.

The Duchess of Grafton; the Duchess of Hamilton; Lord Strafford; Mr. Fitzroy; Mrs. Barrington; Mr. Bower; Mr. Winyard; Mrs. Grey; Colonel Colleton; Lady Townsend; Baron Hope; Admiral Hughes; Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Keppel; Mrs. and Master Methuen; Lord Morpeth;

Mr. Pigott; Lord Tyrawley; Mrs. Moore; Miss Warren; the Duke of Devonshire.

February.

Lord Digby; Lady Abergavenny and child; Lady Strafford; Miss Hunter; Mr. and Mrs. Morris; Mrs. Southern; Lady Mary Coke;[1] Master Mudge; Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Boothby; Mrs. Bale; Mrs. Pitt; Miss Delaval; Miss Paulet; Miss Blackman; Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey; Lady Betty Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Partheridge; Mr. Digby; Sir Harry Grey; Miss Shirley; Lady Phipps; the Duke of Somerset; Lady Plymouth; Miss Shepherd.

March.

The Duke of Cumberland; Mr. Manley; the Duke of Ancaster; Mrs. Shirley; Miss Payne; Mrs. Southwell; Captain Otway; Lord Cardigan; Captain Tash; Mr. Thomas; Mrs. Southern; Captain Calcraft; Captain Vaughan; Lord Weymouth; Lord Dartmouth; Captain Phillips; Lady Louisa Greville.

April.

Lord Beauchamp; Lord Sandwich; Lady Caroline Fox; the Duke and Duchess of Richmond; Col. Haldane; Miss Watson; Mr. Shafto; Lord Brook; Lady Ludlow; Mrs. Hunter; Prince Czartoryski; Lady Raymond; Miss Thornicroft; Sir Conyers D'Arcy; Captain Walker; Lady Scarborough; Miss More; Miss Clark; Sir Matthew Featherstone;[2] General Howard.

May.

Miss Boothby;[3] General Dury; Mr. and Mrs. Hewgill; Miss Orby Hunter;[4] Lady Stanhope; Mr. Wynn; Lord Robert Spencer; Miss Walker; Col. Barrington; Lady Standish; Lady Betty Spencer; Lady Caroline Seymour; Miss Williams; Mr. Congreve; Mr. Iremonger; Lady Lepel Phipps; Master Moore; Lady Charlotte Johnston; Lady Head.

June.

Lady St. Aubyn; Master Smith;

[1] Daughter of John Duke of Argyle, sister of the Countess of Dalkeith (lately married to Charles Townshend), and wife of an ill-conditioned husband, Viscount Coke, who died in 1759. Lady Mary survived her husband fifty-eight years. She was a beautiful and fascinating woman, the intimate friend of Walpole, and was believed to have been secretly married to the Duke of York, brother of George III., who died at Monaco, in September, 1767. She wore widow's weeds after his death.—ED.

[2] He, like Mr. Iremonger, had made Reynolds's acquaintance at Rome.—ED.

[3] Not to be confounded with his pretty little sitter of 1788, Penelope Boothby, the delicate child in a large cap and black ribbon, sitting with folded arms; now in Lord Ward's collection.—ED.

[4] Note *post*.—ED.

Mr. Tudway; Lady Granby; Lady Coventry;[1] Miss Turner; Mr. Meynell; Mr. Wynell; Mrs. Warren; Lady Halkerton.

July.

Mr. Barry;[2] Sir John St. Aubyn; Mrs. Johnson; Captain Smith;[3] Lord Coventry; Lord Granby; Mr. Townsend.

August.

A Stranger three times; Captain Torryn; Commodore Edgcumbe.[4]

September.

Mrs. Robinson; Sir Thomas[5] and Lady Harrison; Mrs. Horneck.[6]

October.

Captain (afterwards Admiral Viscount) Hood; Lord Portmore; Captain Skene; Miss Owen; Lord Portland; the Duke of Richmond.

November.

Miss Coke; Miss Davis; Mr. Ellis; Captain Hamilton.

December.

Mrs. Walpole; Mr. and Mrs. Knapp; Miss Cumberland; Mrs. Smith; Prince Edward; Mr. Delaval;[7] the Bishop of Killala (Dr. Synge).]

In 1759 Reynolds enjoyed the full favours of Leicester House. [The Duke of Cumberland—William of Culloden—and Prince Edward, had sat to him the year before. The great intimacy and regard which existed between the Duke and the painter's friend

[1] The beautiful Maria Gunning—then dying.

[2] Spranger Barry, the distinguished actor, who at one moment was the rival of Garrick in public favour.—ED.

[3] In pencil, "Captain Smith, to be sent to Lord G. Sackville." This is the Captain Smith who was aide-de-camp to Lord George at the battle of Minden, and figured in Lord George's court martial. He was father of Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, the hero of Acre.—ED.

[4] Fresh from the triumphs of Louisburg.—ED.

[5] Chamberlain of London. One of his finest and most characteristic pictures.

[6] The Plymouth beauty, and mother of "the Jessamy Bride" and "Little Comedy," Goldsmith's favourites. The portrait is at Barton, Sir C. Bunbury's. It is a very pretty picture of a pretty woman. She wears a lawn veil, from under which her hair flows down on one side; her arm, which supports her head, rests on a book. The likeness to her charming daughters is apparent.—ED.

[7] Afterwards Sir Francis, celebrated as a Maccaroni now, and later as an amateur singer and actor. He went on the expedition to France in May this year as a volunteer, with other young men of fashion, and is painted musket in hand. (Picture at Ford Castle).—ED.

Lord Albemarle was a ready passport to the Duke's favour. Reynolds produced many repetitions of this Duke's portrait. Several copies of it too were executed under his eye for friends of his Royal Highness and officers who had served under him.] He now first painted the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.

In this year also Kitty Fisher[1] sat to him for the

[1] The most celebrated *Traviata* of the time (daughter of a German stay-maker), who in 1766 married Mr. Norris, a young gentleman of good Kentish family, son of the Member for Rye. There are seven portraits of her by Sir Joshua. One of these portraits was painted for Sir Charles Bingham. Another was bought by Mr. Crewe. There is a beautiful portrait of her as Cleopatra dissolving the pearl, at Saltram. Some one wrote under it:—

"To her famed character how just thy right!
Thy mind as wanton, and thy form as bright."

Kitty is recorded to have got through 12,000*l.* in nine months. She was at this time about twenty, and under the protection of Captain Keppel, which probably accounts for her first sitting to Reynolds. She afterwards lodged opposite to him near Cranbourne Alley. Kitty was a constant sitter to Reynolds from this year till 1767, when she appears for the last time, as Mrs. Norris. She died before September, 1771, "a victim to cosmetics," says a writer in the 'Town and Country Magazine.' Lord Ligonier was one of her many admirers, through whom also Reynolds might have made her acquaintance. "There is a fashion in intrigue as well as in dress; and a *débauché*, upon the *bon ton*, considers it as great a disgrace not to have had an alliance with the prevailing *Thaïs*, as he would to wear a Kevenhuller hat when the Nivernois are so much in vogue. To this cause we may ascribe Lord Ligonier's connexion with the celebrated Kitty Fisher, at a time that she was *kept* by subscription of the whole club at Arthur's. It must, however, be acknowledged, in justice to departed beauty, that Kitty had many attractions; for, besides a very agreeable, genteel person, she was the essence of small-talk, and the magazine of temporary anecdote: add to this that she spoke French with great fluency, and was the mistress of a most uncommon share of spirits. It was impossible to be dull in her company, as she would ridicule her own foibles rather than want a subject for raillery. Her constant associate, Miss S—mm—rs, afterwards Mrs. Sk—ne, whom she introduced into all her parties, was another great source of entertainment in Kitty's alliances, as this lady was not only a professed satirist, but a woman of learning, and an excellent companion. Lord Ligonier frequently made up the *trio*, and some of the merriest hours of his life he acknowledges to have passed with these two *ladies of genuine pleasure*. At this time Kitty was scarce twenty." ('Town and Country Magazine,' April, 1770.) Kitty protested in 1759, by advertisement in the 'Public Advertiser' (March 30), against the liberties taken with her name, in language

first time. Of this celebrated beauty I have seen no fewer than five portraits, which he must have painted at short intervals of time, as she appears in all to be

that reads like a parody on Dr. Johnson. Kitty had been within arm's-length of the great Doctor. He told Miss Burney that Bet Flint *had* once brought Kitty Fisher to call upon him, but that he was unluckily not at home. The advertisement may have been the composition of Kitty's accomplished companion, Miss Summers. Thus runs this sententious composition:—"To err is a blemish entailed upon mortality, and indiscretions seldom or never escape from censure; the more heavy as the character is more remarkable; and doubled, nay trebled, by the world, if the progress of that character be marked with success: then malice shoots against it all her stings; the snakes of envy are let loose: to the humane and generous heart, then, must the injured appeal, and certain relief will be found in impartial honour. Miss Fisher is forced to sue to that jurisdiction to protect her from the baseness of little scribblers, and scurvy malevolence: she has been abused in public papers, exposed in print-shops; and, to wind up the whole, some wretches, mean, ignorant, and venal, would impose upon the public, by daring to pretend to publish her memoirs. She hopes to prevent the success of their endeavours by thus publicly declaring that nothing of that sort has the slightest foundation in truth." I find this anecdote of Kitty and the Great Commoner:—"Mr. Pitt being one day at a review in Hyde Park with the King, some of the courtiers, seeing the celebrated Kitty Fisher at a distance, whispered his Majesty that it would be a good joke to introduce Mr. Pitt to her. The King fell in with it; and soon after, looking towards Miss Fisher, purposely asked who she was? 'Oh, Sir,' said Lord Ligonier, 'the Duchess of N——, a foreign lady that the Secretary should know.' 'Well, well,' says the King, 'introduce him.' Lord Ligonier instantly brought Mr. Pitt up, and opened the introduction by announcing, 'This is Mr. Secretary Pitt,—this is Miss Kitty Fisher.' Mr. Pitt instantly saw the joke, and, without being the least embarrassed, politely went up to her, and told her how sorry he was he had not the honour of knowing her when he was a young man,—'for then, Madam,' says he, 'I should have had the hope of succeeding in your affections; but old and infirm as you now see me, I have no other way of avoiding the force of such beauty but by flying from it;' and then instantly hobbled off. 'So, you soon despatched him, Kitty?' said some of the courtiers, coming up to her. 'Not I, indeed,' says she: 'he went off of his own accord, to my very great regret; for I never had such handsome things said of me by the youngest man I ever was acquainted with.'"—('European Magazine' for 1793.) Whether the story be true or not, it illustrates the times it was written in. If we think of the rank and functions of the personages, we may measure the difference a generation has made in respect for decorum at least. For more anecdotes of Kitty, see Walpole's Letters, III. 227, 252 (Cunningham's Edition). In her later days she lived at Turnham Green.—ED.

KITTY FISHER.

(From the pictures in the possession of H. Munro, Esq., and Lord Crewe.)

very nearly of the same age. The most interesting is that in which she holds a dove in her lap, while another is about to descend to its mate from the back of the sofa on which she reclines.

Of this composition there are three repetitions; one is in the possession of Mr. Munro, another belongs to Lord Crewe, and the third is in the collection of Mr. Lenox of New York. They are all very lovely; and the lady looks innocent as her doves—as she no doubt could look. It is very strange that there is no contemporary engraving of any one of these charming pictures. Of the two others, the one at Petworth, and that in which Kitty personates Cleopatra dissolving the pearl, there are engravings.

The Petworth portrait of Kitty Fisher must have been the first painted, as the dressing of the hair in it is of an earlier fashion than in the others. In this picture a letter lies open on the table on which she rests her arms; and the date on the letter, which is very indistinct, looks like "1759."[1]

[Among his sitters this year are three actors—Garrick, Woodward, and Barry.

Both Barry and Woodward were excellent actors, and the painter has well expressed the characteristic points of each. Woodward, the best Petruchio, Copper Captain, Captain Flash, and Bobadil of his day, had brisk and genuine, if rather brassy humour. In spite

[1] There is a charming portrait of her in Lord Lansdowne's Gallery, in profile, with a parrot on her fore-finger. But the loveliest, perhaps, of all the portraits of Kitty is an unfinished head in powder, and a fly cap, in Lord Carysfort's possession.—ED.

of his sense and with the best intentions, he never could utter a line of tragedy. His face, for all its regular and handsome features, the moment he spoke beamed somehow with irresistible mirth, and seemed to carry a laugh in every line. In Barry, on the other hand, Reynolds had to paint a man so gifted by nature, and so formed by study, for heroes and lovers, that his charm seemed almost to defy time. On his last appearance in 1776, he was so infirm that before the curtain rose it was thought he could not support himself through the play, but in spite of decay he played Jaffier with such a glow of love and tenderness, and such a heroic passion, as thrilled the theatre, and spread even to the actors on the stage with him, though he was almost insensible when, after the fall of the curtain, he was led back to the Green-room. There was, we are told, in Barry's whole person such a noble air of command, such elegance in his action, such regularity and expressiveness in his features, in his voice such resources of melody, strength, and tenderness, that the greatest Parliamentary orators used to study his acting for the charm of its stately grace and the secret of its pathos.

But in Garrick Reynolds had to express something far subtler, more impalpable and evanescent than the bold humour of Woodward or the pathetic dignity of Barry. He had to light the eyes with that meteoric sensibility, and to kindle the features with that fire of life, which could deepen into the passion of Lear, sparkle in the vivacity of Mercutio, or twinkle in the fatuousness of Abel Drugger. He had to paint the

man who of all men that ever lived presents the most perfect type of the actor: quick in sympathy, vivid in observation, with a body and mind so plastic that they could take every mould, and give back the very form and pressure of every passion, fashion, action; delighted to give delight, and spurred to ever higher effort by the reflection of the effect produced on others, no matter whether his audience were the crowd of an applauding theatre, a table full of noblemen and wits, a nursery group of children, or a solitary black boy in an area; of inordinate vanity; at once the most courteous, genial, sore, and sensitive of men; full of kindliness, yet always quarrelling; scheming for applause even in the society of his most intimate friends; a clever writer, a wit, and the friend of wits, yet capable of mutilating 'Hamlet,' and degrading 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' into a ballet opera.

There is not so curiously complex a personage as Garrick in all that half-century, rich as it was in character. If the man be admitted less worthy of love than Goldsmith or Reynolds, of respect than Johnson or Burke, it is, I suppose, because of his mobility, his mirror-like, glancing mind, which could reflect and dazzle, but neither originate nor retain.

Such as he was, Reynolds has painted immeasurably the best portraits of him. There are seven of them; that of this year was the first. To paint Garrick was to come into direct competition with all the notable portrait-painters of the time. Everybody painted Garrick—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hayman, Dance, Cotes, Hone, Zoffany, Angelica Kauffman. His London house in Southampton Street, and afterwards in the

Adelphi, was full of portraits of himself, gifts or purchases. But for the world Garrick is immortalised by the pencil of Reynolds; and chiefly by that happy allegory of him between Tragedy and Comedy, painted two years after this.

It is pleasant to think what a heavy debt of pleasure Reynolds was repaying in those pictures. He had, no doubt, seen and admired Garrick in the actor's primest days, while himself working under Hudson between 1742 and 1744. Cumberland's vivid account helps us, better than any other description, to understand what a revelation Garrick's acting must have been to the young men of that day. The play he describes was the Fair Penitent: Quin was the Horatio, Ryan the Altamont, Mrs. Cibber the Calista, Mrs. Pritchard the Lavinia, Garrick the Lothario. "Quin presented himself upon the rising of the curtain in a green velvet coat embroidered down the seams, an enormous full-bottomed periwig, rolled stockings, and high-heeled square-toed shoes. With very little variation of cadence, and in deep full tone, accompanied by a sawing kind of action, which had more of the senate than the stage in it, he rolled out his heroics with an air of dignified indifference, that seemed to disdain the plaudits bestowed upon him. Mrs. Cibber, in a key high-pitched but sweet withal, sung, or rather recitatived, Rowe's harmonious strain, somewhat in the manner of the improvisatoris. It was so extremely wanting in contrast, that, though it did not wound the ear, it wearied it; when she had once recited two or three speeches, I could anticipate the manner of every succeeding one: it was like a long legendary ballad of innumerable stanzas, every one of

which is sung to the same tune, eternally chiming to the ear without variation or relief. Mrs. Pritchard was an actress of a different cast, had more nature, and of course more change of tone, and variety both of action and expression; in my opinion the comparison was decidedly in her favour. But when, after long and eager expectation, I first beheld little Garrick, then young and light and alive in every muscle and in every feature, come bounding on the stage, and pointing at the wittol Altamont and heavy-paced Horatio, Heavens, what a transition! It seemed as if a whole century had been stepped over in the changing of a single scene; old things were done away, and a new order at once brought forward, bright and luminous, and clearly destined to dispel the barbarisms and bigotry of a tasteless age, too long attached to the prejudices of custom, and superstitiously devoted to the illusions of imposing declamation."

Might it not have occurred to both painter and actor that Reynolds was bringing into *his* art much of this very freshness and new natural life which Garrick had imparted to the stage?

I cannot ascertain precisely when Sir Joshua painted the portrait of Horace Walpole, but I think it probable that he sat in 1756. In May of this year the picture was in the hands of M'Ardell, the engraver, who was engraving it privately. Walpole writes to Grosvenor Bedford, in a huff with the engraver for having told people of the print, and to request him to bring away the picture, unless M'Ardell locks up the print, and denies to everybody that there is any such thing. The picture was repeated. The Marquis of Hertford has

the original, and the Marquis of Lansdowne the duplicate. The time is gone by when Walpole's judgments in art carried weight, but it is still interesting to read his opinion of the comparative merits of Reynolds and Ramsay, as reflecting the estimate of both by the guiding connoisseurship of that day. "Mr. Ramsay and Mr. Reynolds," he writes to Dalrymple, in February of this year, "are our favourite painters, and two of the best we ever had. Indeed, the number of good has been very small, considering the numbers there are. A very few years ago there were computed two thousand portrait-painters in London. I do not exaggerate the computation, but diminish it; though I think it must have been exaggerated. Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Ramsay can scarce be rivals, their manners are so different. The former is bold, and has a kind of tempestuous colouring, yet with dignity and grace; the latter is all delicacy. Mr. Reynolds seldom succeeds in women; Mr. Ramsay is formed to paint them." The two latter sentences are hardly less startling to the opinion of the present day, than the enormous exaggeration in the statistics of portrait-painting which precedes them.[1]

The painter's intimacy with Johnson now brought him into close relations with the labours and sorrows of that remarkable man, who in his turn exulted in his young friend's success, though he was utterly without perception of what is good in pictures. "Reynolds," he writes to Langton on January 9th, "has within

[1] In Kearsley's 'Gentleman's and Tradesman's Pocket Ledger' for 1777 is given a list of the principal portrait and landscape painters in or near London, with their places of abode. The number is 196.—ED.

these few days raised his price to twenty guineas a head, and Miss is much employed in miniatures." Johnson had lately given up his house in Gough Square, finding the cost of housekeeping beyond his means, and had taken chambers, in Staple Inn first, then in Gray's Inn, and, lastly, in Inner Temple Lane. Within a fortnight of writing this letter his mother died; and in the course of a week, as he told Reynolds, he had written 'Rasselas' to pay the expenses of her funeral, and discharge the few debts she had left. Knowing this, there is something inexpressibly touching in the passage where Imlac says, "I have neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor wife to partake the honours of her husband." The regard of such men as Reynolds was henceforth the best comfort of that great solitary heart, and the painter's purse and house and pen were alike at his friend's service.] For example, in this year Reynolds wrote three papers for the *Idler*, Numbers 76, 79, and 82.[1] "These papers," observes Northcote, "may be considered as a kind of syllabus of all his future Discourses; and they certainly occasioned him some thinking in their composition. I have heard Sir Joshua say that Johnson required them from him on a sudden emergency, and on that account he sat up the whole night to complete them in time; and by it he was so much disordered, that it produced a vertigo in his head. I may here add, that, at the time when he contributed to the *Idler*,

[1] The first, on the extent of Connoisseurship, and the true place and use of Rules; the second, on the Imitation of Nature; the third, on Beauty. I have examined the theory put forward in these papers in my remarks on Sir Joshua's Discourses.—ED.

he also committed to paper a variety of remarks which afterwards served him as hints for his Discourses."

[From the pocket-book for 1759, besides its list of sitters, may be gleaned a few particulars worth noting. There are sundry engagements to cards; several at 'Club' on Mondays and Fridays; and a "dance at the Crown and Anchor" in January: dinners with the lovely Lady Coventry, now fast sinking in hopeless decline, and with La Rena, the Italian mistress of Lord March, whom Walpole describes as decidedly *passée*, but who had at least the art to enchain her sated admirer for a long time. There are also dinners with his friends Nesbitt and Wilkes, and the Edgcumbes, Lord and Commodore. One Sunday's engagements begin with a breakfast with Wilkes, followed by an afternoon appointment with Dr. Markham (Master of Westminster), and wind up with an evening in the company of Ramsay the painter. There is a dinner with one of his sitters, Colonel Owen, at Chelsea, by the College, and a reminder to receive Mr. Johnson and Mr. Clarke at dinner in December. There are various memoranda as to pictures to be finished and sent home (as "Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Fortesque to be sent to Waverley Abbey, Farnham;" "Dutchess of Ancaster to be sent home;" "Mr. Haldane's pictures to be finished"); others to be framed; others to be copied (as "Copy Lord Granby, half-length, for Lady Aylesford;" "Copy Duke of Richmond, for General Conway;" "Send Mrs. Fortescue to be copied;" "Send Mrs. Shirley, do.;" "Duke of Devonshire another (3rd) copy;" "Copy Master Pelham"). How many of these copies may now be passing as originals?

Under Kitty Fisher's name, on Sunday, the 9th of April (the date of her first sitting), is written, "Miss Fisscher," in Sir Joshua's hand. The entry for her next sitting is in a different hand (conjectured by Mr. Cotton to be her own), "Miss Kitty Fisher," with an N.B., "Miss Fisher's picture is for Sir Charles Bingham." Then comes a memorandum: "Call on Mr. Morin, in Grosvenor Square, to see the picture of Rubens;" and a list of pictures, bought of Mr. Seal, with their prices. The list includes two Hemskirks; two Sebastian Concas; an anonymous "Moonlight;" "Finding of Moses;" "Hare, &c.;" "Holy Family;" and a Vandevelde,—costing in all 84*l.* 13*s.*, and showing the appropriation of some of the money which was now flowing in so fast.

In the side-pocket of this year's book I found a delicate golden-brown tress, in a paper inscribed "Lady Waldegrave," never disturbed till now, I dare say, since the painter laid it there, after comparing it, for the last time, with the colour in his picture of the beautiful Countess. Has any lock of her hair, I wonder, been as carefully preserved in a lover's keeping as this in the painter's?

The last entry in the pocket-book for December, 1759, is "Venus." This was the first Venus painted by Sir Joshua. She reclines in a wooded landscape; only an armlet breaks the nude beauty of her rounded form: Cupid peeps in on her through the boughs. A red curtain overhead interrupts the sun. The picture has been well engraved by Raimbach. Mason, the poet, says of the picture:—"I have said that Sir Joshua had always a *living archetype* before him when-

ever he painted what was not a mere portrait. In this practice he imitated Guido, of whom, in one of his excellent notes in Du Fresnoy, he says that he would make a common porter sit to him while he was painting a Madonna, merely to have that nature before him which he might depart from. But Sir Joshua did not imitate him to this extreme. I remember, however, an anecdote not quite dissimilar to it. When he was painting his first Venus, I was frequently near his easel; and although before I came to town his picture was in some forwardness, and the attitude entirely decided (which, however, I rather believe he designed from a plate of some Leda, or like subject of some old master, than from real life), yet I happened to visit him when he was finishing the head from a beautiful girl of sixteen, who, as he told me, was his man Ralph's daughter, and whose flaxen hair, in fine natural curls, flowed behind her neck very gracefully. But a second casual visit presented me with a very different object: he was then painting the body, and in his sitting-chair a very squalid beggar-woman was placed, with a child, not above a year old, quite naked upon her lap. As may be imagined, I could not help testifying my surprise at seeing him paint the carnation of the Goddess of Beauty from that of a little child, which seemed to have been nourished rather with gin than with milk, and saying that 'I wondered he had not taken some more healthy-looking model;' but he answered, with his usual *naïveté*, that, 'whatever I might think, the child's flesh assisted him in giving a certain *morbidezza* to his own colouring, which he thought he should hardly arrive at had he not such

an object, when it was extreme (as it certainly was), before his eyes.'

"Upon this picture he bestowed much time, intending, as I suppose from the subject, to emulate the Venus of Titian. I have seen it, during its progress, in a variety of different tones of colouring; sometimes rosy beyond nature, and sometimes pallid and blue, and these differences throughout the whole form. On his table I observed at the time there always stood two large gallipots of colour under water; one of a deeper, one of a lighter, tinge, composed of vermilion and white, which proved to me that he had now laid aside his first favourite lake; and indeed he, about that time, told me he had done so, preferring Chinese vermilion to it; of the durability of which he, however, afterwards doubted, and used in its stead the best he could find of English manufacture. By repeated glazings he, as I imagine, brought the figure to that perfection which it certainly had when finished. Yet, when he first saw it after it was hung up in the exhibition-room at the Academy, he told me he felt much surprise, and a little temporary chagrin, to see its effect so much lessened from that which it had on his easel. 'But on reflection,' he said, 'I was soon reconciled with my work. I concluded that the more fiercely-coloured paintings which surrounded it made it appear so faint as it seemed to do; for I know,' and he might say so without vanity, 'that it was the precise hue of nature.'" Lord Coventry purchased the picture.

The pocket-book for 1759 records not fewer than 148 sitters. They are in

January.

The Duke of Buccleugh; Mr. Delaval; the Prince of Wales;[1] Prince Edward; Mrs. Day; Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland; Mrs. Angelo; the Duchess of Hamilton and Lady Coventry;[2] Mr. Bridges; Lady M. Coke; Mrs. Moore; Lady Louisa Greville;* Duchess of Grafton; Mr. Winter;* Mr. Smith; Sir John St. Aubyn; Lord G. Sackville; Lord Strafford; Mrs. Pelham (feeding chickens); Col. Keppel; Miss Cumberland; Duke of Portland; Miss Hoare; General Howard; Mr. Mordaunt.

February.

Commodore (afterwards Lord) Edgcumbe; Mrs. Price; Mr. Strode; Master Pelham; Lady Francis Scott; Mrs. Proby; Lady Caroline Seymour; Mr. Gifford; Col. Townshend; Mr. Smith; Miss Powis; Miss Miller; Lord Edgcumbe; Mr. Astley.

March.

Captain Byron;[3] Lord Boyle; Lord Charlemont;[4] the Duke of Grafton;[5] Mr. and Miss Thorold; Mrs. Trollope; Mr. Sedgwick; Master Methuen; Miss Reynolds; Mr. and Mrs. Knapp; Mr. Jeffries; Duchess of Ancaster; Lady M. Bertie; Lady Strafford; Mr. Haldane; Mr. Langton; Admiral Knowles.

April.

Lady Albemarle; Lady Caroline Adair;[6] Mrs. Bassett; Lady Collier; Mrs. Hewgill; Mrs. Hewitt; Kitty Fisher;[7] General Whitmore; Comm. Keppel; Mrs. Methuen; Lady Eliz. Keppel; Lady Thorold;[8] Mr. Sayer;

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[1] Afterwards George III.

[2] Elizabeth and Maria Gunning, of whom the former married Colonel Campbell, in March this year, and by that marriage ultimately became Duchess of Argyle; the latter died in October, 1760.—ED.

* Lady Louisa's picture is in the possession of Mr. Munro. It is a Kitcat of a pretty young woman in a blue dress and pearls, and a close cap, with a pearl trimming, and is in excellent preservation, with the carnation unimpaired. Mr. Winter was a captain in the Guards. His picture, less than life-size, and full-length, standing by his horse, with a battle in the background, was lately in the hands of Mr. Bryant, the picture-dealer of St. James's Street.

[3] Foul-weather Jack.

[4] The wit and friend of wits, scholars, and artists, the suggester of the Gerrard-Street Club in 1764, and the patron of Hogarth.—ED.

[5] "D. of G. Copy in an undress for Mr. Alion" (? Alleyn).

[6] Lady Caroline Keppel, now married to Mr. Adair, a surgeon of eminence.

[7] Her sittings run over several months of this year, and are very frequent. She often sat on a Sunday, and twice in May sits at half-past eight.

[8] "*Mem.*—Sir John Thorold and Lady Thorold and Mr. Thorold to be sent to the Castle in Wood Street, by the Stamford carrier, directed to Grantham, to be left till called for. Mr. Ingram, Wakefield, to be sent to the Swan with Two Necks, in Ladd Lane."

Mrs. Ingram; Lady Granby; Duke of Devonshire; Mr. and Mrs. Grey; Lord Dartmouth; Lady Lepel Phipps; Lady Caroline Russell; Miss Crokatt; Lady Fortescue; Mrs. Woodley; Miss Poyntz.

May.

Master Cox (as the Young Hannibal); the Duke of Roxborough; Lord Lauderdale;[1] Lord Northampton; Mr. Selwyn (George); Miss Car; Mr. Williams; General Cholmondeley;[2] Duchess of Richmond; Mrs. Hugh; Mr. Phipps; Duke of Bedford; Duke of Marlborough; Miss Warren; Col. Champness; Miss Rolts; Mrs. Spencer; Mr. Paunceford (in small for Col. Keppel).

June.[3]

Lord March;[4] the Countess Waldegrave;[5] Lady Maynard and Dog; Miss Spencer; Sir Walter Blackett and Dog; Mrs. Shirley; Mrs. Hays; Mrs. Meynell; Lord C. Spencer; Mrs. James (as a Madonna); Miss Dawson; Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd.

July.

Sir Archer and Lady Croft; La Rena;[6] Sir R. Grosvenor; Mr. Nesbit; Mr. James; Mrs. Bathurst.

August.

Mrs. Ashley or Astly; David Garrick; Mr. Townsend; Mr. Morant; Lady Lyttelton; Capt. Hale.

September.

Harry Woodward;[7] Mr. Barry

[1] In Nov., "Copy of Lord Lauderdale, 4 ft. ¼ high, by 3 ft. 7 in., 20 guineas."

[2] Distinguished for his services in Flanders in 1744-45, and in the Scotch campaign against the rebels in the '45-46.

[3] "Mr. Trollope's, Mr. Thorold's, and Miss Thorold's pictures to be sent by the Louth waggon, at the Red Lion, Aldersgate Street, directed to Mr. Trollope, at Billingborough, Lincolnshire."

[4] Afterwards Duke of Queensbury; the "Old Q," of profligate notoriety. In July, "Rich frame with an earl's coronet for Lord March."—Ed.

[5] Afterwards Duchess of Gloucester. The Earl, one of the honestest men of his time, was the most trusted friend of George II., and in 1757 had been for a few days prime minister, much against his will. The Countess was Horace Walpole's beautiful niece Maria. She was at this time a young bride, having been married in May. The Countess Waldegrave was one of the loveliest women of her time. Walpole mentions her being mobbed in the park one Sunday in this same month of June, when in company with Lady Coventry; the next Sunday Lady Coventry had two sergeants of the guards to march before her with their halberds, and twelve guards behind her, to keep off the admiring crowd. (Walpole, June 23, 1759, Cunningham's edition.) She sat very often to Reynolds, and there are at least four portraits of her from his hand. This year's portrait of her was the one in a turban exhibited in 1760.—Ed.

[6] An Italian mistress of Lord March. Is this the picture of a dark woman in a fly cap and purple dress, with a sheet of music in her hand, exhibited at the British Institution in 1862?—Ed.

[7] The comedian. He gave the por-

(the actor); Colonel Lindsey; Lord Newbattle; Lady Selina Hastings.

October.

Dr. Markham;[1] Colonel Clavering;[2] Sir Harry Ecklin; Lord Milsington; Master Morant; Mr. Cruttenden; Lady Berkley; Mr. Dawkins; Mr. Vaughan.

November.[3]

Lady Ecklin; Mr. Malone; Colonel Bradshaw; Mr. (afterwards Sir) George Colebrooke; Mr. Gwilt; Miss Lawson; Miss Fore (Faure?); Mrs. Morris; Lady Charlotte Johnston.

December.

Mrs. Bradshaw; Mrs. Wilson; Lord Beauchamp; Mr. Dyson. (Lord Sussex to be finished in three weeks.)]

The first public exhibition of the pictures of living artists in England originated in charity. Hogarth's munificent gifts of his fine whole-length portrait of good old Captain Coram, and of his *Moses before Pharaoh's Daughter*, to the Foundling Hospital, and his presentation to the same institution of a great number of tickets in the raffle for the *March to Finchley*, —by which means that picture also became the property of the Hospital,—induced gifts to the same charity by other painters, and the collection, thus originated, was thrown open to the public.[4]

trait to Stacey, an ex-jockey, the landlord of the Bedford Arms, a famous whist-player, with whom he lodged. It is now at Petworth.—ED.

[1] Now head-master of Westminster, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and finally Archbishop of York. He was at this time a warm friend of Burke, whom he afterwards broke with on account of his liberal and constitutional predilections in politics. The picture is at Christchurch.—ED.

[2] "Your friend, Colonel Clavering, is the real hero of Guadaloupe; he is come home covered with more laurels than a boar's head. Indeed he has done exceedingly well." (Walpole to Mann, June 22, 1759.)—ED.

[3] "Mr. James, white coat (Bath cloth), blue lapels, blue waistcoat, embroidered button-holes." A portrait, with this dress, is in possession of William Russell, Esq., Chesham Place.—ED.

[4] Among the painters who presented pictures may be mentioned Hayman, Wills, Highmore, Hudson, Ramsay, Lambert, Wilson, and Pine. Hogarth first conceived the design of ornamenting the hospital, by a combination of painters, sculptors, and architects. A committee was formed for the purpose, to meet annually on the 5th of November.—The committee-meeting drew on an annual dinner, which was, in little, what the Academy

In consequence of the great interest excited by this display, a public exhibition of pictures by living

dinner is now. Out of this gathering grew not only the annual exhibitions, as mentioned below, but, as a consequence of their success, the incorporation of a Society of Artists in 1765, by secession from which, finally, was constituted the Royal Academy. As some perplexity may be caused to those who may wish to follow the successive steps which led to the establishment of the Royal Academy, by the names and exhibitions of the various Societies of Artists between 1760 and the end of the century, I subjoin a synopsis of these, compiled from Edwards, the catalogues, &c.

A.D. 1711.—An academy formed by several artists, with Sir Godfrey Kneller at their head, for instruction in drawing. Vertue the engraver studied there.

1724 to 1734.—Sir James Thornhill formed an Academy for drawing in his own house, in the Piazza, Covent Garden.

Between 1734 and 1739. — Life school held in Greyhound Court, Arundel Street, under G. M. Moser, in the house of Mr. Peter Hyde, a painter, afterwards a Moravian missionary in Philadelphia.

1739. — The Greyhound-Court School was augmented by the addition of Hogarth, Wills, Ellis, and others, and emigrated to Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane. Hogarth presented them with Sir James Thornhill's casts.

An English Academy founded at Rome, May, 1752, the very month that Reynolds left it on his return to England. I find in a letter from Rome in a contemporaneous periodical, "The Lords Bruce, Charlemont, Tilney, and Kilmore, Sir Thos. Kennedy, Messrs. Ward, Iremonger, Lethulier, Bagot, Scroop, Cook, Lypeat, and Murphy, Esqs., have began a subscription for an Academy in this city, in which *English* students in painting and sculpture, whose circumstances will not permit them to prosecute their studies at their own expense, will receive all the advantages that foreigners, especially the *French*, derive from such foundations, —a subscription which it is hoped all the lovers of polite arts will concur to promote. Mr. John Parker, history-painter, is appointed receiver and director." Most of these founders had been friends of Reynolds at Rome, and sat to him in London afterwards.

In October, 1753, a scheme was started for "Erecting a public Academy for the improvement of the Arts" of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, and a meeting convened by circular at the Turk's Head, Greek Street, Soho, for November 13th, "to elect 24—13 painters, 2 sculptors, 1 chaser, 2 engravers, and 2 architects,—for making regulations, taking subscriptions, erecting a building, instructing the students, and concerting all such measures as shall afterwards be thought necessary." (F. M. Newton, Secretary.) Nothing effectual came of this meeting.

1755.—Abortive consultations on the foundation of an Academy—among the painters themselves and with the Dilettanti Society.

1757. — Removal of the Peter's-Court School to Pall Mall.

21st April, 1760.—First exhibition opened at the Great Room of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in the Strand. Admission free, Catalogues 6*d*.

painters was opened on the 21st of April, 1760, at a large room in the Strand, belonging to the Society

9th May, 1761.—Second exhibition at the Society of Artists' Rooms, in Spring Gardens. Admission by catalogue, price 1s.

17th May, 1762.—Third exhibition. Admission 1s., catalogue given gratis, with preface by Dr. Johnson. Plan for selling pictures sent. "Prices to be secretly fixed by the committee and registered: if picture sold for more than committee's valuation, the whole price to be the artist's; if for less, the deficiency to be made up to the artist out of the profits of the exhibition."

The Society of Arts' exhibitions, in the Great Room in the Strand went on, simultaneously with those in Spring Gardens, till 1764.

The artists, chiefly the younger members of the profession, who had been accustomed to exhibit in the Room of the Society of Arts, then hired a room in Maiden Lane, where they exhibited in 1765 and 1766, calling themselves the Free Society of Artists. They then hired the use of Mr. Christie's Auction Room, near Cumberland House, Pall Mall, for a month every spring, and exhibited there, feebly, till 1774. In 1775 they exhibited for the last time in a room in St. Alban's Street.

26th January, 1765.—The Spring-Garden Society was incorporated by Royal Charter, under the name of The Society of Artists of Great Britain; with 24 directors, including a president, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary, to be annually elected on St. Luke's Day, who were to choose fellows. George Lambert (principal scene-painter at Drury Lane, and founder of the Beefsteak Club) was the first president; Francis Hayman, vice-president; Richard Dalton, treasurer; and Francis Milner Newton, secretary. James MacArdell (engraver), George Barrett, William Chambers (architect), William Collins, Francis Cotes, Charles Grignion (engraver), John Gwynne (architect), Nathaniel Hone, Jeremiah Meyer, George Michael Moser, James Paine (architect), Edward Penny, Edward Rooker (water-colour painter), Paul Sandby (water-colour painter), Christopher Seaton, William Tyler, Samuel Wale (sign and historical painter, and book-illustrator), Richard Wilson, Joseph Wilton (sculptor), and Richard Yeo, directors.

It is remarkable that Reynolds, who had exhibited with this society since 1760, and was so distinctly recognised as the most fashionable, as well as the best portrait-painter of his time long before this, does not appear in this list; neither does Ramsay, his most formidable rival.

The charter conferred arms on the society: Upon a field azure, a brush, a chisel, and a pair of compasses, composed fretty, or; over them in chief, a regal crown proper. Supporters, on the dexter side, Britannia; on the sinister, Concord. Crest, on a wreath an oak branch, and a palm-branch in saltire; in the centre of which a chaplet of laurel.

In December, 1768.—Present Royal Academy constituted by secession from the Incorporated Society. Their first quarters were in Pall Mall, at Dalton's Picture Auction Rooms, next Old Carlton House. Thence their schools were removed to old Somerset House in 1771, by permission of the king, but their exhibitions were still held in Pall Mall till the completion of the

for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. [The Catalogue enumerates seventy-four pictures, and includes, as its most noticeable works for us, Hayman's portrait of Garrick as Richard the Third; Richard Wilson's Niobe, with two other landscapes by him; landscapes by the three Smiths, of Chichester; and Roubiliac's Shakespeare, executed for Garrick's villa at Hampton, and by him bequeathed to the British Museum, where it now is. Hogarth did not contribute to this exhibition.] Reynolds sent four of his works:—

A whole-length portrait of Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton.[1]

A three-quarter of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, afterwards Marchioness of Tavistock.[2]

A three-quarter of a gentleman; and

Lord Charles (? George) Vernon, in armour, the attitude (according to Horace Walpole) taken from Vandyke.

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new buildings at Somerset House, where they first exhibited on May 1st, 1780.

The Incorporated Society continued to exhibit simultaneously with the Royal Academy, but latterly with some irregularity, till 1783, viz.:—at the Spring-Garden Rooms till 1771; at the room they had erected (by Jas. Payne) on the site of the present Lyceum Theatre till 1777, in which year they exhibited at Mr. Phillips's new great room, near Air Street, Piccadilly. From 1777 to 1780 they did not exhibit, but in the latter year they exhibited at their old room in Spring Gardens: again intermitting their exhibition till 1783, when they returned to the Lyceum room. The latest catalogue of theirs which I have seen is for 1790-91. The earliest water-colour exhibitions were held in the Spring-Garden room. Oil pictures were occasionally introduced. For instance, Haydon's Solomon was exhibited there in 1814.—Ed.

[1] The beautiful Elizabeth Gunning, at this time the wife of General Campbell, afterwards fifth Duke of Argyll. —Ed.

[2] A sister of Commodore Keppel. This picture is now at Lord Albemarle's, Quiddenham, Norfolk. It is one of the painter's loveliest and best-preserved female portraits. The dress is white, with a rose in the bosom, and the expression inimitably maidenly and gentle. Sir Joshua's full-length of the same lady as Marchioness of Tavistock (now at Woburn), painted in 1761-62, is one of his finest pictures for silvery sweetness.

His sitters and his gains still increasing, Reynolds this summer removed to a house in Leicester Square, where he remained to the end of his life.[1] To this house, which stood in the centre of the west side of the square, No. 47, he added a gallery, painting-rooms for himself, his pupils, copyists, and drapery-men — a considerable staff—and other conveniences.[2] [His own painting-room, Northcote tells us, was octagonal, "about twenty feet long and sixteen in breadth. The window which gave the light to the room was square, and not much larger than one half the size of a common window in a private house; whilst the lower part of this window was nine feet four inches from the floor. The chair[3] for his sitters was raised eighteen inches from

[1] The father of Geo. Morland, the painter, had previously occupied the house. It is now occupied by the literary auctioneers, Puttick and Simpson. The passage to Sir Joshua's painting-room remains intact, but the painting-room has been transformed.—ED.

[2] In the pocket-book for the year is recorded, under July 3rd, "House bought;" and under September 11th, "Paid the remainder of the purchase-money, 1000*l.*"—ED.

[3] His favourite easel, a mahogany one, handsomely carved, given him by Mason the poet, is now in possession of the Royal Academy. A chair with gilt cane back and sides, and a cushion covered with crimson silk damask, catalogued as "The state chair of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which his distinguished sitters were placed, and which he bequeathed by will to Mr. Barry, R.A.," was put up, but not sold, at Christie's sale of Lord De Tabley's collection, July 7, 1827. Smith ('Life of Nollekens,' ii. 164) pronounces this chair an impostor, and says that, on Sir Thomas Lawrence telling Christie so, the honest auctioneer at once informed the company, and passed the lot. The true chair (which was given to Barry by Lord and Lady Inchiquin, after Sir Joshua's death), at the sale of the furniture of Dr. Fryer, Barry's biographer, to whom it had passed, was on the point of being knocked down for 10s. 6*d.*, when Smith entered the room, and secured it for Sir Thomas Lawrence. This historic seat, which is a plain mahogany arm-chair, covered with leather, was subsequently Sir M. A. Shee's, and was sold at the sale of the latter's collection, March 25, 1851, for 5*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; when, also, one of Sir Joshua's palettes, presented to Shee by Turner, was sold for 4*l.* 4*s.* The chair is now in the hands of Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A.; and this palette (with several others of Reynolds's—one with the colours set by himself for the Countess of Buckingham) is in the possession of the Royal Academy. Mr. Cribb, of King Street, Covent Garden, son of

the floor, and turned round on castors. His palettes were those which are held by a handle, not those held on the thumb. The stocks of his pencils were long, measuring about nineteen inches. He painted in that part of the room nearest to the window, and never sat down when he worked." This painting-room was made comfortable with sofas. The gallery leading to it was adorned with the most important pictures he had on hand, and in the winter made cheerful by the blaze of a large fire.] On opening his new mansion to the public he gave a ball to a numerous and, no doubt, splendid company.

For a forty-seven years' lease of this house he gave, according to Farington, 1650*l.*, and his additions to it cost him 1500*l.* more. This expenditure swallowed up nearly all his savings. But these he felt confident of replacing in no long time, and, indeed, he was soon in the receipt of 6000*l.* a year. He had already raised his prices to twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred guineas for the three classes of portraits,—head, half-length, and full-length.

He now set up a carriage, which Northcote, in his unpublished autobiography, describes as "A chariot on the panels of which were curiously painted the four seasons of the year in allegorical figures. The wheels were ornamented with carved foliage and gilding; the liveries also of his servants were laced with silver. But having no spare time himself to make a display of this splendour, he insisted on it that his sister Frances

Sir Joshua's frame-maker, has another, given to his father by Sir Joshua in 1790. It has a handle, made by prolonging one side: others of Sir Joshua's are spade-shaped, with the handle in the middle.—ED.

should go out with it as much as possible, and let it be seen in the public streets to make a show, which she was much averse to, being a person of great shyness of disposition, as it always attracted the gaze of the populace, and made her quite ashamed to be seen in it. This anecdote, which I heard from this very sister's own mouth, serves to show that Sir Joshua Reynolds knew the use of quackery in the world. He knew that it would be inquired whose grand chariot this was, and that, when it was told, it would give a strong indication of his great success, and by that means tend to increase it."

The panels of this carriage were painted by Catton, afterwards a Royal Academician;[1] and it is possible that Reynolds may have had other motives than those attributed to him by Northcote; or other motives in addition to those, supposing Northcote in the right. The wish, perhaps, to help Catton to notice, and the belief that the employment of art in every sort of decoration might tend to awaken the taste of the public, may have had something to do with this apparent ostentation. When Miss Reynolds complained to him that the chariot was too fine, he said, "What! would you have one like an apothecary's carriage?" He allowed his coachman to show it.

Northcote adds the following note to his description of it, and it is very characteristic of *himself*:—"I have been told that it was an old chariot of a Sheriff of London, newly done up."

[1] And subsequently Master of the Paper-stainers' Company, in whose hall he entertained Reynolds and Boswell in 1784. There is said to be some of his work on the panels of the present city state-coach, built in 1757.

I had noticed a disposition in Northcote to disparage Reynolds; never, certainly, as a painter, but sometimes as a man;[1] and this, not so much in anything he has published, as in what I have heard him say; and I think I shall be able, in another page, to account for it.

[This year the Society of Arts awarded their premium of one hundred guineas for the best original historical picture to Mr. Pine, for his picture of Edward the Third and the Burghers of Calais; their second premium of fifty guineas to Signor Casali for his picture of Gunhilda; their premiums of fifty and twenty-five guineas for landscape to George and John Smith. The court-martial on Lord G. Sackville, for his conduct at Minden, the trial and execution of Lord Ferrers for the murder of his steward, and Clive's return with fabulous wealth, were the great topics of town-talk. Thurot's defeat on the coast of Ireland; the successes of the Canadian campaign, under Amherst; and the gallantry of our force in Germany, crowned by the heavy losses at Kempen, where more than one of Reynolds's sitters was killed or wounded; besides our numerous successes in individual encounters with the French at sea, were the leading naval and military incidents. The death of George the Second, on

[1] And yet on the point of excessive love of money, Northcote does not swell the cry against Reynolds. Writing under this date (1759), and referring to Reynolds's papers in the 'Idler,' he says, "At that time, indeed, Johnson was under many obligations, as well as these literary ones, to Reynolds, whose generous kindness would never permit his friends to *ask* a pecuniary favour; his purse and heart being always open." I find in the pocket-book for 1757 an entry in January, "Bill—Johnson," which may refer to some money transaction between them, and Johnson died 30*l.* in Reynolds's debt.—ED.

October 25, and the accession of George the Third, mark the year as memorable in our annals. Johnson drew up—probably at the request of Reynolds—the address of the painters to the king on his accession.

The pocket-book for 1760 contains the names of not fewer than 120 sitters.

January.

Colonel Fitzroy;[1] Colonel L. Hall; Colonel Amherst;[2] Lady Caroline Curzon; Lady Juliana Dawkins; Lady Berkeley; Miss Day; Mrs. Andrews; Master Payne;[3] Mr. Dyson;[4] Mr. Kynaston; Mr. Garrick.[5]

February.

The Duchess of Richmond; Lord and Lady Shaftesbury Lady Grey; Lady Gower; Lady Wharton; Lady Folkstone; Miss Faure; Mrs. Calvert; Mrs. Boyle; Mrs. Angelo;[6] Miss St. Aubyn;[7] Miss Hunter; Colonel Vernon; General Townson; Mr. Phipps; Sir R. Grosvenor;[8] Sir Nathaniel Curzon; Mr. Walsingham; Captain Lockhart.[9]

[1] The officer who took the orders of Prince Ferdinand to Lord G. Sackville at Minden. He was elevated to the Peerage as Baron Southampton in 1780.—ED.

[2] Brother of the conqueror of Louisburg and Montreal, who this year received the thanks of Parliament and the Order of the Bath for his services in the reduction of Canada.—ED.

[3] Son of James Payne, the architect. —ED.

[4] One of the best known, if not most respected, officials of his time. The Mungo of later lampoons, and one of the leading "King's friends"; Secretary of the Treasury under Lord North—Akenside's patron.—ED.

[5] Several times, and generally on a Sunday.—ED.

[6] Wife of the celebrated riding and fencing master.—ED.

[7] Of the St. Aubyns of Clowance in Cornwall.—ED.

[8] Created Baron Grosvenor, of Eaton, in the following year, and Earl Grosvenor in 1784. "The new peers *Earl* Talbot and *Earl* of Delawar; *Mr.* Spencer *Lord* Viscount Spencer; Sir Richard Grosvenor, a Viscount or Baron, I don't know which, nor does he; for yesterday, when he should have kissed hands, he was gone to Newmarket to see the trial of a horse-race." (Walpole to Mann, March 17, 1761.) Sir Richard combined love of the arts with his taste for the turf. He was a picture-buyer—the purchaser of Sir Luke Schaub's Sigismunda, in rivalry of which, only the year before, Hogarth had painted *his* Sigismunda for Sir Richard, who deeply hurt the feelings of the painter by declining the picture.

[9] Afterwards Admiral Sir John Lockhart of Lee, one of the most gallant naval officers of the time. His action with seven French privateers in the 'Tartar,' in 1757, had been rewarded with a salver by the merchants of London, and 100*l.* cup by those of Bristol, in January, 1758.—ED.

March.

Admiral Saunders;[1] Mr. and Mrs. Buller;[2] Lady Hume; Lady Fortescue; Mrs. Hussey; Miss Goddard; Mr. Croft; Captain Porter; Colonel Robinson; Captain Duncan; Mrs. Bouverie; General Kingsley;[3] Master Curzon; Master Bouverie;[4] Lord Downe;[5] the Rev. Lawrence Sterne;[6] La Rena;[7] Garrick.[8]

April.

Lord G. Lenox; Mr. Conway;[9] Lord Edgcumbe;[10] Mr. Dodsley (the bookseller); Lady Sussex; Lady Gresley; Mrs. Aislabie; Mrs. Aston;[11] Mrs. Hewgill; Mrs. Hewitt; Miss Wylde; Miss Crokatt; Mr. Ray; Mr. Jones; Mr. Vaughan.

May.

Lord Granby;[12] Lord Gower (Privy Seal); Lady Ward; Lord Coventry; Mr. and Mrs. Germain; Mr. More; Mr. Colman;[13] Sir Walter Blackett;[14] Lord

[1] "Yellow-Jack," the life-long friend of Keppel. He carried Wolfe to Quebec, and aided in the capture of that fortress, and was now commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean. His picture is at Quiddenham in excellent preservation, like most of the uncleaned pictures of this period which I have seen.—ED.

[2] Of King's Nympton, Devonshire. —ED.

[3] Of Kingsley's Foot—so distinguished in the campaign of 1759, and one of the commanders of the secret expedition assembled at Portsmouth this year, but disbanded without action.—ED.

[4] As a baby in the picture with his beautiful mother.

[5] He must have been painted just before starting for the campaign on the Rhine. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Kempen in October of this year.—ED.

[6] On Sunday the 6th. At this moment the lion of the town; engaged fourteen deep to dinner, "his head topsy-turvy with his success and fame," consequent on the appearance of the first instalment of his 'Tristram Shandy.' (See Walpole, April 4, 1760, and Sterne's own letters.)—ED.

[7] Lord March's *chère amie*.—ED.

[8] Another Sunday, the 20th.

[9] Horace Walpole's friend and correspondent.—ED.

[10] The second baron, who succeeded to the title in 1750, and died in 1761. He is Horace Walpole's Dick Edgcumbe.—ED.

[11] The friend and correspondent of Dr. Johnson.—ED.

[12] Now in the full flush of his popularity and renown—a sign-post hero—for his brilliant services with the allies in Germany. His wife died this year. —ED.

[13] The elder, who produced his first piece, 'Polly Honeycombe,' at Drury Lane this year.—ED.

[14] M.P. for Newcastle. The fine full-length of this stalwart baronet is now in the Infirmary of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, of which city he was mayor as well as M.P. He wears his civic robe of office (red and black) over a rich suit of greenish blue spotted with black. He has a white wand in his hand. The balance of the cool underdress and the rich civic robe is very skilfully managed. The background is a curtain of reddish purple, with pillars of cool gray and warm sun-lighted stone, through which are glimpses of a light sky. The picture is on a gray tempera ground, and is said to be in good preservation. Sir W. Trevelyan has a duplicate.

Stirling; Miss Pennyman; Miss Owen; Miss Roberts; Mrs. Brown; Mrs. Nutt; Mrs. Thornhill; Mrs. Douglas; Mrs. Martin; Miss Anna Germain; Lord and Lady Waldegrave.[1]

July.

The Duke of Beaufort; Lord Ligonier (the veteran); Signor Giardini (the violinist and opera-manager); Mr. Hunter, Miss Charlotte and Miss B. Hunter;[2] Mr. Woodward (the actor); Mr. White; Mrs. Brown; Mr. Drummond; Mr. Gifford.

August.

Mr. Foote;[3] Mr. Stewart; Lady Lauderdale; Lady Maynard.[4]

September.

Miss Greville and Master Greville; Lady Charlotte Johnson;[5] Miss Hobart.

October.

Captain Buckle; Miss Gifford, &c.

November.

Colonel Trapaud;[6] Mr. Talbot; Miss O'Brien.[7]

[1] The lovely Maria, Horace Walpole's niece, afterwards Duchess of Gloucester.—ED.

[2] Were these the father and sisters of the more celebrated Miss Catherine Hunter, who eloped with Lord Pembroke (see *post*, 1762)?

[3] The dramatist, now in full swing of popularity at the little theatre in the Haymarket. "The Minor" was produced this year.

[4] Wife of Sir William Maynard, a turfite of the time. She was a beauty and favourite of Prince Edward's. (Walpole for Jan. 14, 1760.) Not to be confounded with the more famous Lady Maynard, who was originally Nancy Parsons, the Duke of Grafton's mistress, and a favourite mark for the satire of Junius. Sir Joshua painted her too.—ED.

[5] Sister of the Earl of Halifax; wife of Col. James Johnston, better known as Irish Johnston, who was wounded at the battle of Kempen, this year. Lady Charlotte died in 1762; when the Colonel married Horace Walpole's friend, Miss West.—ED.

[6] Col. Trapaud was the officer whose lucky hand stopped the charger of George the Second, when, with the bit in its teeth, it was carrying him into the French lines at Dettingen. He was then a friendless subaltern. The king took charge of young Trapaud's military fortunes. He married a beautiful woman, also painted by Reynolds, and lived to be a general.—ED.

[7] Nelly, a rival to Kitty Fisher. This is not the loveliest portrait of her, which was painted in 1763, and is now in Lord Hertford's gallery. That exquisite picture represents the frail beauty in full sunlight, in an attitude of lazy enjoyment, sitting, her hands crossed, with a pet spaniel in her lap. Her voluptuous face, which is raised as if at the approach of one for whom she has been waiting, is lit up, under the shade of the flat Wolfington hat, by the reflected lights from her dress, a quilted rose-coloured slip with lace over it, a black lace apron and mantilla, and a sacque of blue-striped silk. She was a *chère amie* of Lord Bolingbroke, as well as everybody else. (See Walpole's letter to George Montague, of March 29, 1766.) A noble duke, lately deceased,

December.

Master Mayo; Mr. Bennet; Mrs. Prado;[1] Mrs. Brudenell; Miss Holditch; Lady Collier and her sister Lady J. Dawkins: Admiral Boscawen;[2] Mr. Robert Palk;[3] General Lawrence.[4]]

The experiment of a public exhibition having succeeded, the artists determined to repeat it;[5] but wishing to be entirely independent in their proceedings, they engaged for their next exhibition a room in Spring Gardens.

told Mr. Monckton Milnes he remembered driving to Newmarket, in an open carriage, between his father and Nelly O'Brien. She died in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, in 1768, when the magnificent full-length portrait of her, now in Lord Hertford's collection, is said to have been sold at Christie's for three guineas. I am unable to verify this, nor do Christie's books confirm it. A portrait of her did sell for that price in the very same year that Alderman Boydell paid Sir Joshua 500 guineas for his Puck; but it may have been one of the many repetitions of the sitting half-length now in the possession of Charles Mills, Esq.—a picture which when in a perfect state could only have been surpassed by the full-length above described. There is also a more refined portrait of her in profile, her cheek resting on her hand, belonging to Lady Dover.—Ed.

[1] There was a Mr. Prado, a foreign merchant, a neighbour of Horace Walpole's. I thought at first this might be a misprint for 'Prideaux.' Sir Joshua's spelling of his sitters' names is very loose. His deafness may have led to this.—Ed.

[2] The conqueror of the French in the action off Lagos, on the 18th August, 1759. He died in January, 1761.—Ed.

[3] Appointed Governor of Madras in 1763.—Ed.

[4] One of the fellow-heroes of Clive in the East Indies, associated with him and Admiral Pocock in the vote of thanks by the East India Company, and presented by them with 500*l.* a year for life in September of this year (1761).—Ed.

[5] Johnson composed the preface of the third catalogue. But though he did this probably at Reynolds's request, his letter to Baretti on the subject of the exhibition illustrates the lexicographer's well-known insensibility to the claims of art on the attention of rational men. "The artists have instituted a yearly exhibition of pictures and statues, in imitation, I am told, of foreign academies. This year was the second exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise much in reputation. Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands, which he deserves, among other excellences, by retaining his kindness for Baretti. . . . This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists and the lovers of art. Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious; since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles to rid us of our time,—of that time which never can return."—Ed.

[The room was close to the entrance from Charing Cross to the Park. The second catalogue contains 229 works of art, and bears the significant motto, "Esse quid hoc dicam—vivis quod fama negatur." Hogarth contributed a frontispiece—Britannia watering three young trees, inscribed "Painting," "Sculpture," "Architecture"—the first, a sickly sapling with the branch of portraiture only flourishing; the other two luxuriant: the water flows into her watering-pot from a lion's head, above which, in a niche, is a bust of George the Third, surmounted by a crown—and a tailpiece—a monkey, in a fashionable suit, eye-glass in hand, watering three dead and naked stumps, set in pots marked "Obit 1502," "Obit 1600," "Obit 1604;" and by them, on a scroll, "Exotics." The satire was to the point, and well deserved, at a time when there was no disposition to do justice to native art, and an immense amount of emptiness and ignorance in the pretended admiration of the Old Masters. Hogarth contributed to this exhibition his Sigismunda; the Gate of Calais; Picquet, or Virtue in Danger, commonly called "the Lady's last Stake," painted in 1755 for Lord Charlemont, and for which Miss Salusbury, a pretty, forward girl of fourteen—afterwards Mrs. Thrale—sat to the painter; his Election Entertainment; and three portraits. Portraits form the staple of the exhibition. Mr. Dance, jun., sends a Virginia, which is thought remarkable enough to be headed "an historical picture." There are a few subjects from Shakspere; some landscapes by Lambert, Smith of Derby, and Paul Sandby; and six by Richard Wilson, including his Rimini, Nemi, and Clitumnus.]

To this exhibition Reynolds sent his large picture of

the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Ligonier, on his charger, now in the National Gallery, and his portrait of Sterne. With these he exhibited—

A three-quarter portrait of Lady Waldegrave, in a turban.[1]

A whole-length of the Duke of Beaufort, in his college robes; and

A whole-length of Captain Orme, with a horse.[2]

Were we to be guided by internal evidence alone, we should find it difficult to believe that the heads of Lord Ligonier and of Sterne were by the same hand; so inferior, in every respect, is the former to the latter. The old nobleman is probably represented as at Dettingen, where he commanded a division of the army. In the management of the background, the workmanship of Reynolds is sufficiently apparent; but Lord Ligonier was in his eighty-second year when the picture was painted, and this may perhaps account for the inferiority of the head. It was necessary to ante-date the features, and such a proceeding could not but intimidate the painter; for Reynolds seems never to have been truly himself when he was obliged to depart from the model before him. He could bring out all that was finest in what he saw, and could add something to it still finer; but when it was required that he should make the head he was looking at twenty years younger, and light it up with an imaginary expression, his confidence in his own power must have been shaken, and the result that the picture presents naturally followed. The face is finished

[1] At Strawberry Hill.

[2] Purchased last year (1862) for the National Gallery.

with great care, but the genius of the painter is not seen in it.[1]

And now for Sterne, who when he sat to Reynolds had not written the stories of *Le Fevre*, *The Monk*, or *The Captive*, but was known only as "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."[2] In this matchless portrait, with all its expression of intellect and humour, there is the sly look for which we are prepared by the insidious mixture of so many abominations with the finest wit in *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*, so different from the openness of Swift's obscenity, and so much more detestable. Nor is the position of the figure less characteristic than the expression of the face. It is easy, but it has not the easiness of health. Sterne props himself up.

His wig was subject to odd chances from the humour that was uppermost with its wearer. When by mistake

[1] Mr. William Russell possesses the original sketch of the whole composition, which is much richer in colour than the large picture. "At this sale" (of Richardson's drawings) "Mr. Nollekens was a constant attendant, and he generally took me with him. I recollect Sir Joshua Reynolds—who was present one evening when a drawing was knocked down to his pupil and agent, Mr. Score—after he had expatiated upon the extraordinary powers of Rembrandt, assuring a gentleman with whom he was conversing that the effect which pleased him most in all his own pictures was that displayed in the one of Lord Ligonier on horseback, of which there is an engraving by Fisher; the *chiaroscuro* of which he conceived from a rude woodcut upon a halfpenny ballad which he purchased from the wall of St. Anne's church in Prince's Street." (Smith's 'Life of Nollekens,' vol. i. p. 35.) Angelo, in his rambling 'Reminiscences,' says it was the portrait of Lord Granby for which the ballad-cut furnished a hint, and this seems more probable, judging from the pictures themselves, though when one has seen Mr. W. Russell's sketch, the reference to the Lord Ligonier becomes intelligible.—ED.

[2] Sterne sat for his portrait in March, 1760. He had then produced the first and second volumes only of 'Tristram Shandy.' The portrait was painted for Lord Ossory, then passed to Lord Holland, and is now in the gallery of the Marquis of Lansdowne, by whom it was purchased on the death of Lord Holland, in 1840, for 500 guineas.—ED.

he had thrown a fair sheet of manuscript into the fire instead of the foul one, he tells us that he snatched off his wig, "and threw it, perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room." While he was sitting to Reynolds, this same wig had contrived to get itself a little on one side; and the painter, with that readiness in taking advantage of accident to which we owe so many of the delightful novelties in his works, painted it so, for he must have known that a mitre would not sit long bishop-fashion on the head before him, and it is surprising what a Shandean air this venial impropriety of the wig gives to its owner.

We may look at the picture till we fancy we discover in it "a hair-brained sentimental trace," and we may well believe that the face before us does not mask an ungentle heart; but any certain indication of Sterne's mastery over our feelings, of his power of moving us to tears, was not to be expected. His serious moods were exceptional; and Reynolds, in this as in all his portraits, gave the prevailing character.[1]

Captain Orme had been aide-de-camp to Braddock, in America, during the ill-starred campaign of 1755. The picture excited great attention from the boldness of the treatment: the captain is preparing to mount his charger, orders in hand; he was a hero of fashion-

[1] Was Sterne romancing when he writes to a friend who wished for his portrait:—"You must mention the business to Reynolds yourself; for I will tell you why I cannot. He has already painted a very excellent portrait of me, which, when I went to pay him for, he desired me to accept as a tribute (to use his own elegant and flattering expression) that his heart wished to pay to my genius. That man's way of thinking, and manners, are at least equal to his pencil."—*Sterne's Letters*.—ED.

able gossip, thanks to his runaway match with Audrey, sister of Lord Townshend.

The year 1761 was a busy one for the world of fashion, and for Reynolds, as one of that world's chief chroniclers. There was the excitement of a new reign, with its prospects, uncertainties, and possibilities. Even the artists had their hopes. It was reported that the young King, unlike his grandfather, loved the arts. Then, for the larger world outside the narrow pale of art, there were political and personal ambitions, eager and hopeful. The King had to choose a policy and a wife. Before the year was out, Lord Bute was a Secretary of State, and already labouring under the first pressure of that unpopularity which culminated two years later. Reynolds's friends, the Whigs, however, were still really omnipotent in public opinion, in spite of the influence of the favourite first, and the parliamentary majority against them afterwards; and their reign only ceased on the elevation of Lord North to the head of the administration in 1770, when the anti-ministerial and anti-regal excitement out of doors gradually calmed down, and the Opposition had much ado to hold together their small minority in the House of Commons.

But the chief interest of this year for the painter and his patrons centred in the marriage and coronation of the King. The first took place on the 2nd of September, the second on the 22nd. We have the ceremonial described in Walpole's letters, and can trace its reflection, as usual, in Reynolds's painting-room. Of the ten beautiful bridesmaids—daughters of dukes and earls—who bore the train of the Princess, three

of the most beautiful were painted by Reynolds this year. One was Lady Elizabeth Keppel (full-length) in her state costume, decorating the statue of Hymen with flowers, while a negress, whose dark face serves as a foil to the delicate carnations of her mistress, holds up to her the massive wreaths. The picture is of the pearliest colour, warmed by wreaths of clustering flowers, the sheen of satin and silver ribbons, the sparkle of diamonds against the white neck and in the soft hair and rose-tipped ears of the beautiful bridesmaid, the dusky upturned face of the negress, the crimson awning pendant from the tree that overhangs the statue, the reflected lights in the bronze tripod crowned with its flickering flame. Reynolds had painted Lady Caroline in 1758 in the maiden-loveliness of seventeen, with her muslin kerchief crossed close over her graceful shoulders, and no ornament but a single rose in her bosom. He seems to have revelled in the contrast of this year's splendour with that simplicity, and to have put his heart as well as his hand to the work; for he had known his sweet sitter from a child, and she was as good as beautiful. The hand of Toms may have wrought upon the accessories, but it was under the guidance of Reynolds's taste and feeling. Lady Caroline Russell, in half-length, is painted sitting on a garden-seat, in a blue ermine-bordered robe over a close white satin vest.[1] She is very lovely, with a frank, joyous, and innocent expression, and has a pet Blenheim-spaniel in her lap—a love-gift, I presume, from the Duke of Marlborough, whom she married next year. The

[1] Both pictures are at Woburn Abbey.—ED.

Holland-House picture of Lady Sarah Lenox (the third grace of this lovely group) and Lady Susan Strangways, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, with her cousin young Charles James Fox, was also begun this year.[1] Lady Sarah—whom George the Third had loved, and would have married, but for the negative put by his Council upon his proposition of such an alliance—leans, in a morning negligé, from a low window, in Holland House, to take a dove which Lady Susan holds up to her; while young Fox, with a paper in his hand (the part of Hastings, perhaps, in 'Jane Shore,' about to be presented in the Holland House private theatre), urges his pretty cousins to come to their rehearsal. Horace Walpole (to Montague, May 22, 1761) tells us how bewitching the two young beauties were in the play, Lady Susan dressed from Jane Seymour, and Lady Sarah in white, on the ground, with her hair about her ears, looking more lovely than any Magdalen of Correggio's. The fates of both girls were singular. Lady Sarah, in June, 1767, married Sir Joshua's friend, Charles Bunbury,—was subsequently divorced from him, and, marrying General Napier, became the mother of two illustrious sons, Sir William and Sir Charles. Lady Susan, three years after this, eloped with O'Brien, the actor, a man of good family and education, in whom she found a kind and worthy husband. Lady Ann Hamilton, another of the royal bridesmaids, Reynolds had painted some years before. He had also finished in 1760 the stately full-length of the beautiful

[1] "The bridesmaids, especially Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Sarah Lenox, and Lady Elizabeth Keppel, were beautiful figures." (Walpole to Conway, Sep. 9.)—ED.

Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Ancaster, and the picture of her husband, the Lord High Chamberlain, with the portrait of Lady Selina Hastings, one of the Earl's daughters who bore her Majesty's train at the coronation.

Among other leading beauties painted by Reynolds in this year of ceremonial may be mentioned, as the most distinguished, Lady Northampton, Lady Spencer, and Lady Pembroke,[1] Mrs. Brudenell, Mrs. Fitzroy, and — loveliest of all — Maria Countess Waldegrave, whom Reynolds seems never to have been tired of painting, nor she of sitting to him.

Among the male figures of that stately pageant painted by Reynolds, the most conspicuous, perhaps, is the commanding figure of Lord Errol, in his suit of cloth of gold, to whom Lady Sarah Lenox had just refused her fair hand. Horace Walpole irreverently compared him to one of the giants in Guildhall, new gilt.

Another important figure in the royal solemnities who this year takes his place in Reynolds's chair is Sir Septimus Robinson, Usher of the Black Rod. His unusually early sittings (at half-past eight, nine, and half-past nine) are, no doubt, to be explained by the press of business, which one can well conceive that a royal funeral, a royal marriage, and a coronation, in quick succession, must have thrown upon Black Rod.

Besides its royal ceremonials, the year was memorable, too, for our naval exploits at Belleisle, in which Keppel won conspicuous honours; for our triumphs in the East Indies, where Pondicherry fell to our forces under Coote; and for the victory gained over Maréchal de

[1] "Lady Pembroke alone, at the head of the Countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty." (Walpole to Montague, Sep. 4, 1761.)—ED.

Broglie and De Soubise by Prince Ferdinand and the Allies at Kirkdenckirk, where the Marquis of Granby, who had sat to Sir Joshua in 1755, commanded the cavalry, and one of Sir Joshua's sitters of 1760, Colonel Townshend, was wounded.

Among the painter's conspicuous sitters of this year was the grave, sleepy, but genuine humourist and wit, George Selwyn, probably for the last touches of his portrait in a group with Gilly Williams and Richard Edgcumbe,[1] begun for Horace Walpole some time before. Reynolds's friend Burke this year took his first step towards public life as private secretary to Single-speech Hamilton, under the lord-lieutenancy of Halifax.[2]

In May of this year, Goldsmith, still struggling on the threshold of literature as a starving essayist, met Johnson for the first time. Percy brought them together. It is certain that the essayist's intimacy with Reynolds began not long after. Reynolds must have taken his part in the discussions which followed the appearance of Macpherson's second instalment of Celtic

[1] A small picture in excellent preservation, now in Lord Taunton's collection. Engraved for the Selwyn Correspondence, and Mr. Cunningham's edition of Walpole's Letters. "I have been my *out of town* with Lord Waldegrave, Selwyn, and Williams; it was melancholy the missing poor Edgcumbe, who was constantly of the Christmas and Easter parties. Did you see the charming picture Reynolds painted for me of him, Selwyn, and Gilly Williams? It is by far one of the best things he has executed. He has just finished a pretty whole-length of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, in the bridesmaid's habit, sacrificing to Hymen." (Walpole to Montague, Dec. 30, 1761.)—ED.

[2] Walpole gives us a glimpse of the young and still undistinguished Irishman, "I dined with your secretary (Hamilton) yesterday. There was Garrick and a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book" ('The Vindication of Natural Society,' published in 1756) "in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers and to be one. He will know better one of these days" (to Montague, July 22, 1761).

poetry, under the title of 'Fingal.' He knew Macpherson, and painted his portrait ten years after this. Johnson, as is well known, pooh-poohed the pretensions of these poems to a high place, either on the score of subject or treatment; but his strong sense seems to have guided him to the truth of the matter,—that Macpherson had pieced genuine fragments into a whole, which as a whole no more belonged to any Celtic bard than the "*juncturæ*" of the Scotch editor. What view Reynolds took of the question, I know not. He does not figure in any record of the controversy.

By help of the pocket-book for 1761 we can follow Sir Joshua to dinner, now and then, at club, public institution, or private house. I find records of his visits to a club—it may have been the one held at the Devil Tavern, the precursor of *the* club founded at the Turk's Head three years later; dinners at the Royal Society (of which he was already a member and frequent attendant), the Society of Sons of the Clergy (whose festivals he attended, and whose funds he subscribed to every year), and with the artists who gathered every 5th of November at the Foundling Hospital. There are dinner-engagements, too, with Akenside and Wilkes, who was this year returned for Aylesbury, and who, as we have seen, had from the first been intimate with Reynolds and his circle. Indeed, if the letters to Miss Weston (see *ante*) be genuine, Reynolds knew him while he was studying under Hudson. Writing to that lady from Rome, he says, "Give my service to Mr. Charlton and Mr. Wilks, and tell them that if it was possible to give them an idea of what is to be seen here,—the remains of antiquity, the sculptures, paint-

ings, architecture,—they would think it worth while, nay, they would break through all obstacles, and set out immediately for Rome."

An entry, in December, "Hardham, by Fleet Ditch, 37: snuff," is interesting for its connection with the anecdote of Garrick's ingenious device for serving his friend Old Hardham,[1] and illustrative of Reynolds's inveterate habit of snuff-taking. He had been painting Garrick just before this, and the actor had, no doubt, recommended Hardham and his "37."

List of Sitters for 1761.—(Pocket-book.)

January.[2]

General Lawrence;[3] Mr. Bennett, Sen.; Mr. Hillyard;[4] Mr. Holditch; the Duke (of Cumberland); Master Curzon; Lord Drogheda; Master Amyand;[5] Captain Tash; Mrs. Martyn; Colonel Montgomery;[6] Mrs. Cocks; Mr. Stewart; Mr. Jones; Mrs. Lennox; Mrs. Calvert; Miss Rayne; Mr. Wynn; Lord Gower; Mrs. Crawford; Mr. and Mrs. Colebrooke; Miss Vansittart; Lady Monson; Lord Strafford; Lord and Lady Waldegrave; Miss Johnson;[7] Mr. Chaney (9½); Mrs. Harland; Miss Gifford; Mrs. (Colonel) Fitzroy; Captain Duncombe.

[1] Hardham was a snuff-seller who had done Garrick good service as his under-treasurer and as "numberer," *i. e.* counter of the house, as a check on the money-takers. For this purpose he had a circular seat in a projecting box on the gallery tier, called "the numberer's box." Garrick promised to bring his shop into fashion, and, with this intention, offering a pinch from his box in one of his favourite parts, he made "a gag" in praise of the snuff, as "Hardham's 37, the only snuff for a man of fashion." The vogue of "Hardham's 37" continued to our own time.—ED.

[2] Tuesday 20th, club; Thursday 22nd, Royal Society Dinner. Akenside, Craven Street; all the Sundays of January are without appointments. —ED.

[3] "Captain Martyn, in Harley Street, Cavendish Square. To measure the space where General Lawrence's picture is to hang."—p. 6.

[4] Afterwards Sir Robert Hildyard.

[5] Son of the distinguished capitalist and M.P. for Barnstaple, who was this year made Commissioner of the Customs, and married the Dowager Lady Northampton, also one of Reynolds's sitters this year.—ED.

[6] One of the heroes of the Canadian campaign.—ED.

[7] From the frequency of this lady's sittings I should think she must have been a model. She is the girl sketching, sold at Miss Rogers's sale, and now the property of Miss Burdett Coutts.

February.[1]

Mr. Smith; Mr. Vansittart; Mr. (Colonel) Fitzroy;[2] Master Neville; Mr. Nevil; Lord Abington; Mrs. Gosling; Lord Dartmouth; Dr. Hay;[3] Mrs. Herbert; Captain Foot; Mrs. Fortescue; Colonel Vernon;[4] Mrs. Way; Duke of Ancaster; Mrs. Lee; Mr. Digby; Mrs. Nutt; Mrs. Trapaud; Mrs. Hodges.

March.

Mr. Garrick (Sunday, 1st;) Captain Blair; Duchess of Beaufort (Sunday, 8th); Mr. Fane; Lady C. Russell; Mrs. Talbot; Lady Pembroke; Mr. Coningham (at 9½); Miss Roberts; Sir John and Lady Anstruther; Mrs. Palk; Captain Hood; Duke of Gordon; Lord Pulteney (Sunday, 22nd, and his dog, several times); Miss Carr; Captain Caulfield; Mr. Pigot;[5] Mr. Clark; Miss Hunter; Mr. Franks; Lady Mary Somerset; Lady Laura Waldegrave; Lord Ossulstone; Colonel and Mrs. Irwin.

April.

Mr. Anderson; Lady Northampton; Miss Wyld; Mr. Slater; General Townshend; Mr. Crew; Lord Lauderdale; General Lambert; Colonel Maitland; Mr. Davies; Mrs. Mills; Mr. Pawlet; Miss Reddell;[6] General Knapper (Gerard Napier); Mr. and Miss Kelly; Admiral Rodney; Captain or Mr. Crawford; Mrs. Hunt.

May.

Mr. Mudge; Mr. Gell; Lord Brome (?); Admiral Broderick; Mrs. Cholmondeley[7] (Chumley, Cholmley); Lady Monoux[8]

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[1] "Lord Sandwich's account to be sent to Mr. Green, No. 18, New Crown Court, Bow Street, by to-morrow morning. Tuesday 12th.—Dine with the Sons of the Clergy."

[2] Brother of the Duke of Grafton, created Lord Southampton in 1780.

[3] A learned civilian, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

[4] In Cork Street, 10, on Sunday (15th).

Tuesday 10th.—Mr. Wilks's, dine at four.

Engagements at Royal Society. Club (Saturday). Dinners at Lord Temple's and Mr. Christy's, the picture-auctioneer.

[5] Mem. in June, "to write on Mr. Pigot's picture æt. 89." This old Mr. Pigot lived to be ninety-nine, and was the subject of a celebrated action in 1771, between Lord March plaintiff, and Mr. Pigot defendant, to recover 500 guineas on a wager whether Sir W. Codrington or old Mr. Pigot should first die. Mr. Pigot died of the gout in his head the morning before the bet was made. The question was, "Was the bet off?" Lord Mansfield charged for the plaintiff, who recovered.

[6] In May.—"For Captain Reddell, at Eversholt, near Woburn, Bedfordshire; to be sent by Rock, the Woburn carrier, from the Windmill Inn, in St. John Street."

[7] Sister of Peg Woffington. Celebrated for her humour and originality. (See Miss Burney's Diary.)—ED.

[8] "Lady Monoux, in Argyle Street, at five o'clock." "Any time in June, Lady Moneux—white satin the inner garment, blue the outside, and blue ribbons, laced tucker."

Was this the wife of Sir Capel Molyneux?

(? Molyneux); Mr. Selwyn; Admiral Hood; Mrs. Montgomerie.[1]

June.[2]

Lord Darnley; (Sat. 13.—To wait on General Cornwallis in St. James's Place); Lady Cunliffe; Mrs. Gore; Sir Roger Mostyn; Lady Johnstone; Mrs. Fleetwood; Mr. Ashley; Mr. Drummond; Lord Stirling;[3] Mr. Halsey; Lord Cathcart.

July.[4]

Mrs. Wolseley; Mr. Paice; Lord Coventry; Mr. Lloyd; Mr. Baker.

August.[5]

Mr. and Mrs. Grant; Mr. Durant; Captain and Mrs. Fordyce; Lord Charlemont; Sir Septimus Robinson (always very early); Lord Bath; Miss Fisher.[6]

September.

Mr. Johnson; Lady and Miss Spencer; Contessa della Rena; Lady Mornington; Mr. Nesbit; Mr. Wood; Lady Elizabeth Keppel;[7] Mr. Langton; Mr. Woodward; Miss Charlotte Fish.

October.[8]

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond; Lord and Lady Dartmouth; Miss Gresley; Mrs. Collingwood; Lord Lewisham; Lord Middleton; Master Lee; Mr. Willoughby; Lord and Lady Warwick.

November.[9]

Lord and Lady Pollington; Mr. Welby.

December.

Miss Clements; Miss Wentworth; Miss O'Brien;[1] [1]Mrs. Gould; Mrs. Mordaunt; Lady Beauchamp (Peacham); Lord Edgcumb; Dowager Lady Northampton; Captain Faulkner;[10] Mr. Woodcock.[11]]

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[1] The 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of May have very few appointments, and none in the afternoon. Was Reynolds at the exhibition?—ED.

[2] June.—"Mr. Walpole's picture to be finished."

[3] "Lord Stirling's picture to be sent to Mr. Drummond, Spring Gardens."

[4] Friday, July 10.—"Send the Venus to Lord Coventry."

[5] Thursday, August 27th.—Dinner at Mr. Rogers's, in Lawrence Pountney Lane, Cannon Street. This was the well-known virtuoso and collector, who published a set of fac-similes of drawings from the old masters, and a part of whose books, prints, and drawings, form the Cottonian Library given to the Plympton Library by Mr. Cotton, of Ivybridge, a descendant of Mr. Rogers.

[6] She sits eight days in this month, and generally on days when no other sitter comes after her. From a note, it seems one of her portraits was to be sent to M. Breitenhagh, in Scotland Yard, the Secretary of the Dutch Embassy, "when the print is finished."—ED.

[7] For the noble full-length as one of the bridesmaids to the Queen. The negro who sits in December is probably the one in this picture.—ED.

[8] Tuesday, Oct. 13th, 11½, Boy.

[9] November 5 (3).—Foundling Hospital. One of the annual dinners held there by the Artists (see *ante*).—ED.

Tuesday, 15th, 10, Negro. Friday, 18th, 11, Negro; 12, Boy.

[10] Who, when commander of the 'Bellona,' in August of this year, took the French 74, Courageux, off Finisterre.—ED.

[11] The eminent conveyancer. Engraved.

When the artists exhibited their works in the Strand, no admittance money was required, but sixpence was charged for the first catalogue. The second year the price of the catalogue, with Hogarth's two illustrations, was doubled. Encouraged by their extraordinary success, they now demanded a shilling at the door, and sixpence for the catalogue, which had a preface written by Johnson, to reconcile the public to the charge.

["When the terms of admission were low,"[1] wrote Johnson, "our room was thronged with such multitudes as made access dangerous, and frightened away those whose approbation was most desired. Yet, because it is seldom believed that money is got but for the love of money, we shall tell the use which we intend to make of our expected profits. Many artists of great abilities are unable to sell their works for their due price; to remove this inconvenience, an annual sale will be appointed, to which every man may send his works, and them, if he will, without his name. Those works will be reviewed by the committee that conduct the exhibition; a price will be secretly set on every piece, and registered by the secretary; if the piece is sold for more, the whole price shall be the artist's; but if the purchasers value it at less than the committee, the artist shall be paid the deficiency from the profits of the exhibition."

Gainsborough contributed to the exhibition this year, for the second time. He had removed from Ipswich to

[1] The first year admission was free. The smallness of the room and the novelty of the exhibition must be remembered, in explanation of this stress laid on the inconveniences of over-crowding.—ED.

Bath in 1760, and had achieved as rapid a success there as Reynolds in London ten years before. The picture now exhibited, from the description in the catalogue—"a whole length of a gentleman with a gun"—was no doubt the portrait of Mr. Poyntz. Portrait still claims the lion's share of the walls of the Spring-Gardens exhibition. Mr. Dawes sends some of his insipid subjects from Shakspere; Gavin Hamilton one of his cold classicalities, 'Andromache weeping over the dead body of Hector;' and a Chevalier Manini, besides a Boadicea and a Caractacus, contributes a picture under the odd title 'The Sun enters Leo.' Mr. Lambert's now forgotten landscapes, which vied in even the cultivated estimation of that day with Wilson's, and were more saleable, are six in number, and Wilson's as many, including a Tivoli, a View on the Dee, a View on the Thames near Richmond, and 'a View of a Ruin in her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager's Garden at Kew'! Besides portraits of actors and actresses—the only personages whose names, as a rule, appear in these early catalogues, except here and there a character (*e. g.* Sir John Fielding) almost as much public property as the actor—the times are reflected in Mr. Wright's 'View of the Storm, when the Queen was on her passage to England, painted from a sketch drawn on board the Fubbes yacht,' and in subjects from the battle of Minden, the action off Lagos, and the taking of the Foudroyant. Zoffany (Zaffanii in the Catalogue) exhibits Garrick in 'The Farmer's Return;' MacArdell two mezzotints after Reynolds; and Fisher his fine mezzotint from Reynolds's Garrick.]

Reynolds sends three pictures:—

Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy.[1]

Lady Elizabeth Keppel[2] as one of Her Majesty's bridemaids adorning a statue of Hymen with flowers, and

Maria, Countess Waldegrave, as Dido embracing Cupid.

The thought of placing Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy was a happy one. The great actor, who began his career in the service of the Tragic Muse, seems unable to resist the allurements of her rival. He throws an appealing, half-ashamed look towards his first love, who, it must be confessed, is a very inadequate personification of Tragedy. Reynolds did not paint the Tragic Muse till she sat to him, herself, in the form of Mrs. Siddons.

Mr. Cotton tells us, on the authority of Miss Gwatkin, that Sir Joshua's niece, Theophila Palmer, sat for the face of Comedy. It is probable that the playful, child-like attitude of the Comic Muse may have been suggested by "Offy," as her uncle called her; but as she was only five years old when the picture was painted, and had not then been in London, she could not have been his model either for the face or figure.

[The picture of Lady Waldegrave represents her clasping her own child, as Cupid, to her bosom. It is a most graceful composition. The mother's head enables one to understand the Countess's reputation for beauty better than the turbaned head in profile exhibited in

[1] Now at Knole.

[2] See 1761 for a description of the picture. Her pretty sister Caroline, not quite two years her senior, whose portrait hangs with hers at Quiddenham, died in the same year as Lady Elizabeth (1768). She made a mésalliance with Mr. Adair, an eminent surgeon, to the horror of the great world.—ED.

1760. The sly expression of the crouching child is admirable.[1]]

Reynolds contemplated a group in which every figure should be a portrait, in a different character, of Garrick, who was delighted with the notion, and said it was the only way in which he could be handed down to posterity. Northcote thought such an attempt would be a failure, but it might have been a signal triumph. Harlow succeeded in a little picture of Mathews in three or four characters; and as we may be sure that Reynolds would have painted the subject *con amore*, his success can scarcely be doubted. Northcote, when thinking of such a composition, formed in his mind a group of unconnected figures; but Reynolds would have found expedients for giving unity to the subject; and how thankful to him should we feel, if, instead of the portraits of scores of people for whom we care nothing, he had left us such a picture!

[Before the exhibition opened, between Thursday the 18th and 25th of February, there must have been as much excitement in the Leicester-fields' studio as was compatible with the placidity of Reynolds. On the former day Miss Charlotte Hunter (daughter of Mr. Orby Hunter, M.P. for Winchelsea, and a Lord of the Admiralty), a frequent sitter in 1761, had eloped with my Lord Pembroke, another of the painter's sitters and acquaintance. Lady Pembroke had been sitting to him at the same time that Miss Hunter's portrait was in progress. Miss Hunter was already in the mouth of the town, if Walpole is to be trusted. He calls her

[1] There is a fine engraving of it by R. Houston. The picture is now at Strawberry Hill.

"a miss," and speaks of her as "Kitty Hunter." This elopement created what Walpole describes as "an enragement." "In all your reading, true or false," he asks Montague, "have you ever heard of a young Earl married to the most beautiful woman in the world, a lord of the bed-chamber, a general officer, and with a great estate, quitting everything, resigning wife and world, and embarking for life in a pacquet-boat with a miss?"

Almost as strange as this act was the explanation of it, according to Walpole, given in Lord Pembroke's letters,—"having long tried in vain to make his wife hate and dislike him, he had no way left but this." Lord Pembroke's face in Reynolds's portraits[1] of him is that of a handsome sensualist; his wife's, one of the purest and sweetest that even Reynolds has painted. They were living together again in less than a year.[2]

I find an entry of the pocket-book for Thursday, just a week after the elopement: "Send Miss Hunter, packed up, to the Admiralty." The picture was going home to her father, who, if he gave house-room to the picture, refused it to his daughter, when the runaways were captured on their way to France. This may have been the fine picture now in Mr. Craufurd's possession,—a seated half-length of a bright-eyed brunette, with a winning smile on the lips. She is dressed in blue, and holds a

[1] At Wilton, and at Lord Normanton's.—ED.

[2] Walpole to Montague, March 20, 1763:—"Mr. Hunter would have taken his daughter too, but upon condition she should give back her settlements to Lord Pembroke and her child. She replied nobly, that she did not trouble herself about fortune, and would willingly depend on her father; but for her child, she had nothing left to do but to take care of that, and would not part with it." This child was the Colonel Montgomery who was afterwards shot in a duel by Captain Macnamara.—ED.

mask in her hand. Miss Hunter was afterwards the wife of a gallant officer, who rose to the rank of field-marshal. The story attached to the picture is, that it was painted after the elopement, and that the mask is an allusion to the masked-ball at Lord Middleton's, on the day before the elopement, when the arrangements for it may have been settled. She is said to have given the picture to the grandfather of its present possessor. This she may have done; but the legend attached to the picture is not confirmed by the pocket-books. I do not find Miss Charlotte Hunter's name among Sir Joshua's sitters after 1762.[1] It is true that, as the books for a year here and there are missing, this is not absolutely conclusive.

Besides its scandals, the year had its triumphs, in one of which Reynolds must have heartily and peculiarly rejoiced. This was the capture of the Havannah in August, in which the Keppel family was so singularly distinguished. Lord Albemarle commanded in chief. A second brother, General Keppel, directed the siege of the Moro; and the third, Commodore Augustus, Reynolds's intimate friend and old travelling companion, shared with Admiral Pococke and Captain Harvey the honours of the naval services which contributed so much to the capture. Colonel Keppel had sat to Reynolds in February, before the expedition sailed. Captain Hervey sits to him, for the first time, on the 10th of October, within a fortnight of his return with

[1] There is another picture of the lady, very beautiful, and the face younger than in Mr. Craufurd's picture, which may have been the picture for which a Miss Hunter sat in 1758. This picture is now (Dec. 1861) in the possession of Beriah Botfield, Esq. —ED.

the despatches announcing the capture. One can well conceive what a pleasant sitting that must have been, how much Harvey must have had to tell Reynolds of his good friends the Keppels, above all, of the frank and gallant commodore. May we not follow the painter, in imagination, on his visit to congratulate their Spartan mother, whose hereditary[1] beauty and stateliness we may still admire in the noble portrait of her at Quiddenham? She is painted sitting upright in her high-backed chair, her fine face well displayed by the drawing of the grey hair from the temples, where it is put up under a fly-cap with a hood of black lace; her dress is a rich blue and white brocade, and the shapely hands are winding silk. She sits, surrounded, as such a mother should be, by her three brave sons and her two sweet daughters. She looks brave enough to be the mother of such sons—beautiful enough to be the mother of such daughters. One can well understand the feeling which prompted the outspoken Duke of Cumberland (Lord Albemarle's bosom-friend) to say to her when she first appeared in the presence-chamber, after the arrival of the glorious tidings of the Havannah, "By God, my lady, if it wasn't in the drawing-room, I should kiss you."

Reynolds must indeed have felt a special interest in all our conquests and campaigns at this time; in the recapture of St. John's, the taking of Martinique and Santa Lucia, the Grenadas and St. Vincent. He had sitters among the most distinguished of the gallant soldiers and sailors who did these deeds. Colonel Wm.

[1] She was a Lady Anne Lenox.—ED.

Amherst and Admiral Rodney were still recent occupants of his mahogany chair, to say nothing of less well-known colonels and captains.

As usual, the pocket-book, on a close inspection, yields scattered evidences of Sir Joshua's goings in and out—his dinings and sight-seeings. If space and leisure served, it would be easy to eke out the hints supplied by names and dates. When I find a dinner at five, on Saturday the 27th of March, at Tom Davies's, the theatrical publisher and small critic, I feel tempted to fill up the table with Johnson, lavish of uncouth attentions to pretty Mrs. Davies; with Beauclerk and Langton; and perhaps Goldsmith, awkward and threadbare, not yet quite at home with Reynolds, who had probably made his acquaintance this year. "With the Beefsteak Club at Mr. Wilks's," on Saturday, November 13, is a very suggestive entry. It is true, the engagement does not absolutely prove that Sir Joshua was of "The Steaks,"—that noble society, founded by George Lambert and Rich together, which expanded from a meeting of casual visitors, admitted to share the scene-painter's beefsteak in his Covent Garden painting-room, to a weekly dinner, first in "the thunder-and-lightning room" at the theatre, then,—by gradual descent downwards as the club rose in numbers and consequence,—in a room level with the two-shilling gallery, afterwards in an apartment even with the boxes, and, later still, in a lower room, till the club was burnt out in 1808. Among all the valuables which perished in that fire, including Handel's organ and the manuscripts of Sheridan's comedies, there are few more to be regretted than the original archives of the Steaks, in which we might

have found recorded, perhaps, this dinner at Wilkes's. It was, however, not a regular club-dinner, but an entertainment given to the members by a leading member, to which outsiders might have been invited. Lord Sandwich might have been of the party; for Jemmy Twitcher had not yet turned upon his friend. Churchill was there, no doubt, and very probably Arthur Murphy, for all the paper war he was carrying on in the Auditor against Wilkes in the North Briton; and jolly John Beard the singer, and Hayman, and Lambert, and Garrick, if engagements at the theatre left him free. Hogarth, once a regular member, must have been kept away, if not by his declining health, by his quarrel with Wilkes, which was now at its height. The print of 'The Times,' with its satire on Pitt and Temple, had appeared in the spring; and in May came out the well-known 'North Briton' (No. 17), attacking Hogarth, "sunk to a level with the miserable tribe of party etchers," "in his rapid decline entering into the poor politics of the day, and descending to low personal abuse, instead of instructing the world, as he could once, by manly moral satire." Hogarth retorted with his inimitable portrait of Wilkes, as "a Patriot,"—Churchill envenomed the dispute by his 'Epistle' to Hogarth; and Hogarth, stung to the quick, put in but a feeble rejoinder in his caricature of Churchill, as a bear, with a pot of porter in his paw, and by his side a knotted club, labelled "Lies, lies, lies."

Then we may trace the painter more than once to the hospitable table of jolly, loud-voiced, red-faced Mr. Nugent, afterwards Lord Clare, the friend of Goldsmith (who addressed to him his famous Epistle, with the

story of the Haunch of Venison); to Mr. Nesbitt's and Charles Lloyd's; to Mrs. Horneck's (the Plymouth beauty), and Mr. Brett's, at the Navy Office; and to Holland House, where he was now painting the lovely Lady Sarah Lenox and Lady Susan Strangways, as well as Mr. Fox, and his second son, Charles James, now an Eton boy of fourteen, but already initiated into the mysteries of the green table at Paris and Spa, where his father himself put the rouleaux into the boy's little hand to punt with. There are frequent entries of appointments with Johnson, who in July of this year was pensioned by Lord Bute. Reynolds had to set the Doctor's pension against his own disappointment when Ramsay was appointed King's painter. The choice of Ramsay could hardly be complained of. To say nothing of the overwhelming influence of Lord Bute, he had no common merits of his own to stand on. He was a highly accomplished, indeed a learned man, an admirable talker, and a considerable writer on politics as well as on art. Reynolds was on friendly terms with Ramsay, and used to quote him as a proof that to be a good painter it was not enough to be a sensible man:—"There's Ramsay, a *very* sensible man, but he is *not* a good painter." But if not a "good," he was a sensible painter, without a spark of genius, it is true, but turning out faithful likenesses and respectable pictures.[1] Besides, Reynolds already belonged to the opposition. He was the friend of Wilkes and his circle; and his connection lay among the Bedfords and Keppels. These were no

[1] One of the most agreeable I have seen is the Princess of Wales, a full-length in the Bute collection, which must be several years earlier than this.—ED.

recommendations at Buckingham House, though as yet the fierce struggle between the Whig families and the King and the King's friends was but in its infancy. I find other dinner-engagements: at Mr. Hillier's, in Pancras Lane, Queen Street, Cheapside; at Mr. Rogers', of the Custom House, in Lawrence Pountney Lane—a well-known collector and dilettante of the day; and one (July 17, at six) "with Miss Nelly O'Brien, in Pall Mall, next door this side the Star and Garter."[1] This frail beauty was a constant visitor to Reynolds's painting-room this year, as well as her rival, Kitty Fisher. I presume—from the frequency of their visits, which is far greater than can be accounted for, on the usual allowance of sittings, by the number of portraits he is known to have painted of either—that they sat to him as models for the necks, busts, hands, and arms of his portraits, as well as for his nymphs and Venuses. Then there are visits to brother artists; dinners with Rysbrack, Frank Hayman, and Newton: evening parties at Moser's and Wilton's; and a dinner one Saturday at "Twitenham," with his old master, Hudson, who had built a house in the meadows there. On July the 9th, Reynolds, like all the rest of the town, pays his respects to the "King of the Cherokees and his ministers"—the three deputies from the Red Indians of South Carolina, who this year arrived to make a lasting peace with this country. Reynolds visits them on the 1st of July, and again on the 7th, the very day on which these

[1] In October is a list of guests at a dinner at Mrs. French's, which includes Mrs. French, Mr. and Mrs. Brady, Captain Vincent, Mr. Johnson, Miss Williams, Mr. Woolcomb, and Mr. Brent—old Devonshire friends, most of them, brought together perhaps to meet Johnson.—ED.

blanketed and moccassined braves had been honoured by an audience of the King. They had a house in Suffolk Street, where they were visited by the nobility and gentry, dined, fêted, and lionised to their hearts' content. Unluckily their interpreter had died on the voyage. His substitute was so confused, on the occasion of the audience, that the King could ask but few questions; and in society the distinguished strangers had no way, we are told, of communicating their sentiments but by gestures. It is sad to think that these poor Indians, after all these dinners and royal audiences, came to sad grief when the first rage for them had passed away. They fell among thieves, were shown for money, ill-treated, starved, and finally rescued from this ignominy by the benevolence of Lord Hillsborough, who had them taken back to Carolina at the public expense.

Reynolds spent part of this year out of town, which was rare for him. Besides giving a day to the Duke of Bedford's portrait at Woburn[1] (July the 19th), his health having suffered from his unremitting occupation, he paid an autumn visit of some weeks to Devonshire, accompanied by Dr. Johnson. The pocket-book enables us to follow the travellers stage by stage.

On Monday the 16th of August they set out from London at two o'clock, and arrived at Winchester that night, spending Tuesday at Winchester. On Wednesday they left Winchester at half-past two, and arrived at Salisbury at half-past seven. Here they visited Harris

[1] He went, under pressure, no doubt, to finish the portrait of the Duke of Bedford, about to start to Paris as plenipotentiary for the conclusion of the peace with France.—ED.

(the author of 'Hermes'), Wilton (Lord Pembroke's), and Longford Castle (Lord Folkstone's), with their magnificent galleries of pictures. At Longford Castle they slept, and proceeded by Sturminster-Marshall to Blandford; thence by Dorchester to Exeter, which they reach on the 23rd. The next day they start for Torrington, and spend the next two days with Reynolds's brothers-in-law, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Palmer; thence by Okehampton to Plymouth, on the 29th. Monday the 30th is devoted to Mount Edgcumbe, the next day they take up their quarters at Plymouth with Mr. Mudge, the panels of whose parlour in St. Nicholas Yard are duly measured for future pictures by his friend. From Mr. Mudge's they make excursions in the neighbourhood—to Mr. Lloyd's, Mr. Veal's of Coffleet, Mr. Bastard's, Mr. Mangles', Mr. Robinson's. On the 8th of September a party is made for the Eddystone lighthouse, still a recent wonder, scarce three years finished. But the sea was so rough that the Commissioners' yacht, which had been placed at the disposal of Reynolds and his illustrious friend, could not land. Captain Foote, Mr. Woolcomb, Dr. Blackett, Miss Howe, Mr. Mangles, and Mr. Lloyd, the family at Mount Edgcumbe, the Parkers at Saltram, fill up every day with hospitalities. Wednesday the 23rd is devoted to home-scenes, old haunts, and old friends at Plympton. On the 24th they start from Plymouth on their return, and at two o'clock on the 26th have arrived in London. Either Johnson or Reynolds had been pushing the subscription (now in progress) for poor blind Miss Williams among their friends in Devonshire, and the pocket-book records donations to her.

Northcote tells us of Johnson's excesses in new honey, new cider, and clouted cream, at one of the hospitable Devonshire tables on this excursion. They alarmed his entertainer much. He did not know the strength of his guest's constitution.

Boswell, too, has recorded an anecdote of this journey, which he says he had from Reynolds. Having observed that in consequence of the dockyard a new town had sprung up about two miles off as a rival of the old one, Johnson, assuming that, if a man hates at all, he is very likely to hate his next neighbour, concluded that this new town could not but excite the jealousy of the old one; in which conjecture, it is said, he was very soon confirmed. He asserted it to be his duty to take the side of the old town, "the *established* town, in which his lot was cast;" and affecting to enter warmly into its interests, he talked of the *Dockers* (as the inhabitants of the new town were called) as upstarts and aliens. Plymouth was plentifully supplied with water from a river, brought into it from a great distance, which even ran to waste in its streets. The Dock, or New-town, being wholly destitute of water, petitioned Plymouth that a portion of the conduit might be allowed to go to them, and this was, at that time, under consideration. Johnson, pretending to entertain the passions of the place, was violent in opposition; and exclaimed, "No, no! I am against the *Dockers;* I am a Plymouth-man. Rogues! let them die of thirst. They shall not have a drop!"

It was to humour old Mr. Tolcher, an early friend of Reynolds, and an alderman of Plymouth, that the Doctor thus affected to throw himself into the heat

of local squabbles. For himself, he seems to have been in high good-humour, pleased with everything and everybody. "Ignorance, Madam,—pure ignorance!" was the reason gaily given to a young Devonshire blue, who ventured to ask him how he had come to define "pastern" wrongly in his Dictionary.

Miss Reynolds cherished among her recollections of Johnson on this excursion a queer picture of him joyously racing with a young lady on the lawn at one of the Devonshire houses, kicking off his tight slippers high into the air as he ran, and, when he had won, leading the lady back in triumphant delight.]

"It was about this time," says Northcote, "that I first saw Sir Joshua; but I had seen several of his works which were in Plymouth, and those pictures filled me with wonder and delight, although I was then very young; insomuch that I remember when Reynolds was pointed out to me at a public meeting, where a great crowd was assembled, I got as near to him as I could from the pressure of the people, to touch the skirt of his coat, which I did with great satisfaction to my mind." [One is irresistibly reminded by this of Reynolds's own boyish delight, when, in just such a crowd, he was enabled to touch the hand of Pope.]

In the illustrated copy of Northcote's *Life of Reynolds* in the possession of Mr. Edward Foster, an engraving, from a profile by Falconet, is pasted, under which Northcote has written with a pencil—"Like Sir J. R. when I first saw him." The pocket-book gives us the following list of sitters for 1762:—

January.

Mrs. Hunt; Lord Monteagle; Lord Middleton; Mrs. Martyn; Miss Fisher; Miss Johnson; Miss O'Brien (Nelly); Captain Lockhart, R.N.; Lady Eliz. Keppel; Lady Caroline Russell; Lady Beachey; Sir Ellis Cunliffe; Mr. Ogleby; Captain Dallison; Princess Amelia; Mr. Blair; Lord Pembroke; Mr. and Miss Ratcliffe; Miss Fane.

February.[1]

Mrs. Rice; Miss Bain; Miss Powis; Governor Pownal; Mr. Drummond; Mrs. Harland; Colonel Keppel; Colonel Philips; Lady Waldegrave; Mr. Nugent; Mrs. Oxendon; Lord Allan; Mrs. Mordaunt.

March.

General Howard; Miss Dingley; Lady Northampton; Mr. Ingram; Lord Portsmouth; Mrs. Gosling; Lord Errol;[2] Colonel Leigh; Mr. Caswell; Lady Pollington; Mrs. Dingley; Master Purcell; Mr. Panton;[3] Mr. Wray; Mr. Paulet; Mr. Woodley; Lord F. Campbell; Miss Cleaver; Colonel Maitland; Mr. Hadley;[4] Mr. Johnson; General Napier.

April.

Captain Fordyce; Lord Ilchester; Lady Emma Edgcumbe; Lady Sarah Lenox; Admiral Coates; Lord G. Lennox; Lady Susan Strangways; Lord Charles Spencer; Duke of Bedford; Major Hamilton; Lord Shaftesbury; Lord Pulteney; Lord Eglintoun.

May.

Mr. Cotton; Mrs. and Miss Brown; Mrs. Blundell; "My Lady O'Brien"[5] (14th); Mrs. Stokes; Mr. Damer; Duke of Marlborough; Lady Mary Coke; Mr. Smith; Mr. Mudge; Mr. Wynn; Mr. Hay; Mr. Townsend; Sir Walter and Lady Barbara Bagot; Lady Halkerton; Mrs. Basset.[6]

June.

Mr. and Mrs. Bagot; Colonel Montgomery; Miss Hurrell; Mrs. Ryder; Mr. Langton; Sir Walter Blackett; Captain Cotton; Lady Poynter; Mr. Major; the Provost (of Eton, Dr. Barnard); Colonel Molesworth; Miss Fordyce; Mr. Haldane; Lady Egremont; Mrs. Wilkes; Lady Colebrook.

July.

Mr. Foot; Miss Chaloner; Sir Philip Musgrave; Mr. Fox;[7] Miss Guildford (?); Mr. Harenc; Lady Guildford; Mrs. Musgrave; Mr. Charles James Fox.

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[1] "*Mem.*—Lady Waldegrave to be sent to Lord Farnham's, in Hill Street."

[2] A magnificent full-length of a magnificent Colossus, in cloth of gold, as he appeared at the coronation.

[3] Father of the Duchess of Ancaster.

[4] March 30, at nine, "children."

[5] A playful entry for Nelly.

[6] She had sat to Reynolds as Miss St. Aubyn, and was afterwards Lady De Dunstanville.

[7] Afterwards Lord Holland.

August.

Sir W. Baker;[1] Mr. Baker.[2]

September.

Duchess of Douglas; Captain Hamilton; on 29th, at nine, a Lady; and again on

October.

1st, at nine, a Lady (anonymous). Miss Craunch;[3] Mr. Pennyman; Mr. Fowke; Lord Barrington; Lord Northumberland; Miss Gammon; Captain Harvey.

November.

Mr. Woodward; Mr. Moor; Mrs. Metham; Mr. Coombes; Master Bradshaw; Mr. Cheap; Mrs. Ogilvie; Mr. Collick; Sir Gerard and Lady Napier; Dr. Markham.

December.

Mr. Chamier;[4] Mr. Brian; Miss Davison; Mr. Conolly; Mr. Woodcock; Captain and Mrs. Pownal; Mr. Partridge; Lady Yarmouth; Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles; Mr. Lane; Mrs. More.

[The year 1763 must always be noteworthy in the biography of any member of the Johnsonian circle. In it Boswell achieved the object of his long-cherished ambition,—an introduction to Johnson. It was on the 16th of May, in Tom Davies's back parlour, in Great Russell Street, that Boswell, on Davies's stage exclamation, "Look, my lord: it comes!" saw through the glass door a majestic figure approaching. He knew it to be Johnson (he tells us) by the portrait of him painted by Reynolds in 1756, which the painter afterwards presented to the biographer. Quite unconsciously, in the first few sentences of this description, the biographer has stamped himself and his subject. "Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully

[1] M.P. for Sir Joshua's birthplace, Plympton, and an Alderman of London. His son succeeded him in both dignities.

[2] Son of Sir William, afterwards Sheriff of London.

[3] The old sweetheart of Dr. Wolcot, afterwards Mrs. Vivian. This was the daughter of his earliest friend and patron.

[4] No doubt, Mr. Chamier, of the War Office. Reynolds's spelling of names is of the wildest. Mr. Chamier for a long time is "Shamee." He was afterwards Under-Secretary of State.—ED.

introduced me to him. I was much agitated, and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell him where I come from.' 'From Scotland!' cried Davies, roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'I do indeed come from Scotland; but I cannot help it.' *I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry, to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country.* But, *however that might be*, the speech was somewhat unlucky; for, with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, 'come from Scotland,' which I had used in the sense of being of that country, and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help!' This stroke stunned me a good deal."[1]

It should be remembered, to give full effect to this scene, that it occurred at the height of Lord Bute's unpopularity, which extended to all Scotchmen. A year before Lord Bute had been appointed First Lord of the Treasury. In vain he attempted to support himself against the determined opposition of the public by a packed and purchased parliamentary majority and the personal favour of the King. On the

[1] It was in this year too that Madame de Boufflers paid that memorable visit to Johnson at his Chambers in Middle Temple Lane. No one who has read Beauclerc's account of it, as given by Boswell, can ever forget the scene:—The purblind scholar, in his rusty brown morning suit, old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose, rolling down his staircase and rushing between the dainty figures of the English beau and the French belle to repair his oversight, in not attending the lady to her coach.—ED.

8th of April, 1763, he had suddenly resigned office, and withdrawn,—for ever as it proved,—into private life. It must have been before April this year that Reynolds painted that fine full-length picture, still in the Bute Gallery, which represents the Earl, in a suit of blue velvet, richly laced with gold, receiving papers from one of his under-secretaries, Charles Jenkinson — the successor to much of Bute's unpopularity, as the wielder of that influence from behind the throne which was so telling a force in the great parliamentary fights of which the Bute administration was the prelude. The picture is one of the painter's finest works, for its size and style of subject.[1] On the papers which the under-secretary hands to the Earl is the date 1763. That month of Lord Bute's resignation was crowded with incidents which must have ruffled even the tranquil studio-life of the painter. His friend Wilkes, on the 30th of May, was arrested as the author of the famous 45th number of the 'North Briton,' and committed to the Tower under Lord Halifax's general warrant. On the 6th of June the house of Lady Molesworth, in Upper Brook Street, was burnt, and herself, with her brother, two of his five daughters, a governess, and six servants perished. Of the other daughters, two, leaping from the windows, escaped with broken limbs; the fifth was much burnt. Dr. Molesworth and his wife, then on a visit to the house, were saved as by miracle. Members of this family had been among Reynolds's first patrons. Colonel Molesworth had sat to him only a few months before the fire, and the painter must have been on

[1] I find, from an entry in the painter's price-list, that the King paid for the picture.—ED.

intimate terms with the whole household on which this terrible visitation fell.

Besides the picture of Lord Bute and Mr. Charles Jenkinson, an anecdote in Walpole[1] enables me to refer to this year a portrait of Lady Bolingbroke, the lovely sister of the beautiful Lady Pembroke (who was now reunited to her unfaithful husband), and the portrait of the Princess Augusta, the King's eldest sister, who was, in January, 1764, married to the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick.]

To the Exhibition of this year Reynolds sent four pictures.

The Ladies Henrietta and Elizabeth Montagu, daughters of the Earl of Cardigan, which Walpole criticises as too chalky. The sitting sister, however, is one of the stateliest young beauties ever painted by Reynolds.

John Earl of Rothes, half-length,—a noble picture of a stern, unbending soldier, with his breastplate under his laced coat, and his right hand resting on his basket-hilted broad-sword: an action is going on in the background.

A Gentleman, three-quarters, and a half-length of Nelly O'Brien,[2] noted by Walpole as "a very pretty picture."

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[1] "The other sister has been sitting to Reynolds, who, by her husband's direction, has made a speaking picture. Lord Bolingbroke said to him, 'You must give the eyes something of Nelly O'Brien, or it will not do.' As he has given Nelly something of his wife's, it was but fair to give her something of Nelly's, and my lady will not throw away the present." (Walpole to Montague, March 29, 1763.) When Lord Bolingbroke made this speech it must be remembered that the portrait of Nelly O'Brien, exhibited this year, must have been standing in the painting-room, and might have been referred to, without any impropriety, by way of helping Lord Bolingbroke in his directions to the painter about Lady Bolingbroke's portrait.—ED.

[2] I am unable to determine which

[This year's catalogue indicates an exhibition rather below the average in interest. Wilson sends only two landscapes: Phaëton, and a View from Tivoli;—Gainsborough three portraits: one of Mr. Medlicott, the gay and gallant cousin of Richard Lovell Edgeworth (also painted by Reynolds), the other of Quin. The actor objected to sit. "If you will let me take your likeness," said the painter, "I shall live for ever." Quin is sitting in an arm-chair, with a playbook in his hand. The light from an open window falls full upon his face.[1] Stubbs sends a Horse and a Lion, a Zebra, and "a Horse belonging to the Right Hon. Lord Grosvenor, called Bandy, from its crooked leg."

There are the usual number of naval actions; some half-dozen drawings by Paul Sandby; three historical pictures by Mr. Wale—more eminent as a sign-painter and book-illustrator than in this elevated walk; four portraits by Cotes, one of O'Brien the actor;[2] a 'Peter Denying Christ,' by Hayman; Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, as Jaffier and Belvidera (now in the Garrick Club); two portraits, and a family piece by Zoffany (spelt Zaffanii in the catalogues of this time). The pictures are 140 in number, and all the works exhibited, including sculpture, architectural and other drawings, models, and engravings (whether by honorary or pro-

of the three or four half-lengths bearing her name and Sir Joshua's this is. It may have been the beautiful front-face portrait in a brown dress, leaning forward, with clasped hands, now in the possession of C. Mills, Esq., Bryan stone Square.—ED.

[1] Fulcher's Life of Gainsborough. This picture is now in the possession of John Wilshire, Esq., of Shockerwick, near Bath.

[2] The best fine-gentleman of the stage. Lady Susan Strangways, daughter of Lord Ilchester, eloped with him within a year of this time.

fessional exhibitors), 217. They had risen to this total from 130 in 1760.

The pocket-book for 1763 is wanting.

Reynolds had now once more raised his prices. On the fly-leaf of the pocket-book for 1764 I find, in his own hand, the dimensions and prices of his pictures, as follows :—

The whole length, 7 ft. 10 in. by 4 ft. 10 in. ..	150	guineas—	75
The half-length, 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. ..	70	„	35
The Kit-Kat, 3 ft. by 2 ft. 4 in.	50	„	25
The ¾-quarter, 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 1 in.	35	„	17½
The *teller de teste* (*tela di testa*, or head)— canvas 2 ft. ½ in. by 1 ft. 6½ in.[1]	30	„	15

Of these prices the half was required to be paid at the first sitting: a practice said to have been first introduced by Sir Joshua.[2]

This was a period of vehement struggles in Parliament and strong excitement and unruliness out of doors. It was the year of the great Wilkes agitation and of the famous debate on the legality of general warrants,[3] so graphically described by Walpole; when the House sat, on successive nights, eleven hours, seventeen hours, thirteen hours; when "votes were brought down in flannels and blankets, till the floor of the House looked like the Pool of Bethesda;" when the "patriotesses" of the anti-Bute party and the great

[1] Next year he dropped the distinction of price between three-quarter and head sizes.—ED.

[2] Angelo's Reminiscences, vol. i., 355.

[3] Under the date of March the 8th is the entry, "Common Council." Sir Joshua was doubtless present in the Council Chamber to hear read Lord Chief Justice Pratt's acknowledgment of the freedom of the city, presented to him the day before by the Chamberlain Sir Thomas Harrison, and to receive the order of the corporation for his Lordship's portrait, still in the Guildhall Library.

ladies of the Court faction sat out those protracted fights night after night till the March daylight peeped in at the windows; or, when they came in such shoals that admission to the pigeon-holes was denied them, established themselves in one of the Speaker's rooms, dined, and stayed there till twelve, "playing loo while their dear country was at stake." We find the leaders of these Amazonian cohorts, both on the Opposition and the Court side, among Reynolds's sitters for this year, or the year immediately preceding—the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Sandes, Lady Rockingham, and Mrs. Fitzroy; on the side of the Opposition; Lady Mary Coke and Lady Pembroke on that of the Court. The case is the same with the leading men of the time. The Leicester Fields painting-room was neutral ground, where as yet all parties might meet. If Reynolds had planned his list of sitters for 1764 to illustrate the catholicity of his own popularity, he could hardly have chosen them better. To his painting-room comes the Minister who granted the general warrant, and the Chief Justice who received the freedom of the City as a tribute of grateful respect for his judgment declaring general warrants illegal,[1] unconstitutional, and altogether void; George Grenville, Lord Bute's Chancellor of the Exchequer, crosses Sir W. Baker, the stout alderman and member for Plympton, who, as Walpole describes it, "drove the Chancellor of the Exchequer from his entrenchments;" witty and versatile Charles Townshend brings his last bon-mot on the stout heiress Miss Draycote, who has just left the painting-chair;

[1] If Wilkes does not sit to Reynolds, he has him to dinner more than once, before and after his flight to Franco.

Lord Granby, gallant, frank, and fearless, half-ashamed of serving with an administration which takes away their regiments from his best friends for a vote, may break his griefs to the Keppels, promoted to General and Admiral since their exploits at the Havannah, notwithstanding their sturdiness in Opposition; Shelburne, still holding office, but chafing against the collar, may here take counsel about the policy of resigning with Lord Holland, cynical, but always good-tempered; young Charles James Fox, just entered at Oxford, can find time to sit to Reynolds between play and politics, which already divide the empire of his vigorous and versatile mind with art and letters. Here, too, classes and callings cross each other as oddly as opinions. The Archbishops of York and Canterbury take the chair just vacated by Kitty Fisher or Nelly O'Brien; and Mrs. Abingdon makes her saucy curtsy to the painter as the august Chief Justice bows himself in. This arch and lively actress, so long the petted favourite of the public, and the torment of Mr. Garrick, was this year in her flush of London popularity, after having won all the honours of the Dublin stage, to which she had retired after her successful London début some years before as Miss Barton. Capricious and wilful as she was,[1] she seems to have been a special favourite with Reynolds. He painted her *con amore*, and always brought a strong muster of the Club to her benefits. He has never expressed sly archness better than in her sidelong face, as the Comic Muse; and

[1] For anecdotes of her, see Smith's 'Book for a Rainy Day,' p. 199, edit. 1861. There is also a capital sketch of her in Lichtenberg's letters on Garrick and the leading players of the time, written from London in 1774, and published in his works.—ED.

for hoydenish simplicity, the Saltram portrait of her, as Miss Prue, with her arms leaning on the back of her chair, and her thumb at her lips, is a masterpiece. Any other painter but Reynolds would have been in danger of falling into coarseness or ungracefulness in treating such a subject. He has managed to keep face and figure most attractive, with all their school-girl wilfulness and *gaucherie*. It is one of his most exquisite pictures for colour, and is happily in perfect preservation.[1]]

To the Exhibition of this year Reynolds contributed a Lady, whole-length (Lady Sarah Bunbury), and

A three-quarter portrait of the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, in mourning. Her husband had died the year before.

[Walpole notes the first portrait as "good," and the second as "one of his highest coloured pictures;" and it is, indeed, worthy of its lovely original, whom Sir Joshua seems to have painted with peculiar enjoyment. The fair widow leans her head upon her hand and looks upwards, as if for consolation and strength. Her arm is supported on her knee. She is in mourning, with a black veil over her head. The three names that occur most frequently in his sitters' list for the three years before this are certainly this lady's, Nelly O'Brien's, and Kitty Fisher's. Nelly O'Brien had a son born to her this year. From an allusion in one of Whitehead's letters to Lord Harcourt, the father (whom I cannot identify) seems to have been of noble family, and there

[1] Sir Joshua presented her with his picture of her in the part of Roxalana, and she had great difficulty in recovering it from the hands of Sherwin the engraver. See Smith's 'Book for a Rainy Day,' p. 205.

were doubts whether or not he had been secretly married to Nelly. Sir Charles Bunbury, the wit, turfite, and maccaroni, who had the year before married the beautiful Lady Sarah Lenox (and who was one of Reynolds's intimates), was one of the sponsors.]

In this year the Literary Club was formed, at the suggestion of Reynolds.[1] The number of members was originally limited to twelve.[2] They met once a week, on Monday evenings, at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, until 1775, when, instead of supping together, they agreed to dine once a fortnight during the sitting of Parliament; and the number of members was successively increased to thirty-five and forty.

The object of Reynolds in the establishment of this

[1] "It is rather remarkable that this celebrated social assemblage of talent might almost ascribe its origin to the Irish peer (Lord Charlemont). Some words had dropped from him on the subject to Reynolds. The latter mentioned it to Johnson, proposing his lordship as one of the first members. 'No,' was the reply, 'we shall be called Charlemont's Club; let him come in afterwards.'" (Prior's 'Life of Malone,' p. 88.)—ED.

[2] Hawkins says the original intention was to confine it to nine. The original members were Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Dr. Nugent (his father-in-law), Topham Beauclerc, Bennet Langton, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Chamier, and "unclubbable" Hawkins, who was soon cold-shouldered out, after a violent attack on Burke. In 1791 it numbered thirty-five members, and now stands at thirty-seven. A list of the members, from its foundation to June, 1792, will be found in Boswell under the year 1764; and a list of the members in 1857, in an article of the 'National Review' for that year, p. 322. Soon after the institution of the Club, Sir Joshua was speaking of it to Garrick. "I like it much," said Garrick; "I think I shall be of you." "*He* be of us!" said Johnson, when Reynolds repeated the actor's phrase to him; "how does he know we will *permit* him? The first duke in England has no right to hold such language." In fact, Garrick was not elected till March, 1773. The Society still exists and bears the proud title of *The* Club. From its seat in Soho it migrated (1783) to Prince's, in Sackville Street; to Le Telier's (afterwards Baxter's, afterwards Thomas's), in Dover Street; (1792) to Parsloe's, in St. James's Street; and (1799) to the Thatched House in the same street, where it held its meetings till the tavern was pulled down a few years ago. It now meets at the Clarendon. In 1764 Burke lived in Gerrard Street.—ED.

club was to give Johnson undisturbed opportunities of talking; and to procure for himself and his friends such opportunities of listening to his wisdom and wit, as did not often occur in the accidental intercourse of mixed society.

"Our evening toast," says Sir John Hawkins, "was *Esto perpetua*. A lady distinguished by her beauty and taste in literature (Mrs. Montague) invited us two successive years to a dinner at her house. Curiosity was her motive, and possibly a desire of intermingling with our conversation the charm of her own. She affected to consider us a set of literary men, and perhaps gave the first occasion for distinguishing the society by the name of the *Literary Club*, a distinction which it never assumed to itself."

In the summer of this year Reynolds was attacked with a dangerous illness,[1] which, however, was of short duration. His recovery was cheered by the following letter from Dr. Johnson, then on a visit in Northamptonshire:—

"Dear Sir,—I did not hear of your sickness till I heard likewise of your recovery, and therefore escaped that part of your pain which every man must feel to whom you are known as you are known to me. Having had no particular account of your disorder, I know not in what state it has left you. If the amusement of my company can exhilarate the languor of a slow recovery, I will not delay a day to come to you; for I know not how I can so effectually promote my own pleasure

[1] I do not know whether the unusual number of blank days in the sitters' list for the last three months of the year is to be explained by illness.—Ed.

as by pleasing you; in whom, if I should lose you, I should lose almost the only man whom I call a friend. Pray let me hear from yourself, or from dear Miss Reynolds. Make my compliments to Mr. Mudge.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate and most humble Servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"*August* 19, 1764."

The same year in which the life of Reynolds had been in peril, proved fatal to Hogarth, who died on the 26th of October. He lived on the opposite side of Leicester Square, but it does not appear that there was much intercourse between these great contemporaries.[1]

[1] Reynolds only refers to Hogarth once in his Discourses. After the panegyric on Gainsborough, which fills so much of the 14th Discourse, applauding him for never attempting that style of historical painting for which his previous studies had not prepared him, he goes on: "And here it naturally occurs to oppose the sensible conduct of Gainsborough in this respect to that of our own excellent Hogarth, who, with all his extraordinary talents, was not blessed with this knowledge of his own deficiency, or of the bounds which were set to the extent of his own powers. After this admirable artist had spent the greater part of his life in an active, busy, and, we may add, successful attention to the ridicule of life; after he had invented a new species of dramatic painting, in which probably he will never be equalled, and had stored his mind with infinite materials to explain and illustrate the domestic and familiar scenes of common life, which were generally, and ought to have been always, the subject of his pencil; he very imprudently, or rather presumptuously, attempted the great historical style, for which his previous habits had by no means prepared him: he was, indeed, so entirely unacquainted with the principles of this style that he was not even aware that any artificial preparation is at all necessary. It is to be regretted that any part of the life of such a genius should be fruitlessly employed. Let his failure teach us not to indulge in the vain imagination that by a momentary resolution we can give either dexterity to the hand or a new habit to the mind. I have, however, but little doubt that the same sagacity which enabled these two extraordinary men to discover their true object, and the peculiar excellence of that branch of art which they cultivated, would have been equally effectual in discovering the principles of the higher styles, if they had investigated those principles with the same eager industry which they exerted in their own department." I find two records of sales of "Hogarth's works," in Sir Joshua's price-lists.—ED.

Never were two great painters of the same age and country so unlike each other; and their unlikeness as artists was the result of their unlikeness as men; their only resemblance consisting in their honesty and earnestness of purpose. It was not to be expected that they should do each other justice, and they did not; Hogarth being the most unjust, for he ranked Reynolds below Cotes, a now forgotten portrait-painter.[1] How much of jealousy may have existed between them it is impossible to know. Distaste among painters for the works of their contemporaries is always construed into a bad passion, and often unjustly. An exact estimate of genius is never arrived at till the possessor is gone from the world. Johnson said, "*Tristram Shandy* did not last;" and Goldsmith noticed the faults of Sterne *only*. They may each have looked with some feeling of envy to the far greater immediate success than either of themselves had enjoyed; but it does not follow that Hogarth, Johnson, or Goldsmith were so dishonest as to deny the existence of the excellence they saw. I believe they saw it not.

Mr. Forster thinks Reynolds "overrated the effects of education, study, and the practice of schools:" he says, "It is matter of much regret that he should never have thought of Hogarth but as a moral satirist and a man of wit,[2] or sought a closer alliance with such

[1] There cannot fairly be said to be anything in Sir Joshua's mention of Hogarth quoted in a former note depreciatory of Hogarth's merits within the limits of his class of subjects. What Reynolds fails in is just appreciation of that class of subjects when treated by such hands as Hogarth's.—Ed.

[2] But observe the language of Reynolds, already quoted: "Admirable artist"—"a new species of dramatic painting, in which, probably, he will never be equalled." Nowhere is there any depreciation of Hogarth as *a painter*—of common life.—Ed.

philosophy and genius. But the difficult temper of Hogarth himself cannot be kept out of view. His very virtues had a stubbornness and dogmatism that repelled. What Reynolds most desired, to bring men of their common calling together, and by consent and union, by study and co-operation, establish claims to respect and continuance, Hogarth had been all his life opposing.[1] . . . . . .

"'Study the great works of the great masters for ever,' said Reynolds. 'There is only one school,' cried Hogarth, 'and that is kept by Nature.'[2] What was uttered on one side of Leicester Square was pretty sure to be contradicted on the other; and neither would make the advance that might have reconciled the views of both. Be it remembered, at the same time, that Hogarth, in the daring confidence of his more astonishing genius, kept himself at the farthest extreme."[3]

If ever pictures could be called books, Hogarth's were especially such pictures; and the best writers of the time were consequently his warmest eulogists, as all the best writers since his time have been. Hogarth numbered among his friends and admirers, Fielding, Johnson, Goldsmith, and the Hoadleys. It was impossible that a great actor could be insensible to his merit, and Garrick not only thoroughly appreciated him, but was the most liberal of his patrons. With the praises

[1] And yet he was the main, if indirect, agent in founding the Society of United Artists, the precursor of the Royal Academy. See *post*.—ED.

[2] They agreed in practice, if not in theory; for Reynolds did not neglect the school of Nature for that of Art; and Hogarth studied art as closely as he studied nature, as his own great technical excellence proves; to say nothing of his *Analysis of Beauty*, which displays as much acquaintance with art as with nature.

[3] 'Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith.'

of such men, Hogarth could afford to be considered a painter of low subjects by most of the aristocracy, who had another reason for disliking his art: he had exposed their vices and their follies with a truth not to be forgiven.

The friendship and admiration of literary men were accorded to Reynolds, not so much for his excellence as a painter—of which, indeed, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke were no judges—as for the charm of his manners and his admirable sense. These indeed drew all classes together round his table; and as he had never satirized any class, but had made himself invaluable to all as a portrait-painter, he had the patronage of all.

He never spoke of other living artists or of himself. It was not natural to him to do the last, and he probably would have been silent on his own merits had they been neglected.

Hogarth's powers as a painter were not then felt. He lived by the sale of his engravings. It was natural to him to speak of his works, and this brought on him the charge of vanity, which he thus repelled:—

"Vanity, as I understand it, consists in affirming you have done that which you have not done, not in frankly asserting what you are convinced is the truth."

"A watchmaker may say, 'The watch I have made for you is as good as Quare, or Tompion, or any other man could have made.' If it is really so, he is neither called vain, nor branded with infamy, but deemed an honest and fair man for being as good as his word. Why should not the same privilege be allowed to a painter?"

It is singular that the inaccuracy of the analogy between a machine and a work of taste should have escaped his notice. The maker of a watch is as capable of testing its value as any other person. But the painter of a picture can never be an exact judge of its merit. He may indeed underrate it; and there seems to me every reason to believe that Hogarth did not rate his own inimitable representations of life at near the value that is set on them now that almost a century has elapsed, during which nothing approaching to his inventive power has appeared.[1]

He was accustomed to say "I never was right until I had been wrong." These are not the words of a vain man.

There were (and they may possibly still be seen), in an alcove at the end of the garden of Hogarth's little villa at Chiswick, two small graves; the one of a bullfinch and the other of a dog. The inscription on the first is, or was, "Alas, poor Dick!" on the second, a parody of Churchill's epitaph on himself:

"Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies."

Hogarth had substituted the name of *Pompey* for *Churchill*, thus giving the last blow to his powerful adversary.

Soon after my arrival in London, nearly half a century ago, being at Chiswick, I was struck with the appearance of the house, and the style of the windows,

[1] Northcote, who was, perhaps, the last of that class of critics who considered him a vulgar painter, tried an imitation of him. He painted a series of pictures (the histories of two housemaids), founded on the *Industrious and Idle Apprentices*, and partly on *Pamela*. There could not be a more lamentable failure; and Northcote never forgave Hogarth.

so like such objects in his pictures that I almost expected to find the windows and the walks alive with men in bag-wigs and women in hoops. In the garden there was a large mulberry-tree. I was told by an old person who remembered Mrs. Hogarth, that she regularly invited the children of the village every summer to eat the mulberries; a custom established by her husband, and probably not discontinued by Mr. Cary, the translator of Dante, who afterwards occupied the house for some years.[1]

It is a curious circumstance that Mrs. Hogarth, for the two last years of her life, was supported by an annuity from the Royal Academy, the establishment of which her husband had always opposed. She had outlived him so long that the means he had left for her maintenance were exhausted.

[Within little more than a month of Hogarth's death his bitter assailant the satirist Churchill died, at the premature age of 33, worn out with excess and tortured by remorse. He died at Boulogne, in November, while on a visit to Wilkes, still an outlaw. From his long intimacy with Wilkes, Reynolds must have known Churchill well.]

In November, 1764, as appears by the entries in the pocket-book, Reynolds painted his whole-length of Count Lippe-Schaumbourg.[2] For a military portrait he never had a nobler subject. The Count, though

[1] Hogarth and his wife loved children. When Hogarth died, in 1764, they had two of the little foundlings from Captain Coram's Hospital, under their care, at Chiswick; and the Foundling Hospital still preserves the bill paid by Hogarth for the nursing of the little ones from October, 1760, to October, 1762, and for their shoes and stockings.—ED.

[2] Lippe-Buckebourg he is called in the books of the time.—ED.

born in London, was the Sovereign of a German Principality. He was every inch a soldier, and he stands forward on the canvas of Reynolds—

> "No carpet knight so trim,
> But in close fight a champion grim,
> In camps a leader sage."

To illustrate his entire character, however, would require another and very different picture, in which he should be surrounded with books, objects of science, pictures, and statues; for he cultivated the arts of peace as well as of war, and not from ostentation, but from love. At the head of an English army he had saved Portugal from a combined attack of France and Spain. As a statesman, also, he had conferred many political benefits on that country; and these things done, he turned his attention, as Washington did, to the improvement of agriculture among his own people.

Such a man must have interested Reynolds greatly, and in no male portrait is the painter seen to more advantage. The Count stands on an eminence with a soldierly erectness, his hands crossed over the head of his long walking-cane. Near him is a mortar, and below an orderly reins in his horse. The face is long and grave, and the pose firm and commanding. The picture is in the Royal collection. It is to be hoped, for the credit of George the Third, that it was a Royal commission. This would do something—but only something—towards relieving the memory of that King from the reproach of having neglected the greatest of English painters.

From the engagements noted in this year's pocket-book, Sir Joshua seems to have been much in society

at this time, except when prevented by the illness which has left large gaps between his working-days, not only in June, but in September, October, and November. There is a blank, too, in July, accounted for by his visit to Blenheim, where he was at the time painting the young Duke and Duchess, and where he twelve years afterwards painted that noble family piece which is still one of the chief glories of the Blenheim Gallery. I note this, as the practice of painting *out* of his own studio was quite exceptional with Reynolds. There are dinners with Mr. Warton and Dr. Blackett; with Mrs. Horneck, several times, and Mr. Chamier; with Mr. Walpole, Lord Ligonier, Mr. Nesbitt, Mrs. French, Mr. Rogers (the connoisseur and collector), Mrs. Clive (the greatest comic actress of her time, trembling for her laurels now that Mrs. Abingdon had taken the town by storm), Mr. Nixon (Secretary of the Beef-steak Club?), Mr. Brett (of the Navy Office), and Lady C. Murray; one, on the 9th of June, with Sterne, who was in London for a month at this time between his return from France and his journey to Italy; many at Lord Edgcumbe's—one of them to meet his old Plymouth friend Mudge; and one, in September, with Wilkes, which it is impossible to account for, except by supposing that daring agitator to have paid a flying visit to London *sub rosâ*, though he had been outlawed on the 5th of August on account of his non-appearance to receive the judgment of the King's Bench for sedition and obscenity, as the author of the 'North Briton,' No. 45, and the 'Essay on Woman.' There are frequent records of dinners at the Turk's Head, as well as of Monday meetings of

the Club at the same tavern; of a dinner with Lord Charlemont in December; and frequently, throughout the year, of evening assemblies at great houses. I find one note of a dinner in Dartmouth Street, Westminster, on Sunday, March the 11th, when his host, I have little doubt,[1] was Dr. Adam Smith, then in London, preparing to start for the Continent as travelling tutor to the young Duke of Buccleuch. He had been selected for the post by Charles Townshend, who had married the Duke's mother. Not less interesting is a note of a dinner engagement with Mr. Burke, on Friday the 19th of October. Burke had given up his private secretaryship under Gerard Hamilton the year before, and was now in London looking for an introduction to public life, which he obtained next year by his appointment as private secretary to Lord Rockingham.

Among the memoranda is one for November 5th: "Mr. Carlo Vanloo, at 11," and a little farther down, "copy Vanloo." Carl André Vanloo, the Director of the French Academy, who two years before this time had been appointed principal painter to Louis the Well-beloved, was in England this year, and visited Reynolds more than once. On one of these visits, when Vanloo had been boasting of his knowledge of the great masters, and the impossibility of taking him in with a copy, Reynolds showed him a study of his own, after Rembrandt, of an old woman's head, and had the pleasure of hearing Vanloo pronounce it an un-

[1] I arrived at this discovery in an interesting way. Closely examining the pocket-book for 1764, I found in one of the pockets, where it had in all probability remained undisturbed from that time to this, a tiny old-fashioned card, bearing the name of "Mr. Adam Smith," and the address "at Mrs. Hill's, Dartmouth Street, Westminster."—ED.

doubted original. This anecdote is in Northcote, and may explain the "copy Vanloo" in the pocket-book.]

List of Sitters for 1764.

January.

Duchess of Hamilton; Duchess of Ancaster; Miss Langton; Mr. Pitt; Mr. Payne; Lady Stanhope and Child; Mr. Townshend; Mrs. Hews; Lady Mary Lesly, and Lady Jane Lesly; Mr. Bennet; Miss Montague; Lady Pembroke; Duke of Bolton; Captain and Mrs. Brice; Bishop of Clonfort (Dr. Marlay); Lord Holland; Lord Westmoreland; Miss Dracourt (Draycote);[1] Mrs. Spry; Mrs. Gomm; Captain Duff; Mr. Conolly; Miss Leigh; Miss Wriothesley.

February.

Lady Shaftesbury; Lady Willoughby; Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles; Mrs. Collyear;[2] Duchess of Grafton;[3] Mrs. Harland; Master Penn; Miss Taylor; Mr. Franklin; Miss Penn; Duchess of Manchester; General Keppel; Lady Guildford; Mr. Hallet; Lady Juliana Penn; Lady Rothes; Miss Harriet Bouverie; Lady Fife; Miss Murray.

March.

Archbishop of York;[4] Lord Shelburne;[5] Lord Digby; Miss Davies; Duke of Marlborough;[6] Miss Cox; Lord Chief Justice Pratt;[7] Sir Septimus Robinson; Miss Horneck;[8] Mr. Selwyn; Mr. Willson; Lady Tyrconnel; Mr. Phipps; Miss Phipps; Mr.

[1] A great fortune of the day, who married Lord Pomfret this year. "Before I have done I must tell you one of Charles Townshend's admirable *bon-mots*. Miss Draycote, the great fortune, is grown very fat. He says 'her *tonnage* has become equal to her *poundage*.'" (See Walpole to Lord Hertford, February, 1764.)—Ed.

[2] Painted as Lesbia weeping over her swallow. The wife of Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir George Collyear, and sister of Colonel Gwynn, who married the younger Miss Horneck, Goldsmith's "Jessamy Bride." The picture, very beautiful in sentiment, and delicate in colour, passed from Mrs. Gwynn's possession into Sir W. Knighton's.—Ed.

[3] Horace Walpole's duchess — this year separated from her husband, really in consequence of the latter's infatuation for the notorious Nancy Parsons, but on the alleged ground of incompatibility of temper. She afterwards married the Earl of Upper Ossory, one of Sir Joshua's intimate friends.—Ed.

[4] Dr. Drummond. Both Archbishops sat to him this year.

[5] Now a Commissioner for Trade.

[6] George, the brother of Lady Pembroke. There is a fine portrait of him at Blenheim, and another is in Lord Normanton's Gallery. He was now Privy Seal.

[7] Afterwards Lord Camden. Reynolds's picture was painted for the Common Council, in commemoration of the judgment in the matter of general warrants. Another and better portrait is at the Moat, Lord Camden's.—Ed.

[8] Goldsmith's "Little Comedy," afterwards Mrs. Bunbury.

Blair; Master Cholmondely; Dr. Hay.[1]

April.

Mr. Elliott; Miss Windsor; Mr. Oxenden; Mrs. Ackland; Captain Pownall; Duke of Leeds; Lady C. Murray; Master Lister; Mrs. Turner; Sir Wm. Bunbury; Mr. and Mrs. Blake; Mr. Finch; Mrs. and Miss Adams; Lord Arundel; Mrs. Boothby; Lord Warwick; Mr. Digby; Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam.

May.

Sir Wm. Gage; Mr. Rothes; Lord Halifax; Mr. Lascelles, sen.; Mrs. North; Mr. Southwell;[2] Lord George Lennox; Lord Dudley; Miss O'Brien;[3] Miss Dashwood; Lady Sondes; Lady Pomfret.[4]

June.[5]

Lord Granby;[6] Sir Thomas Wentworth; Mr. Rolls; Lady Bolingbroke; Mr. Foot; Mrs. Trapaud;[7] Mr. Lane; Mr. Ogilvie; Lady Waldegrave.

July.[8]

Mr. Woodcock; Marquis of Carmarthen; Mr. Grenville;[9] Mr. Haldane; Miss Kitty Fisher; Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tucker).

August.[10]

Mrs. Hales; Mrs. Abington;[11] Mrs. Hope;[12] Lord Fitzwilliam; Colonel Hale; Admiral Keppel; Lady Winterton; Lord Winterton; Mr. Bagot; Mrs. Gosling; Miss Richmond.

September.[13]

Miss St. John;[14] Mr. Cotton; General Sandford;[15] Miss Keppel; Mrs. Woodcock.

October.

Lord Ossulstone; Mr. Fox;

[1] A Lord of the Admiralty (engraved).

[2] Afterwards corrected into Sotheron.

[3] Very often through the summer.

[4] She began her sittings in January as Miss Draycote; she now continues them as Lady Pomfret.—ED.

[5] There are blanks in June from the 16th to the 23rd.

[6] At this time Master General of the Ordnance.

[7] The beautiful wife of Col. Trapaud. One of his sweetest portraits.

[8] Sunday, July 1st, Sir Joshua went to Blenheim. No entries until July 20th, on which day Miss Fisher sits. —ED.

[9] George, now head of the administration. The picture is at Petworth.

[10] On August 21st, an entry, "Mr. Reynolds has promised Colonel Keppel to send the Duke of Cumberland's picture home to-day."

[11] The actress. He painted her at least five times: *au naturel* in her cardinal—the picture of this year—as Roxalana, as Miss Prue, as Lady Teazle, and as the Comic Muse, now at Knowle—full-length, with a mask in the hand, and a sly, sidelong humour in the expression.

[12] Wife of the great capitalist, money-merchant, and banker.

[13] From the 4th to the 11th there are no appointments. Again the 12th, 14th, and 15th, are blank.

[14] She began her sittings as Miss St. John, but finishes them as Lady Coventry.

[15] "*Mem.*—General Sandford's mare at Mr. Doggen's, in North Audley Street."

Mr. O'Hara; Mr. Macartney;[1] Lady Coventry; Sir Samson Gideon.[2]

November.[3]

Count Lippe;[4] Governor Boone;[5] Duchess of Richmond.

December.[6]

Mr. Lowten; Lord Cardross; Duchess of Marlborough; Miss Griffin.

[1] Afterwards corrected into Sir G. Successively Russian Minister, Governor of Grenada and Madras, and Ambassador Extraordinary to China.

[2] Afterwards Lord Eardly, son of the great loan-contractor, the Rothschild of his day, who died in 1762.

[3] In November some of the appointments are struck out. I retain only those which were kept.—Ed.

[4] Count of La Lippe-Buckebourg, commander of the troops sent to Portugal to aid that country against the Spaniards and French in 1762.

[5] M.P. for Castle Rising, and Governor of South Carolina.

[6] Copy of Mr. Grenville. Copy of Lord Chief Justice Pratt.

CHAPTER IV.

1765—1768. ÆTAT. 42—45.

Political aspect of the year — Burke's entry into public life — Barry — Goldsmith — Notes contributed by Reynolds to Johnson's edition of Shakespear — A paper by him, probably intended for the *Idler* — Pictures exhibited by Reynolds in 1765 — Barry's commendation of him — His management of costume — Exhibition of 1765 — West — Vanloo — Wilson — G. Hamilton — Zoffany — Mortimer — Wright, of Derby — Dinner-engagements of the year — Sitters for 1765 — (1766) Rockingham Administration — Burke's advance in public life — The Club — 'The Vicar of Wakefield' — 'The Clandestine Marriage' — Mrs. Abingdon sitting to Reynolds — Isaac Barré — Wilkes — Angelica Kauffman — Makes acquaintance with the Thrales — At the play — Pictures exhibited this year — West's 'Pylades' and Orestes' — The Misses Horneck — Dinner-engagements and sitters of the year — Fall of the Rockingham Administration — (1767) Death of Lord Tavistock — Contrasted character of Reynolds's sitters — 'La Cecchina'—The gay side of Reynolds's habits and associates — His political bent and its consequences — Interview between the King and Dr. Johnson — Reading of 'The Good-Natured Man' at Burke's — Mr. Bott — Portrait of the Speaker; his wig — Foote — Dinner-engagements of the year — Quotations from letters by Burke — Portrait of Dr. Zachariah Mudge by Reynolds — Reynolds does not exhibit in 1767 — The Exhibition of that year — List of sitters for 1767 — (1768) 'The Good-Natured Man' produced — Portrait by him of Miss Ann Cholmondely — Dissensions in the Incorporated Society of Artists — Reynolds visits Paris — His diary on the road and at Paris — Formation of the Royal Academy — Earlier attempts made to establish an Academy — Claims of the Royal Academy to the gratitude of the country — Reynolds knighted by George III. — His exertions to render the Exhibitions of the Academy attractive — Four Honorary Members of the Academy appointed at the suggestion of Reynolds — He suggests the annual dinner — List of sitters for 1768.

[THIS year was prolific of public events: some—like the Colonial Stamp resolution, which was the tocsin of war in America—hardly noted at the moment;[1] others,

[1] Horace Walpole says, "There has been nothing of note in Parliament but one slight day on the American taxes, which Charles Townshend supporting, received a pretty hearty thump from Barré." (To the Earl of Hertford, Feb. 12, 1765.)

—like the Regency Bill—of purely personal and temporary interest, but which changed the fates of ministers, and at the time convulsed the capital. The political history of the year is chiefly connected with the painter by the death of his steady patron the Duke of Cumberland, and the entrance into public life of one of his dearest, most intimate, and most valued friends, Edmund Burke. When the Grenville ministry fell, and the ineffectual combinations which followed its dissolution were closed by the establishment of the Rockingham administration, Burke, who had already established a reputation for singular capacity in public business, as well as for conversational and literary powers, was, in July, appointed private secretary to Lord Rockingham, on the introduction of his friend Fitzherbert, one of the new Commissioners for Trade. There was an understanding at the time that the private secretary should have a borough; but he did not take his seat for Wendover till the next year. But even in 1765 we know from his letters that he was a busy, unseen influence in the Cabinet. It is easy to conceive how the Club must have rejoiced in the opening of this opportunity to their most brilliant member,—the one man who could contest the supremacy in talk with the great Johnson. Reynolds was, of all Burke's non-political associates, the man likeliest to be chosen as his confidant and adviser at this turning-point of his fortunes. Burke had, besides, made a claim about this time upon Reynolds's professional aid in favour of James Barry, an uncouth, enthusiastic, passionate young Irish painter, the son of a Cork coasting skipper, whom Burke had first befriended in Dublin and now invited to London.

Barry was there copying pictures under the direction of Athenian Stuart, and bringing his work to Reynolds for his judgment and advice. Another member of the Club whose fortunes were on the rise was Dr. Goldsmith. The 'Vicar of Wakefield' was written and sold, the 'Traveller' had appeared. Gradually working up from the squalor of Green-Arbour Court and the comparative decency of Mrs. Fleming's Islington lodgings (where however he could not sport his oak against the bailiffs), Goldsmith had this summer reached his second stage in the Temple. He had left the shabby chambers which he shared with Jeffs the butler on the library staircase, for rooms in 3, King's Bench Walk, where I find Reynolds engaged to dine with him in July.

Johnson was now fighting off the pressure put upon him by the publishers for his edition of 'Shakspere.' He had published proposals for the work in 1756, with the promise that it should be completed by Christmas, 1757. Three years after that time he was satirized by Churchill for the delay of a publication for which he had taken subscriptions. Reynolds and others of his friends were alarmed for his reputation, and endeavoured by every means to induce him to fulfil his engagement. They entangled him in a wager for its performance within a given period,—and Reynolds, as an additional stimulus, offered to furnish him with some notes. The edition was published in October this year. In the preceding July the University of Dublin had bestowed on Johnson the degree of Doctor of Laws, but he is "Mr. Johnson" to the last in Reynolds's pocket-book.]

Among the manuscripts of Reynolds that have been

placed in my hands by Miss Gwatkin, are the following fragments, which he may have intended to shape into a note on Shakespear, in addition to those which he actually contributed.

"Whatever is expressed in common words, colloquial language, is never, nor can be, forcibly expressed to the imagination. Indeed, a very little reflection will show this ever must be the case; the mode of expression which you hear every day and on every occasion must in its nature be feeble; that is, from its frequency must have lost the power of touching and affecting us.

"To express an immense space of uncultivated country, to call it 'a waste desert,' excites no particular impression of its being not used for the advantage of man, for no other reason but because it is a common expression. Its beauty and excellence is lost in its familiarity. But when Shakespear,[1] instead of 'deserts waste,' calls them 'deserts idle,' he immediately excites a fresh (idea) . . . of their being useless to mankind." . . . . "Does not wit likewise often consist in using the second word,—not that which first occurs, and has been worn out?"

Reynolds liked to exchange the pencil for the pen; and it is probable that, when not engaged in company, he often spent his evenings in writing. His mind was one that could not endure inactivity.

Among his manuscripts are two rough draughts,

[1] Reynolds always spells the name thus, making its heroic derivation plain, according to modern orthography. Burns was thinking of Shakespear when he said of Bruce that he "*shook* the Carrick spear." Why then obscure its meaning because the poet wrote it *Shakspere*? His editors might as well restore his orthography throughout, and we should then have *dolphin* for dauphin.

evidently intended to be polished into a letter for some periodical work, most likely the *Idler*. The first of these sketches begins thus:

"I am the daughter of a person of considerable rank in this country, of rank sufficient to call together the wits and men of talents in whatever way, and they were proud of the invitations. Our general dinners were made up of what I believe were very sensible men. They were certainly men who had distinguished themselves either in the House of Lords, Commons, or at the Bar."[1]

The imaginary writer goes on to say, that among these, a man "not young nor handsome," so captivated her with his wit, that she conceived no life could be so happy as to dine every day with such a man. She made advances which were responded to, and she became his wife contrary to the advice of her parents and friends.

"I determined," she writes, "to prefer sense (and) mind to personal accomplishments, and every other external consideration. That I do not absolutely repent yet is certain; and it is certain my husband is not the man I took him for. I do not insinuate that he wants understanding, (and) good nature, or is a bad man in any respect; but he is the dullest creature I ever knew. He talks of news and family affairs as insipidly, as clear of all wit and imagination, and is as great a mopus in his own family, when we have no company, as my poor old father, or any other honest plain gentleman."

"Now, my question to you is this:—Whether you

[1] These two last sentences are admirable. She only *believes* they were sensible men; but it is *certain* they had distinguished themselves, &c.

do not think my husband does not in some measure come under the denomination of a swindler; from his having procured a very agreeable wife with a very good fortune upon false pretences?"

In the other fragment the same story is told with a difference merely in the language. Reynolds, no doubt, intended to show that men distinguished for conversational powers are apt to prepare themselves for a dinner party, to dress their minds as well as their persons, and to exert all their powers of pleasing; while, in their families, they take no such trouble. The lady, it will be observed, accuses her husband of dullness only when there is no company.

[To the exhibition of 1765 Reynolds contributed only two pictures: a second one of Lady Sarah Bunbury, this time represented as sacrificing to the Graces,[1] and an anonymous female portrait, Kit-kat size. Lady Sarah had been one of the painter's favourite sitters for the last three years. Her name occurs very often n his pocket-book, and his visits to Holland House, where she lived, before her marriage, with her sister and brother-in-law, are frequent. This is the stateliest picture he has painted of her. She kneels at a footstool before a flaming tripod, over which the triad of the Graces look down upon her as she makes a libation in their honour. A kneeling attendant behind, only less beautiful than her mistress (and painted, probably, from Lady Susan Strangways), pours wine from a flagon. Lady Sarah was still in the full

[1] "She never *did* sacrifice to the Graces," remarks Mrs. Piozzi: "her face was gloriously handsome, but she used to play cricket and eat beefsteaks on the Steyne at Brighton."—ED.

glow of that singular loveliness which, it was whispered, had four years ago won the heart of the King, and all but placed an English queen upon the throne. Though the colouring has lost much of its richness, the lakes having faded from Lady Sarah's robes, and left what was once warm rose-colour a cold faint purple, the picture takes a high place among the works of its class—the full-length allegorical. To me these pictures are indescribably inferior in charm to those in which Reynolds has painted the women of his time, in the clothes they usually wore, and engaged in everyday occupations or amusements, however commonplace—playing with their babies, feeding their chickens, or caressing their lapdogs. The most trivial of these occupations has at least reality about it, and accommodates itself to the air and dress of the woman. Not so with his Junos and Hebes, filling Jove's cup or reaching down the cestus, his Thaises with their torches, and Dianas with their crescents and javelins. With all the painter's feeling for colour and grace of line, he failed in inventing any costume which satisfies the eye as well as even the ugliest of the many ugly fashions of his day. This point of costume gave him great trouble. The late Duchess Dowager of Rutland told Mr. F. Grant, R.A., that Sir Joshua made her try on eleven different dresses before he painted her "in that bedgown." No doubt the "bedgown" was the dress with the least marked character about it,—the nearest to that "generalized" drapery which Reynolds's theory required him to seek, though his natural inclination or the happy obstinacy of the ladies forced him, in so many cases, to paint the fashions of the time. In the eighteenth century there

is no separating of people from their clothes; no possibility of successfully "idealising" high têtes and long stomachers, sacques and cardinals. Another reason which, to my thinking, greatly impairs the value of Reynolds's full-lengths is, that so much of them devolved on the drapery-man. Peter Toms, and Reynolds's pupils, Marchi,[1] Berridge, and Baron, were now working for him in this capacity. Gainsborough, if I may judge from what I know of his pictures, painted his ladies with a certain generalizing management of their actual dresses, invariably reducing the circumference of petticoats, and getting rid of buckram generally, but never mythologizing his sitters. He was an exhibitor this year of a fine full-length equestrian portrait of General Honeywood, which the King was anxious to buy, and which is marked in Walpole's catalogue as "very good," and of a portrait of Colonel Nugent (a son of Lord Clare), killed in the West Indies some time before. West exhibits, for the second time, a Jupiter and Europa, a Venus and Cupid, and two portraits. The Chevalier Vanloo, too, was now living in Jermyn Street, trying in vain to draw away sitters by the attraction of his foreign order and his smooth, characterless pencil. He died this year. Wilson exhibits three landscapes. Barry appreciated them, if the connoisseurs and purchasers turned coldly away. "The colouring of Wilson," he says in one of his letters of this date, "is very masterly; his style of design is more grand, more consistent, and more poetical than

[1] I find in one of Reynolds's MS. books, "Nov. 22, 1764. Agreed with Giuseppe Marchi that he should live in my house and paint for me for one half-year from this day; I agreeing to give him fifty pounds for the same. Joshua Reynolds. G. Marchi."—ED.

any other person's amongst us." But Barry praised Gavin Hamilton's "Achilles and Patroclus," also exhibited this year, and maintained his opinion in its favour with heat against older painters,—Reynolds, perhaps, among the number.[1] Zoffany exhibits Garrick as Sir John Brute. Mortimer, and Joseph Wright of Derby, are among the few other exhibitors whose names have survived to this day.

By help of the pocket-book of this year we may trace Sir Joshua in his dinners and card-parties among old friends and new acquaintance. His visits to the Club are often noted. We know from Johnson's correspondence that he was one of its most regular attendants. Mr. Anthony Chamier's and the Hornecks' seem still to have been his favourite dinner-houses. I find several Sunday engagements with Mr. Walpole and Mr. Wilkes. I infer, from the very intricate and careful directions as to the whereabouts of the latter, that Wilkes must, during the latter part of this year, have secretly run over from Paris, whither he returned from Naples near the close of September, and lain *perdu* at a farm-house near Teddington.[2] There are also Twickenham dinners

[1] The passionate young Irish painter, at this time, was fervent in his admiration of Reynolds. He writes to Dr. Sleigh, this year, "We have had two exhibitions since I wrote to you: the pictures that struck me most were Lady Sarah Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces, and Lady Waldegrave. They are some of Mr. Reynolds's best works, which is the highest praise they can have." He is struck (he tells the friendly Doctor) "with the great advance of portrait-painting since it got into the hands of Mr. Reynolds," and dwells upon "the greatness and delicacy of his style, the propriety of his characters, his great force of light and shadow, and taste of colouring."

[2] Thus in September occurs, "Mr. Wilkes: first to go to Teddington church, and, turning to the right after passing the church, 2nd house on the right, Stephen, farmer and maltster, at Bolston, Hampton-Wick." I refer these entries to John Wilkes, as the entries referring to his brothers give their Christian names, Israel or E. for Heaton.

with Hudson and "unclubbable" Hawkins, that pompous attorney and Middlesex magistrate, who seems to have held a place of such unaccountable prominence in the best literary society of the day; with Owen Cambridge, in later years the friend of Fanny Burney, one of the liveliest contributors to 'The World,' a man of great attainments and universal popularity; with Garrick and Penny the painter, and Chambers the architect; with Dr. Markham and the Bishop of Bristol; with Lord Egremont, Lord Tyrconnel, and Mr. Fitzherbert: the last within a fortnight of Burke's appointment as Private Secretary to Lord Rockingham, to which Fitzherbert's recommendation had powerfully contributed. We may conceive how cordially the young Secretary's health was drunk, what auguries were indulged in, what friendly wishes reciprocated.

One dinner, at Mrs. Cholmondeley's, is emphasized by the addition "turtle." I have already mentioned his dinners with Goldsmith in the Temple. There are records, too, of engagements at picture auctions, and at the festival of the Sons of the Clergy, in which society Sir Joshua always took a warm interest. There is a Sunday visit to Guildhall, probably to fix a place for his portrait of Chief Justice Pratt, who, under his new title of Lord Camden, this year sat for the finishing touches of his portrait.

The list of sitters for 1765 is smaller than for any preceding year, and the gaps in the appointments more numerous. The lady who sits on Tuesday October 1st, and who has entered herself under the name of "Clarinda," I am unable positively to identify. The name may be a playful entry by Kitty Clive, or Mrs. Abingdon,

both of whom played Clarinda in the 'Suspicious Husband;' or by lively Miss Pope, who, about that date, had appeared as Clarinda in a comedy long since forgotten.

January.

Duchess of Ancaster; Mr. Parker; Captain Foot; Mr. Fox; Lady Waldegrave; Sir W. Boothby;[1] Sir J. and Lady Hodges; Lady Coventry; Captain Pownall; Lady Sarah Bunbury; Duchess of Richmond; Lady Bolingbroke; Colonel Keppell; Governor Boone; Mr. O'Hara; Lady Boynton.

February.

Miss Macgill;[2] Mr. Hoggett (Hagget); Lord Kilbrazil (Clanbrassil); Captain (afterwards written Mr.) Matheson, Mr. Elliot.[3]

March.[4]

Mr. Blake;[5] Lord Chief Justice Pratt; Duchess of Marlborough; Dr. Smith; Miss Bouverie; Lady Stanhope; Lady Eliz. Lee; Mrs. Watson.[6]

April.[7]

Lady Catherine Beauclerk; Lady C. Dundas; Lord Bruce; Mr. Greenway; Archbishop of York; Lord Dunmore; Miss Greenway; Mr. Sedgwick;[8] Lord Herbert;[9] Mrs. Abingdon.

May.[10]

Dr. Gisbrough; Miss Murray;[11] Miss O'Brien (Nelly); Lady Fife; Admiral Keppell; Mrs. Croft; Lord Arundel; Miss Lister; Miss

[1] A member of the household of the Duke of York. A leading maccaroni and man of pleasure.

[2] Afterwards Countess of Clanwilliam.

[3] Copy of Lord Holland for Mr. Taylor.

[4] No sitters from 4th to 10th; from 11th to 17th only Lord Chief Justice Pratt.

[5] Afterwards Sir Patrick Blake, husband of Lady Blake (Annabella Bunbury). He was a famous Newmarket man. It was not he, but his brother, who made a great noise in 1774, by his bet of 1000 guineas that he would find a man to live under water for 12 hours. The wager came off at Plymouth: the man was *thought* to have gone down in a vessel constructed for the purpose, and never reappeared; but there seems to have been some doubt about the fact of his having been in the submarine boat at the time she sunk, and she was never got up to verify the fact. Mr. Blake's portrait—a full-length, in a red coat with blue lapels, white waistcoat, breeches, and gaiters, and a hawk on his wrist—is at Barton, the seat of the Bunburys, in very good condition.—ED.

[6] On a Sunday, and again in April. ? A model.

[7] *Mem.*—Bambino.

[8] Solicitor and Clerk of the Reports to the Commissioners of Trade.

[9] Son of the Earl of Pembroke, for the picture of him standing with his book at his mother's knee.

[10] *Mem.*—Lord Holland's picture for Mr. Powel.

[11] A little Scotch girl with a dog; now in Lord Normanton's gallery.

Popham; Sir Geoffroy Amherst;[1] Capt. Duncombe.

June.[2]

Mr. Thompson; Lord Pembroke; Mr. Lascelles; Lord Carysfort; Lord Halifax; Master and Miss Proby; Lord Eglinton; Mr. Angerstein; Miss Cells.[3]

July.

Miss Montagu; Lord North; Mr. Wright; Mrs. Paine; Miss Paine; Miss Polly Paine; Lady Wordon (Warden).

August.

Mrs. Cholmondely; Lord Tavistoke; Mrs. Hancock;[4] Lord Camden; Mr. Stuart.

September.

Mr. Fitzroy; Sir Charles Saunders; Mr. and Mrs. Roffey; Miss Oliver; Archbishop of Canterbury.

October.[5]

Mrs. Cowley; Mr. Mitchell; Mr. Bourdieu; Sir Gervase Clifton; Duchess of Douglas; Mr. Hopkins; Mr. Roffey, jun.

November.

Mr. Bunbury; Captain Hartwell; Mr. Townsend; Mr. Chas. Price; Lady Broughton; Mr. Bowlby;[6] Lord Hardwick; Sir Bryan Broughton.

December.

Lord Erwin (Irwin); Miss Hornecks; Miss Jones; Lord Albemarle; Mr. Cholmondely; Lady Arundel; Mr. Greville.

The impress of the Rockingham administration is apparent on the painter's sitters for 1766. Lord Albemarle and Sir Charles Saunders, the Dukes of Portland and Devonshire, Lord Hardwicke, General Conway, Mr. Burke, and Lord Rockingham himself, successively took their seats in Reynolds's chair—all holders of high office—some during, and some after the close of, that briefest, but immeasurably most creditable, administration of the distracted ten years which followed the accession of George III.

[1] Afterwards Lord Amherst, the conqueror of Canada.

[2] *Mem.*—Lord Granby's horse, on June 3rd, at 11.

[3] Entered as Mrs. Cells on 2nd Sept. She seems to have been a model.

[4] Once entered Miss, but apparently a mistake.

[5] Tuesday, October 1, "Clarinda." From 21st to 29th October a blank.

[6] A protégé of the Duke of Northumberland's, held a commissionership of excise, was a member of the Dilettanti Club, and married a sister of the first Duke of Montague.

This year saw the first commanding strides of Reynolds's greatest and closest friend Edmund Burke on that public career which opened when he took his seat for Wendover on the 14th of January. He was not long silent. On the 26th of the same month his maiden speech in favour of receiving the petition of the American Congress extorted from Pitt congratulations on the acquisition the Ministry had made in such a supporter. But it was not till seven days after his début that Burke really showed the power that was in him; in his speech in support of General Conway's motion declaring the power of the King and Parliament over the colonies in all cases whatsoever. A fresh triumph awaited him in the decisive debate of the 21st of February, which ended in the one great triumph of the first Rockingham administration—the repeal of the American Stamp Act. Throughout all the other struggles of that brief but most gallant ministry, Burke was the foremost man—as orator, as writer, as counsellor, and guide. Never, in all parliamentary experience before or since, was such a position so taken by storm. The mutual regard of Reynolds and Burke was so strong that it is impossible not to believe that every one of these triumphs had its separate joy for the quiet painter in Leicester Fields. All his parliamentary sitters must have been sounding Burke's praises, or grumbling at his audacity. We may easily conceive how Reynolds shifted his trumpet when some old courtier or placeman, like Halifax or Carysfort, some thick-and-thin King's Friend, like Dyson or Selwyn, or some maccaroni, like Sir Charles Bunbury or Mr. Crewe, took up the fashionable sneer against "the Irish adventurer." Out-

side of the studio, the houses Sir Joshua most frequented were houses where Burke was known, loved, and welcomed,—Mrs. Horneck's, and Chamier's, Fitzherbert's, and Thrale's. At the Club, Burke's magnificent success was a matter of pride and rejoicing even to Johnson, his bitter political opponent. He laments, in a letter to Langton,[1] "the loss of Burke's company since he has been engaged in public business;" and tells of his two speeches, which have been publicly commended by Pitt, and have filled the town with wonder. The same letter gives us a peep into the dingy little upstairs parlour at the Turk's Head, where Dyer is constant; Hawkins remiss (and no great loss): Johnson himself not over diligent; Dr. Nugent, Dr. Goldsmith, and Reynolds *very* constant.

There were new glories too this year for other friends of the painter besides Burke. Goldsmith published the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' that sweetest and freshest of prose idylls, with conspicuous success. Garrick and Colman—both intimates of the Leicester Fields circle—obtained a joint triumph in the 'Clandestine Marriage.' They afterwards contested their respective contributions to the play with not a little jealousy; and Reynolds more than once acted as peacemaker between them. There are engagements for dinners with Goldsmith, to provide which some of Newberry's scanty payments for the 'Vicar' may have been melted. An engagement is noted for "the play" on Thursday, March 6th, when the 'Clandestine Marriage' was commanded by their Majesties. The comedy was then in the flush of its

[1] Of March 9.

first success, having been produced on the 20th of February.

Mrs. Abingdon was sitting to Reynolds at this time, and he was, no doubt, destined to hear many a complaint of the shameful way she had been treated by Garrick in casting her for the trifling part of Betty in the new play. "She could not keep her name out of the bills; but she would not have it printed in the play, which Tom Davies was publishing, — and so she had told Garrick." Mrs. Abingdon was one of those women who have their way. In the cast prefixed to Tom Davies's edition of the 'Clandestine Marriage' there is a blank opposite the name of Betty. The very day after his visit to the theatre Reynolds has an engagement to tea and cards with Mrs. Clive at her lodgings in Jermyn Street. Here the jovial, ugly, witty, sensible actress (who by her bustle and humour is recorded to have saved the fifth act of the new comedy, endangered by want of sufficient rehearsal) may have accepted, in her hearty way, a compliment on her acting of Miss Heidelberg from the courtly painter, who, with all his blandness, had a keen sense of the humorous: so keen, indeed, that it is one of the very points in his character noted by Burke in his remarks on Sir Joshua, written for Malone, a short time after the painter's death, in ink blotted as if by the writer's tears.[1]

Among the actresses and beauties, Peers, Generals, and Admirals, members of the House of Commons, Ministers and maccaroni — whose names make the

[1] This interesting paper is in the possession of Mr. John Forster.—ED.

pocket-book for 1766 (like all the series, indeed) the most vivid reflector of the time, in which pass before us, still and quiet as in a camera obscura, the figures of those who are moving, working, bustling in the outer world—is the name of an orator little less audacious and impassioned, if less profound, than Burke himself. This is Isaac Barré, the son of the Dublin grocer, first a struggling soldier of fortune,—one of those who supported the dying Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham,—now the member for High Wycombe, the fast friend and most trusted aide-de-camp of Lord Shelburne, a speaker formidable even to the Great Commoner himself. He sits to Sir Joshua as "Col. Barry." I suppose Sir Joshua's spelling is the Dublin grocer's, which the Colonel abandoned for the more foreign-looking "Barré." We hardly need the note on the fly-leaf of the pocket-book to tell us that "Col. Barry's picture is for Lord Shelburne." We may still see in this picture, now in Lord Camden's[1] possession, how vigorously Reynolds's pencil, though always favouring beauty, has dealt with that strongly-marked physiognomy which Walpole has painted with the harsh colours he never failed to apply to any friend of Lord Shelburne: "A black, robust man, of a military figure, rather hard-favoured than not; young, with a peculiar distortion on one side of his face, which, it seems, was a bullet lodged loosely in his cheek, and which gave a savage glare to one eye."

Reynolds painted Barré again, in a group with

[1] Lord Shelburne's pictures were dispersed at the death of the 1st Marquis of Lansdowne. The late revered and lamented Marquis had himself been the acquirer of every picture in his noble gallery; and, what is still rarer in his class, was always his own buyer, never having surrendered himself to the dictation of the professional "Entremetteurs des beaux arts."—ED.

Dunning, Lord Ashburton, and his friend Lord Shelburne (now in Sir Francis Baring's collection). In both cases he has turned the wounded side of Barré's face away from the spectator.

Another conspicuous though sinister figure of the time comes upon us in Reynolds's pocket-book,—a frequent shifter of his addresses, so that the painter, in noting his several engagements with him, generally appends the direction: at one time (Friday, March 21st) in St. John's Square (at the house probably of his brother Heaton), at another (Thursday, August 28th) in an out-of-the way lodging, "the second turning past Teddington Church." The eyes have a portentous squint, the lips wear a Mephistophelic grin, and yet there is a charm in the acuteness and humour of the physiognomy, in spite of the uneasy, sidelong, glancing look, as of one who fears pursuers. It is Wilkes: still an outlaw, but braving the chances of arrest for the purposes of political intrigue or personal pleasure. We know from other sources that he was in London this year, in violation of his promise given to Ministers, and that he went to see Garrick in Kitely.[1] We know, too, that in November he openly returned and addressed a letter to the Duke of Grafton, hoping that the rigour of long, unmerited exile was past, and that he might be allowed to continue in the land and among the friends of

[1] This was early in May. He had come over with Mr. Lachlan Macleane, determined either to make his fortune out of the fears of the Rockingham Administration, or to annoy it to the utmost. Burke, at Lord Rockingham's request, saw him, in company with Fitzherbert. Wilkes demanded a free pardon, a sum of money, and a pension of 1500*l.* Burke at last induced him to compound for a handsome douceur of 300*l.* or 400*l.*, from Lord Rockingham's private purse, and to return to Paris.—ED.

liberty. I find in the course of this year not fewer than seven engagements to Wilkes, either for dinner or the evening.[1] Reynolds's attraction to the society of Wilkes must have been personal, not political. If, as there is every reason to believe, the painter agreed in opinions with Burke, he could have felt a very imperfect political sympathy with the intriguing, though determined demagogue, whose wit, good humour, and keen observation of human weaknesses and follies, were all needed to reconcile his decent friends to his coarseness and ridicule of most things respectable or venerable. Still it must not be forgotten, that, besides being the most agreeable of companions, Wilkes was the champion of a good fight, and that he could not have maintained his battle with more unflinching courage, had his motives been as pure as his cause was sacred.

The pocket-book calls up a pleasanter recollection by its frequent entries of "Miss Angelica." This is the pretty and graceful Angelica Kauffman, whose pictures, feeble as they are, were thought wonderful in her own time, and procured her a place on the original roll of Academicians in 1768. Her name in the pocket-book is sometimes contracted into "Miss Angel," and once has the suggestive addition "Fiori." Had Reynolds been reminding himself to buy her flowers? She had come to London only the year before, under the protection of Lady Wentworth, and had appeared as an exhibitor for the first time, in 1765, among the Associated Painters, at "Mr. Moreing's great room in Maiden Lane," with that never-failing contribution of this date,

[1] They are for January 13, February 2 and 22, March 11 and 21, August 28, and December 6.

a portrait of Garrick. This year she had sent to the same exhibition a "Shepherd and Shepherdess of Arcadia moralizing at the side of a sepulchre, while others are dancing at a distance:" a subject used originally by Guercino, and imitated from him by Sir Joshua in his picture of Mrs. Bouverie and Mrs. Crewe a few years later.[1]

Report gave Reynolds out as an admirer of the accomplished Angelica. He painted her portrait twice; and she painted his for his friend Mr. Parker of Saltram. Smith declares she was a sad coquette. "Once she professed to be enamoured of Nathaniel Dance; to the next visitor she would disclose the great secret that she was dying for Sir Joshua Reynolds."

This year the names of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale occur in the pocket-book for the first time. Johnson had made their acquaintance the year before, and now their kindness had cheered him under the fits of despondency which clouded part of this spring and summer. There are engagements with the Thrales for Saturday the 12th and Thursday the 17th of September, when Johnson was at Streatham, and Reynolds, no doubt, made one of the party.

There are two visits to the play recorded, besides that of March: one, which I think must have been to see Garrick in Sir John Brute, and his favourite Mrs. Abingdon in Lady Fanciful; another, in December, to see his friend Dr. Franklin's dull tragedy of the 'Earl of Warwick,' in which Mrs. Yates then, and Mrs. Siddons afterwards, showed the town how grand a great actress can be in a part which in weaker hands would infallibly betray its own poverty and commonplace. I

[1] I find a sketch of Guercino's picture in Reynolds's Roman note-book.—ED.

have been told by a most competent critic[1] that, in the Margaret of Anjou of this feeble and stilted tragedy, Mrs. Siddons produced even more effect than in Lady Macbeth. Mrs. Yates, in 1766, was the rage in the same character, and "drowned the pit," in spite of that "too much tottering about and too much flumping down" complained of by Kitty Clive, in one of her most amusing, oddly-spelt letters.

Sir Joshua contributed four pictures to the year's exhibition: Mrs. Hale, as Euphrosyne (from 'L'Allegro'); a half-length of the Marquis of Granby; another of Sir Geoffrey Amherst; and a group of Mr. Paine, the architect, and his son. Of these, I cannot but class the Euphrosyne among his few ungraceful pictures.[2] When Reynolds failed, it was always in the allegorical and mythological; and in this instance, though dealing with a beautiful woman, he has not to my mind been at all fortunate. The disposition of the hair, streaming upwards, is singularly unlovely, and this is the stranger with a painter who has made even the yard-high "têtes" and yard-wide "frisures" of his own time tolerable to us by the exquisite taste of his treatment. Sir Geoffrey Amherst, in armour, looking up from the study of his campaign map, is one of his manliest and most powerful male portraits. The same praise is due to his well-known Marquis of Granby, so often repeated by Reynolds and his copyists. Who that knows Reynolds's pictures at all can fail to remember that shining bald

[1] F. Fladgate, Esq., Treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre, and the most trustworthy custodian I know of reminiscences of the great Kemble family.—Ed.

[2] Now at Lord Harewood's. Mrs. Hale had been Miss Challoner, and was sister of Anne, Countess of Harewood.

head, that bluff kindly face, with the bright cuirass under the loose coat of the Blues, and the arm flung across the withers of his charger? It adds much to the interest of this particular picture that it was painted, as I learn from Horace Walpole's note in the catalogue of this year, for the Maréchal de Broglie, one of the commanders so handsomely beaten by the Allies at Kirckdenckirk, when the Marquis of Granby, in command of the English cavalry, contributed mainly to the defeat of the Maréchal and the Prince de Soubise. The group of Mr. Paine and his son is now in the Bodleian collection, and is one of the painter's masterpieces. The father, in a dark riding-coat, is sitting at a table giving directions about an architectural design, while his son, in a light satin vest, leans over his father's shoulder, with an attentive eye fixed on the plan. The light and shade are singularly effective; the faces, in the highest degree manly and expressive, have the look of excellent likenesses.

Gainsborough had four pictures in this year's exhibition: portraits of Garrick and Dr. Charlton of Bath, a family group, and a landscape. Three of Reynolds's pupils—Mr. Barron, Mr. Berridge, and Mr. Parry—figure in the catalogue for a portrait apiece. Marchi, too, who accompanied Reynolds from Rome as a boy, has a kit-kat; but he has left his master's house, and is now lodged at Mrs. Maberly's, Maiden Lane. Mr. Hudson sends four portraits, like Reynolds; Mr. Kettle as many; Mr. Robert Pine three; and Mr. Francis Cotes six. Mr. William Coply—a self-taught American painter, afterwards to be better known as John Singleton Copley—from "Boston, New England," contributes 'A

Boy with a flying squirrel;' but the great crowd of the year is round Mr. West's pictures, 'The Continence of Scipio,' 'Pylades and Orestes, its companion;' 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' 'Diana and Endymion, its companion;' and 'Two Young Ladies at Play.' Of the Pylades and Orestes, Northcote[1] tells us, "As any attempt in history was at that period an almost unexampled effort, this picture became a matter of much surprise. West's house was soon filled with visitors from all quarters to see it; and those amongst the highest rank who were not able to come to his house to satisfy their curiosity desired to have his permission to have it sent to them; nor did they fail, every time it was returned to him, to accompany it with compliments of the highest commendation on its great merits. But the most wonderful part of the story is, that, notwithstanding all this vast bustle and commendation bestowed upon this justly-admired picture, by which Mr. West's servant gained upwards of thirty pounds by showing it, yet no one mortal ever asked the price of the work, or so much as offered to give him a commission to paint any other subject. Indeed, there was one gentleman so highly delighted with the picture, and who spoke of it with such praise to his father, that he immediately asked him the reason he did not purchase, as he so much admired it, when he answered, 'What could I do, if I had it? You surely would not have me hang up a modern English picture in my house unless it was a portrait?'"

Among the prettiest occupants of Reynolds's chair this year were the two Miss Hornecks, now girls of

[1] Life of Reynolds, vol. i. 142.

sixteen and fourteen.[1] The eldest—three years after to become famous as Goldsmith's Little Comedy — may have formed an acquaintance this very year through Reynolds — perhaps even in his painting-room — with Mr. Henry Bunbury (Sir Charles's younger brother, who applied to caricature very rare powers as a fantastic designer), who was now sitting to the painter, and whom she married a few years later. Goldsmith did not become acquainted with the Hornecks, in Mr. Forster's opinion, till three years after this. But Burke had known them for some years (probably through Reynolds, who was one of their Devonshire acquaintances), and was now trustee for them under their father's will.

Hickey, the "special attorney" of 'Retaliation,' is another figure of Goldsmith's particular circle who turns up in this year's pocket-book. Reynolds dined with him on Saturday the 6th of August. Hickey was Sir Joshua's legal adviser as well as Burke's, for whom his portrait was painted. He appears to have been respected and liked in that circle, and to have been a plain, hearty, jovial man, of no great polish, or pretension to culture.[2] There are dinners, too, with J. Warton, now in town, whipping up support as a candidate for the head-mastership of Winchester; with Dr. Markham, still the fast friend of Burke, and master of Westminster School;

[1] The original (and unfinished) study for the heads of these charming sisters is at Barton. It is exquisitely refined in drawing, and delicate in pearly gray half-tones. There is a finished *replica* in Lord Normanton's gallery.—ED.

[2] "Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherished his friend, and he relished a bumper,
Yet one fault he had, and that was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser,
I answer, No, no; for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest?—Ah, no!
Then what was his failing? Come, tell it, and burn ye—
He was—could he help it?—a special attorney."
GOLDSMITH'S *Retaliation*.—ED

with Burke himself frequently, and his friend Fitzherbert; with noblemen,—the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Hillsborough, and the Marquis of Granby; with wits and maccaronis, as Selwyn and Sir Charles Bunbury; with agreeable and vivacious women, as Mrs. Cholmondeley and Mrs. Clive; with scholars and littérateurs, as Dr. Lye, the editor of the 'Etymologicon of Junius,' Percy, the compiler of the 'Reliques,' Johnson and Goldsmith; with artists, as Hayman, West, and Nixon; and, to wind up the list, with one whose strange experiences of life were inferior to none of these—Sir John Fielding, the blind Bow Street magistrate and half-brother of the author of 'Tom Jones.' I append the list of sitters for the year, which is less numerous than usual.]

January.

Miss Hornecks:[1] Lord Albemarle; Mr. Parker;[2] Lord and Lady Arundel; Lady Waldegrave; Mr. Roffey; Mr. Cholmondeley; Mr. Dallison; Mr. Fitzherbert;[3] Lord Camden;[4] Sir Charles Bunbury (on a Sunday); Mr. Bunbury.

February.[5]

Mrs. Hancock; Lord Tavistock; Lady Rothes; Mr. Selwyn; Col. Molesworth; Lord Barrymore; Sir Walter Blacket.[6]

March.

Mr. Hastings;[7] Miss Wilmot; Lord and Lady Downe; Miss Crewe; Master Tufton; Mrs. Franks; Miss Franks; Duchess of Richmond; Mrs. Southwell; Miss Montagu; Mr. Fane; Mr. Pelham.[8]

[1] Two in one picture.

[2] Afterwards Lord Boringdon.

[3] Burke's friend, now at the Board of Trade.

[4] Late Chief Justice Pratt, ennobled in 1765: now at the Moat.

[5] *Mem.*, under Feb. 17.—"Mr. Hopkins' picture to be sent to the Rev. Dr. Plumtree, Queen's College, Cambridge."

[6] M.P. for Newcastle and the chief magnate of that town. The picture is in the Infirmary there.

[7] Warren Hastings. In 1764 he had returned to England with a moderate fortune from Calcutta, where he had been member of council for nearly three years, after holding the Company's Agency at the Court of Meer Jaffier, nabob of Bengal. The picture is at Lord Northwick's.

[8] Mr. Pelham, painted with lake and white, and black and blue, varnished with green mastic dissolved in oil, with sal saturni (sugar of lead) and rock alum; yellow lake and Naples black mixed with the varnish, July

April.

Colonel Barré;[1] Lord Coventry; Master St. John; Lord Dudley; Mrs. Blake; Master Bunbury;[2] Lord Bruce; Lady Charles Spencer; Lady Egremont; Lord Hardwick; Sir John Palmer.

May.[3]

Lord Halifax; Mr. Mudge; Mr. Chambers; Lord Granby; General Burgoyne;[4] Lord Shelburne; Mrs. Sparrow; Miss O'Brien (? Nelly); Mr. Lascelles; Sir T. Acland; Duchess of Manchester.

June.[5]

Mrs. Luther; Duke of Portland; Lord Herbert; Mr. Price; General Conway; Mr. Conway.

July.[6]

Mrs. Abingdon; Lady Mary Fox.[7]

August.

Sir Charles Saunders; Mr. Horneck; Mr. Boothby; Beggarman; Miss Morrison; Dr. Goldsmith; Lord Lisburne.

September.

Miss Fisher[8] (in Hambleton Street); Miss Morris.

October.

Miss Cells; Miss Angelica Kauffmann; Mrs. Martin; General Sandford;[9] Duke of Devon-

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7th, 1766. Sir C. Eastlake remarks: "This portrait was therefore laid in with white and black and blue, as Sir Joshua supposed Correggio's 'Leda' and some other pictures which he saw in Rome were begun. Lake was the only red admitted in this preparation, over which was passed a yellow varnish. The varnish itself, with the exception of the dryer (sugar of lead), corresponds with one described by Arminini."—('History of Oil-Painting,' 539.)

[1] Spelt "Barry." Already risen into distinction as an orator.

[2] This was Henry, who afterwards married Miss Horneck. The picture has disappeared, but the engraving exists, as well as a small coloured drawing at Barton.

[3] *Mem.*, under May 26.—"To send Sir S. Molesworth to Bodmin, in a Carlo-Maratti frame."

[4] Afterwards General: more favourably known as dramatist than as soldier.

[5] *Mem.*, under June 30.—"To Duke of Marlborough, carry the Duchess and cloths (*i. e.* canvases) for the two children."

[6] "Copy of Duke of Portland for Mrs. Price only."

[7] This was the beautiful and amiable Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, the daughter of the late Earl of Ossory, who in April of this year had married Stephen Fox, Lord Holland's eldest son.

[8] In Sir Joshua's notes on his own practice,—"Miss Kitty Fisher: face cerata (*i.e.* rubbed with wax), drapery painted with wax and afterwards varnished." This refers to the present picture: from about this time he began to note his experiments, and, I think, to indulge in more latitude in making them, choosing for this purpose, however, *pictures he did not care much about*, as he told Mr. Cribb, his frame-maker, from whose son I have the information.—ED.

[9] "Gen. S. to be sent, when finished, to Mrs. Crawfurd, in Merrion Street, Dublin. To write to her to know if she would have it framed."

shire; Miss Wynyard; Mrs. Hutchinson; Mr. Alexander.

November.

Captain Kingswell; Colonel Maitland; Mr. Hinchcliffe; Lady Tavistock.

December.

Lord Rockingham; Mr. Craunch.[1] [2]

[The close of 1766 brought to a focus the opposition to the Ministry which, under the nominal headship of Lord Chatham, had succeeded to the brilliant but brief administration of Lord Rockingham. Reynolds had a special personal interest in the growth of this opposition, besides that which he must have felt in all political changes at this moment, as the intimate friend of Burke, and, through him, of most of the prominent members of the late administration. Lord Edgcumbe, one of the most prominent figures at this particular juncture, was the familiar friend of the painter. Reynolds was born within visiting distance of Mount Edgcumbe, and in one of the Edgcumbe boroughs. It was in company with his playfellow Dick Edgumbe, a boy of twelve, that he had painted his first head—that of the fat tutor at Mount Edgcumbe—in the boat-house on Cremyll Beach. It was the first Lord Edgcumbe who, by introducing the young painter to Commodore Keppel, had opened to him the road to Italy. He had painted the three Lords of the name in their rapid succession, and no house appears oftener on his Sunday-dinner-list than Lord Edgcumbe's. Lord Edgcumbe, like many of the subordinate officeholders in the Rockingham administra-

[1] Who first recommended him to Hudson. Now in Lord Vivian's gallery.

[2] In the pocket-book of this year is the note: "Lake, yellow oker, and ult. (ultramarine). Dead col. without lake. Probatum, Sep. 1766." And again, with the date of Oct. 9, "Old Beggarman, yellow oker, lake, and black and blue. Drapery varnished with oils. Head, &c., with wax."

tion, had retained his post of Treasurer of the Household after the retirement of his chief. In November, 1766, he was summarily and offensively dismissed on his refusal to exchange his office for a Lordship of the Bedchamber. This dismissal led to a general resignation of all Lord Rockingham's friends who still remained in office. The spirit which prompted Lord Chatham to require or provoke these resignations was but a declaration of that hostility between him and Lord Rockingham which was apparent during the whole session of 1767,—in the division on the Land-Tax, when Ministers were defeated on a Money Bill, for the first time since the Revolution; in the discussions on the American Taxation Bill, introduced with unusual levity by Charles Townshend, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, and resisted with such determined eloquence by Burke; and in the contest on the Bill restraining the East India Company from declaring dividends, on which the Cabinet itself was at variance, and which was most strenuously opposed in the Commons by Burke and the Rockinghams.

At the meeting of the Rockingham party, which preceded the parliamentary campaign, Alderman Sir W. Baker—an early sitter to Reynolds, and one of the members for his native place Plympton—and Burke, were two of the four commoners present. During the year, Reynolds's friends, Keppel and Admiral Saunders, resigned their posts at the Admiralty. Reynolds, in all probability, was the confidant of Burke's political difficulties, both at this period and after the conclusion of the session, when Lord Rockingham's efforts to reconstitute an administration were foiled by the selfishness

of the Bedford party—the Bloomsbury Gang, as they were called—and by the exigencies of the Grenville following. Burke was urged by Lord Rockingham to close with the overtures of the Duke of Grafton, but declined, and cheerfully condemned himself to years of opposition with his noble leader.

Lord John Cavendish is another of the leading Rockinghams who sits to Reynolds this year, with his nephew the young Duke of Devonshire. The Bedford family, if not the Bedford party, has its representative in the studio in the amiable, gentle, and accomplished Lord Tavistock, who finished his sittings with the close of 1766. His beautiful wife (Reynolds's early friend as Lady Elizabeth Keppel) had been sitting at the same time, probably for the last touches to the full-length of her as a bridesmaid sacrificing to Hymen. In the pocket-book for 1767 I find a sitting fixed for her on the 11th of March: another on the 18th. Both are struck out—for a sad but sufficient reason. At the end of the first week of March, Lord Tavistock had left, for a few days' hunting, his happy home, his beautiful young bride, with her two infant children and a third in her bosom, young, strong, rich, amiable, in the enjoyment of great honours, and with the prospect of still greater—as happy a man, and with as much happiness apparently in store for him, as any man in England. On the 10th the meet was at Dunstable. He had ridden well forward, as his habit was; the run was nearly over: he put his jaded horse at a low fence; it fell; as he held the reins, the horse, in its efforts to rise, struck him repeatedly on the head, and he was brought home senseless and speechless. Well might

the Marchioness's sitting for the 11th be put off! Rigby had probably broken the news to her[1] on that very day. The Marquis lingered till the 17th, when he died in the 28th year of his age, and in the spring of his rare promise. His portraits at Quiddenham and at Woburn represent a young man of gentle, thoughtful expression, leaning on his arm at a table covered with books and articles of virtù. His sweet wife never recovered the shock of this sudden bereavement. She died of decline at Lisbon in the following November, in her 29th year. Her beauty, her amiability, her long acquaintance with Reynolds—who loved all the Keppels—must have given him a deep sympathy with her in her great sorrow. So, gloomy or gay, the figures in the studio-camera pass on in their grotesque contrasts: the blushing bride, and the hardened demirep, the actor and the divine, the ministerialist and the member of Opposition, Nelly O'Brien and the Provost of Eton, the millionaire Duke of Devonshire and the struggling man of letters Goldsmith. Reynolds might have heard from that unwearied intriguer Lord Temple, who was sitting to him in February, his ideas as to the possibility of an accommodation, before the year was out, between the Grenvilles and the Rockinghams. Lord John Cavendish, who sat a day or two after, might have proved to him the impossibility of any arrangement with Squire Gawky—as his opponents had nicknamed Temple, from his long ungainly figure. Charles Townshend comes in to be painted during his brief tenure of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and the picture, in his robes of office,

[1] Crawford to Selwyn, March, 1767, 'Selwyn Correspondence.'

still attests the height to which wit and intelligence without wisdom could carry the most reckless and unprincipled politician of his time.[1] Stout Whig county members, like Sir Roger Mostyn, Sir Walter Blackett, and Sir Thomas Acland, might have given the painter, during their sittings, the country gentleman's reasons in favour of the reduction of the land-tax from four shillings to three, as proposed by Dowdeswell, Lord Rockingham's Chancellor of the Exchequer. Garrick had to confide to him, while sitting, his quarrel with Colman touching the authorship of the 'Clandestine Marriage,' which ultimately led to his angry *collaborateur's* taking a share in the lesseeship of Covent Garden with Harris and Powell. Reynolds, always kindly and disposed to peacemaking, was the channel of communication between the self-important but kindly manager of Drury Lane and Goldsmith, who had just finished 'The Good-natured Man,' and now wished to place it in Garrick's hands. We know that the interview, at which the manager strove in vain to make the author feel the favour he was conferring in accepting his play, and at which Goldsmith indignantly refused to submit his comedy to any third judgment, took place this year at Reynolds's house; and both Garrick and Goldsmith figure often in Reynolds's dinner-lists for 1767, as well as among his sitters. An entry that puzzled me for some time occurs in April. In a very bad, and evidently foreign hand, on two successive mornings, is written "Cichina." I have no doubt that the Italian name in such bad writing records the butterfly appari-

[1] In the collection of the Marquess Townshend.

tion in the painting-room of a pretty little coquettish wanton of fifteen, La Zamperini, opera singer and dancer, who was just now the rage as "Cecchina," in Piccini's opera 'La Buona Figliola Maritata.' She was a *chère amie* of Lord March's (who was much perplexed, in the height of this new fancy, by a threatened visit from La Rena, his old mistress), and either he, Selwyn, or Gilly Williams may have brought her to Reynolds. Whether he painted her or not I am not aware. The engraved portrait of her is by Dance,[1] and has just the wicked, wanton, witching look that should belong to the heroine of such a history. This appearance of La Zamperini in Reynolds's painting-room this year, along with such sitters as Lord Carlisle, Sir Charles Bunbury, Lord Ossory, Sir John Delaval, and other bloods about town, introduces us to another side of the painter's life which his biographers hitherto have kept out of sight. Reynolds was not merely at home in the literary society of the 'Turk's Head,' in the Green-room at Drury Lane, among the politicians of the Opposition at Lord Edgcumbe's, or in Burke's quiet parlour in St. Anne's Street. He was a member, too, of the 'Thursday-night Club,' at the Star-in-Garter, in Pall-Mall, composed of the men of "wit and pleasure about town," like Gilly Williams, Selwyn, Topham Beauclerk, Lord March, Lord Carlisle, Sir Roger Mostyn, old Simon Fanshawe, Cadogan, and Lord Bolingbroke; where they played high, drank hard, and gave subscription masquerades at Car-

[1] Those who wish to know more of her and "the rascally garlicky tribe"—of father, mother, and brother—who traded on her beauty, and swelled the train of her noble protector, on his visits to Newmarket, may find ample details in the 'Selwyn Correspondence' for this period.—ED.

lisle House and the Pantheon. I gather from allusions in the letters of Gilly Williams and Lord Carlisle that the painter was famous in this society for his bad whist-playing, and for a ceremonious politeness little in keeping with the club manners of the West End at that day. He is as constant to the Thursday club dinners at the Star-in-Garter as to the Monday nights at *the* club in Gerrard Street. Another haunt, for the Whig Club perhaps, is the Crown and Anchor. His election to the Dilettanti dates from May, 1766, when he was proposed by Lord Charlemont, and there are regular entries of attendance at the Sunday dinners of that jovial association of connoisseurship with good eating and drinking. This year Reynolds has two engagements at the Queen's house (on July 26th and 28th). These appointments may have been connected with the portrait of Count La Lippe, who sat to him again this year, and whose picture seems to have been a Royal order. He had had no commission at the palace since the sad one of last year, when he painted the ill-starred Caroline Matilda, the King's youngest sister, before her unhappy marriage with the King of Denmark. He told Northcote he could not make a good picture of her, as she was in tears almost all the time she was sitting.

Among the reasons which have been given for the small share of royal favour enjoyed by Reynolds, I am surprised that more prominence has not been given to his political opinions and associations. Though the appointment of Ramsay to the post of King's painter was no doubt owing to Lord Bute's desire to help a brother Scotchman; and though, as we have seen, Lord

Bute himself sat to Reynolds in 1763, it is impossible but that by this time the political bent of Reynolds, his friendship with the leading Rockinghams, no less than his intimacy with Wilkes, must have been remarked at Court, and must have tended permanently to confirm that exclusion which was due in the first instance to Bute's clannishness. From this time, indeed, the political character of Reynolds's connexion will be found more and more marked. He was already rapidly growing to be what he soon became—the Whig or Opposition painter. Among his literary friends of the Club, the year is marked principally by that great incident in Johnson's career, the interview between the Doctor and the King in the royal library at Buckingham House. Boswell has given us at length Johnson's details of the interview, as he repeated them to a party at Reynolds's, where Bennet Langton, Joseph Warton, and Goldsmith, with others, were present.[1] The Doctor, Boswell tells us, "loved to relate the incident with all its circumstances." Who that has once read can ever forget that meeting of two great sovereigns—the King of Literary Society and the King of Great Britain and Ireland? The former—conscious that he too had his dignity—in spite of all his respect for crowned heads, never bated his firm manner, or lowered his sonorous voice before the anointed sovereign in all that long conversation, ranging over a variety of subjects which quite inspires one with respect for George III.'s reading. If the rusty uncouth scholar accepted in silence the King's compliments on his writing, it was, he said

[1] See Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' *sub. an.*; and Forster's 'Life of Goldsmith,' vol. ii. p. 49.

because he felt it was not for him to bandy compliments with his sovereign, while he protested that, let them talk as they would, the manners of the King were those of as fine a gentleman as Louis XIV. or Charles II. How characteristic of the honest, child-like vanity of Goldsmith is his remark, after long sitting apart, "Well, you acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done, for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it."

Reynolds must have made one in the circle assembled at Burke's,[1] in November, to hear the eloquent young statesman read his friend Goldsmith's comedy, now withdrawn from the hands of Garrick, and at length definitely accepted at Covent Garden. I find an engagement to Burke for Saturday the 21st of November, which, comparing dates, may have well been the day of this reading.

Among Reynolds's dinner engagements of this year is one to Mr. Bott, the barrister, who occupied the rooms opposite to Goldsmith's, in Brick Court, lent the needy author money, drove him in his gig to the "Shoemakers' Paradise," eight miles down the Edgeware Road, and occasionally perilled both their necks in a ditch. Reynolds painted this good-natured barrister, who runs a better chance of reaching posterity in that gig of his, alongside of Goldsmith, than by virtue of the Treatise on the Poor Laws which Goldsmith is said to have written up for him.

Reynolds this year painted the Speaker, Sir John Cust, whose short nose was a fertile subject of ridicule

[1] Cumberland's Memoirs, i. 364, quoted by Mr. Forster, 'Life of Goldsmith,' vol. ii. p. 111.

to the small wits of the time. The Speaker's peruke has the honours of a morning sitting entirely to itself. As if that gaiety and gravity, in their most solemn and broadest forms, might be brought into contact in Leicester Fields, Samuel Foote's sittings closely succeed the Speaker's.[1] Foote was now in the height of his popularity, and, two months before he sat to Reynolds, had opened his little theatre in the Haymarket, by virtue of the patent granted him in compensation for the leg broken in a frolic across country with the Duke of York at Lord Mexborough's.

Though Ramsay was the Court favourite, there does not seem to have been any coldness between him and Reynolds. I find one of many appointments with Ramsay, in August this year, on a Sunday: but whether for dinner, or for a visit to discuss the position of the Incorporated Society of Artists and the design for a Royal Academy, which was now again reviving after the abortive essay at founding such an institution in 1755, I have no means of knowing.

Reynolds this year dines more than once with Dr. Markham, still Dean of Westminster; often with the Burkes; and very frequently, as usual, with Wilkes, who seems now to have made his appearances in England almost without the affectation of concealment, and who was only waiting the expiration of the moribund

[1] From Sir Joshua's notes on his practice we learn that in Sir J.'s portrait the colours of the face were applied in oil, mixed with magylp, and then a coat of varnish. The background—which is important (a hall, with a table and the Speaker's insignia)—was painted in magylp, then scumbled over with colour mixed in the powdered state with varnish, without oil or magylp. The picture is in possession of the family, and is in excellent condition. Foote's portrait is at the Garrick Club, in good condition.—ED.

Parliament to come forward for Middlesex, in defiance alike of the King's Bench and of the House of Commons. Another frequent Sunday-dinner-house is Mr. Owen Cambridge's pleasant villa at Twickenham, as favourite a resort of the wits of Reynolds's circle as Garrick's neighbouring villa at Hampton itself. Reynolds was now meditating the purchase of a villa of his own. He had already fixed on Richmond, attracted, no doubt, both by the beauty of the site, and by the neighbourhood of his friends Cambridge, Colman, Mrs. Clive, and Horace Walpole. I find an excursion on Sunday, Nov. 15, to "Richmond to see a h(ouse)," followed by a dinner with the Duke of Marlborough. There are several dinners with the Thrales, and one engagement on Sunday (December 27th) at Nelly O'Brien's, Park Lane, near Dover Street; others with Dr. Hawkesworth, the imitator of Johnson as an essayist, afterwards author of the letterpress of Cook's Voyages; with Dr. Baker, the physician, an old Devonshire friend; with the Nesbitts; the Hornecks; Bennet Langton; and Mr. Chambers, the architect. There is an evening given to Mr. Charles Rogers, the virtuoso and connoisseur, in Lawrence Pountney Lane, where the attraction is noted as the "drawing-book of Palma," a treasure which I suppose Mr. Rogers had become possessed of; and there are several evening engagements to his fair and witty favourite Mrs. Cholmondeley, and Mrs. Percy, the gentle and amiable wife of the editor of the 'Reliques,' now a King's Chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Dromore.

Reynolds paid a visit this year to Easton Lodge, the residence of Lord Maynard, where he spent the last week of August. Lord Maynard, though now in his

75th year, was still a *bon vivant* and connoisseur, fond of pictures, and himself an amateur animal-painter of considerable merit. It was his *successor* who, a few years later, made the name, for the time, notorious by his marriage with Nancy Parsons, the well-known mistress of the Duke of Grafton, an amiable and accomplished woman. She was afterwards painted by Sir Joshua, under her less familiar name of Mrs. Horton. The Duke was this year outraging the proprieties of a not very straitlaced time by parading his mistress on his arm at the Opera and on the driving-box of his chaise at Newmarket.]

Barry, who was at Rome, and who had not yet begun to feel jealous of Reynolds, wrote in November, 1767, to his friend Dr. Sleigh:—

"I shall with a heartfelt satisfaction say, that Reynolds and our people at home, possess, with a very few exceptions, all that exists of sound art in Europe."

In this year Reynolds did not send anything to the exhibition. Burke, writing to Barry, says: "The exhibition will be open to-morrow. Reynolds, though he has, I think, some better portraits than he ever before painted, does not think mere heads sufficient, and, having no piece of fancy finished, sends nothing this time."

In the same letter he says: "Jones,[1] who used to be Poet Laureat to the exhibition, is prepared to be a severe and almost general satirist upon the exhibitors. His ill behaviour has driven him from all their houses, and he resolves to take revenge in this manner. He has endeavoured to find out what pictures they will

[1] Was this Griffith Jones, editor of the 'Public Ledger'?—ED.

exhibit, and, upon such information as he has got, has beforehand given a poetic description of those pictures which he has not seen. I am told that he goes so far as to abuse Reynolds, at guess, as an exhibitor of several pictures, though he does not put in one."

In a subsequent letter of the same year Burke writes, —"As to Reynolds, he is perfectly well, and still keeps that superiority over the rest, which he always had from his genius, sense, and morals."

Of the heads which Burke speaks of as so fine, one may have been the portrait of Dr. Zachariah Mudge, whose name occurs as a sitter in the pocket-book of Reynolds for 1766.

In a letter written to Malone after the death of Reynolds, Burke says,—"I have myself seen Mr. Mudge, the clergyman, at Sir Joshua's house. He was a learned and venerable old man; and, as I thought, very conversant in the Platonic philosophy, and very fond of that method of philosophizing. He had been originally a dissenting minister; a description which at that time bred very considerable men, both among those who adhered to it, and those who left. He had entirely cured himself of the unpleasant narrowness which in the early part of his life had distinguished those gentlemen, and was perfectly free from the ten times more dangerous enlargement which has since then been their general characteristic. Sir Joshua had always a great love for the whole of that family, and took a great interest in whatever related to them."

The admiration of Reynolds for Dr. Mudge seems to have inspired him to surpass himself (if possible) in the Doctor's portrait. It is a noble head, painted

with great grandeur, and the most perfect truth of effect. The chin rests on the hand; and Chantrey, who carved the whole composition in full relief, told me that, when the marble was placed in the right light and shadow, the shape of the light that falls behind the hand, and on the band and gown, was exactly the same in his bust as in the picture.

[It is likely enough that Reynolds's disgust with the quarrels and intrigues of the two parties in the Incorporated Society of Artists—the faction of the Directors, and the faction of the Fellows—the "ins" and "outs"—in fact—might have been, in part at least, the cause of his sending no picture to this year's exhibition. In his absence the honours of portraiture were carried off by Gainsborough, who sent up from Bath, where he was carrying all before him as decidedly as Reynolds in London, portraits of Lady Grosvenor, the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Vernon, and a landscape and figures. Mr. Francis Cotes, too, exhibited his portrait of Her Majesty with the Princess Royal, which we may still criticize at Hampton Court, and five other portraits, including one of Knapton, who had, the year before, been succeeded by Athenian Stuart as painter to the Dilettanti Club.

Mr. Copley, of Boston, New England, exhibits a young lady with a bird and dog, whole-length. Other names of interest are Cosway, who exhibits for the first time, sending three portraits: Nathaniel Dance, a subject from Timon of Athens: Mr. Barron, Sir Joshua's late pupil, now established for himself in Panton-street, two small whole-lengths, and a half-length: Mr. Berridge, another pupil, still at Mr. Reynolds's, a three-quarter portrait: Hayman, a Cymon and Iphigenia, and

an Abraham offering Isaac: Mr. Marchi, first Sir Joshua's Italian servant, afterwards his friend and pupil, a Kit-kat of a lady: Mr. Mortimer, an Historical picture, and a Conversation: Mr. Parry (the son of a famous blind Welsh harper, and a protégé of Sir Watkin Williams's), at Mr. Reynolds's, two small whole-lengths in one picture: Mr. West, Castle-street, Leicester Fields, Venus and Adonis; Jupiter and Semele; Pyrrhus, when a child, brought to Glaucus for protection; the fright of Astyanax; and Elisha restoring to life the Shunamite's son: Richard Wilson, a view from Moor-Park, towards Cashiobury and St. Albans, and another "landskip and figures:" Joseph Wright of Derby, a whole-length, and two candlelights: Zoffany, a scene from Love in a Village, and a family piece: and Zuccarelli (his first year of exhibiting), Macbeth meeting the Witches, and Jacob's Journey.

Wilton exhibits a busto of Lord Camden and one of Lord Bacon; Fisher, S. Okey, junr., Watson, and Ravenet, send mezzotints after Reynolds; the Cozenses, the Rookers, Paul and Thomas Sandby, exhibit drawings, chiefly of subjects about London and Windsor. The number of pictures exhibited continues about the same—197 pictures (a large majority of them portraits), 218 works in all.

List of Sitters for 1767.

January.[1]

Miss Horneck; Mr. Cranch; Mr. Johnson; Mr. Parker; the Primate of Ireland (Dr. Robinson); Lord Pembroke; Duke of Buccleugh; Lord and Lady Arundel; Lady Tavistoke; Duke of Devonshire; Mr. Chamier; Miss Houghton; Captain Foot.

[1] A blank till Wednesday, 7th.

February.

Mr. Aufrere; Master Tufton; Sir Thomas Acland; Duchess of Marlborough; Lord Temple; Lord Ossory; Miss Cells (? model); Sir Walter Blackett; Lady Juliana Penn; Lord John Cavendish; Mrs. Horton[1] (?); Mrs. Abingdon.

March.[2]

Lord Down; Mr. and Mrs. Blake; Duchess of Manchester; Mr. Way; Miss O'Brien (Nelly); Mrs. Lee; Dr. and Mrs. Barnard; Miss Crewe.

April.

Lady Elizabeth Capel and her brother Lord Malden; Miss Smith; Mr. Simpson; Cecchina; Mrs. Crewe; Mrs. Bouverie; Frank[3] (? Barber, Johnson's black servant); Lady Wray;[4] Miss T. Cholmondeley; Mr. Boothby.

May.

Lord Villars; Mrs. Smith; Mr. Norris;[5] Mrs. Merchant; Mr. Jones; Mr. Lambton; Sir Roger Mostyn; Mr. Garrick;[6] Lord Herbert; Miss Grimston; Miss Grant.

June.

Sir John Chichester; Mr. Drummond; Mr. Amyott; Lord Carlisle; Duchess of Richmond.

July.

Sir W. Maynard; Lady Broughton; the Speaker, Sir J. Cust;[7] Mr. Sutton; Mr. Cruttenden.

August.[8]

Count La Lippe;[9] Miss

[1] This may have been either Nancy Parsons, or the handsome widow who afterwards became Duchess of Cumberland.

[2] "Mrs. Morris's picture and the other to be directed to Val. Morris, Esq., Piercefield, Monmouthshire." "Mr. Hagley's small portrait to be sent to Mr. Davies, at Highbury, near Newbury, Berks."

[3] There was a head of him exhibited at the British Institution in 1760. Mr. Frederick Byng has another.

[4] "Lady Wray to be framed in oval, and sent to Sir Cecil Wray, at Sommer Castle, near Lincoln, May 18." The pictures are now at Sleninford, near Ripon, the seat of Captain Dalton, whose family intermarried with the Wrays. In his notes of his methods at this date, I find, "Lord Villars given to Dr. Barnard (of Eton), painted with vernice fatto di cera & Venice turp (entine), mesticato con gli colori, macinati in olio (*i.e.*, colours were ground in oil, and applied with wax and Venice turp. as a medium). Carmine in vece di lacca. Lady Wray, ditto." Lady Wray's picture is in fair condition.—ED.

[5] The husband of Kitty Fisher.

[6] Once at 8.

[7] "July 20-26.—The Speaker's wig at Theed's, peruke-maker, Middle Temple."

"Mr. Steevens, housekeeper of the House of Commons, to send a day or two before for the mace." "Speaker. The face colori in olio mesticato con magilp, poi verniciato; telo (background) magilp, e poi per tutto verniciato con colore in pulvere senza olio o magilp" (a dry-scumble).—ED.

July 26.—At the Queen's House.

[8] Aug. 17, at Easton Lodge (Lord Maynard's). No entries till 22nd, when "child" entered.

[9] In his notes of practice, I find for 1767,—"Count Lippe, senza olio; in finishing my own, ditto. Mrs. Godde,

Godde; Lord Townshend;[1] Mr. Grimston; Mrs. Burke.

September.

Mr. Foot; Mrs. Morris; Sir Charles Saunders; Master Burke;[2] Miss Vansittart;[3] Dr. Armstrong;[4] Lady Amherst; Master Vansittart.

October.

Sir George Yonge; Mr. Townshend; Miss Halsey;[5] Saturday, 19th, Peruke of the Speaker; Mr. Burke.

November[6] *and December.*

Mr. Walpole; General Lawrence; Sir John Delaval; Mr. Home (Hume?); Miss Wray; the Lord Chancellor; Mr. Humphrey; Mr. Vansittart.

On Friday, the 29th of January, Reynolds has made the entry—"Dr. Goldsmith." This Friday was eventful in the Doctor's life—the day of the production of his first comedy, 'The Good-Natured Man,' whose struggles to the stage have already been referred to. Reynolds seems to have dined with the anxious author, whom he was always ready to support and encourage; and we may be certain that, whether he made one of the first-night audience or not, he was one of the group assembled at the 'Turk's Head' to receive the flurried author on his return from the theatre; nor, we may be equally sure, was his congratulation the least cordial or

ditto. Miss Cholmondeley, con olio e vernicio di cera, poi verniciato con yeo's lake e magylp" (*i.e.*, glazed with lake applied with magylp).—ED.

[1] "Lord Townshend, prima con magylp, poi olio, poi magylp senza olio, lacca, poi verniciato con vermilion." The picture seems in good condition.

[2] "Master Burke, finito con vernice senza olio o cera. Nov. 10, carmine."

[3] For a family picture, apparently meant to include husband, wife, and several children.

[4] Dr. Armstrong, painted "1st in olio, poi verniciato, poi cera solo, poi cera e vernicio."

[5] "At Mendham Hall, near Harlsdon, Norfolk; 10 o'clock, by the waggon, from the Saracen's Head, Snowhill."

[6] "Sunday, Nov. 15. — Richmond to see a h." (? house). I believe this entry to refer to the house he afterwards bought on Richmond Hill. It still stands, on the Terrace, next the Star and Garter, commanding the beautiful view, which Reynolds painted, of the Twickenham meadows, the placid reaches of the Thames, and the woodland distance, bounded by the blue Surrey hills.

comforting. He certainly saw the play on the 3rd of February, the author's night.[1]]

In 1768 Reynolds exhibited a whole length of Miss Jessie Cholmondely (one of the daughters of his witty friend, the sister of Peg Woffington), carrying a dog over a brook. This fine picture was exhibited at the British Gallery in 1858, and must be fresh, therefore, in the recollection of many of my readers. Nothing can be more natural and childlike than the manner in which the little girl lugs the dog across the stream. The colour of the landscape is subdued to set off her head and figure to the greatest advantage; and they well deserve the sacrifice.

This was the last picture he sent to Spring Gardens.[2] *Concord* was one of the supporters of the coat of arms of the Society. But whatever influence this goddess may have possessed, at first, in the councils of its members, was now at an end. The Society was, indeed, torn to pieces with dissensions. The most insignificant

[1] Of the circumstances attending the production of the play—Goldsmith's anxiety — Beasley's solemn delivery of Johnson's somewhat lugubrious prologue — Powell's tameness in Honeywood— Shuter's admirable impersonation of Croaker, which saved the play, and Goldsmith's passionately-expressed gratitude to him—a very full account will be found in Mr. Forster's Life of Goldsmith. Northcote has recorded that "the bailiff-scene was thought to be vulgar by the company in the galleries, who violently testified their disapprobation of dialogue so low; and when the speech in that scene was uttered, containing the words 'That's all my eye,' their delicacy was so much hurt, that it was apprehended the comedy (which in other respects was approved of) would have been driven from the stage for ever." Goldsmith's celebrated "Tyrian-blue satin-grain and Garter-blue silk breeches" were ordered of Mr. Filby for the first night, but came a day too late.—ED.

[2] He contributed, however, to the extraordinary exhibition which was got up by the Society of Artists in September — on the occasion of the visit of the King of Denmark to England—his portrait of Lawrence Sterne; his group of James Paine, the architect, and James Paine, jun.; and a full-length portrait of a lady.—ED.

men belonging to it, forming a majority, had wrested the government from the Directorate, which included the most distinguished members of the Society.[1] Reynolds, with most of the other eminent artists, had gradually withdrawn from its meetings;[2] from which, indeed, he had absented himself for some time before he ceased to contribute to its exhibitions.

[In the autumn of this year Reynolds made a trip to Paris in company with Mr. Richard Burke, Edmund's younger brother, that most joyous and frolicsome of companions, immortalised in Goldsmith's picture of him:—

> "What spirits were his! what wit, and what whim!
> Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb;
> Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball;
> Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
> In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
> That we wish'd him full ten times a-day at Old Nick;
> But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
> As often we wish'd to have Dick back again."

Dick's proverbial ill-luck, in tumbles, did not, it will be seen, abandon him on this tour. The travellers have two breakdowns between Calais and Chantilly. But Dick Burke's whim and frolic, and Reynolds's keen observation and imperturbable good-humour, must have made up an excellent travelling duet.

The following memoranda of this journey are transcribed from the pocket-book:—

"September 9th. Friday. Set out for Paris, arrived at Canterbury.

[1] At the same time it should be remembered that the constitution of the Society (right or wrong) authorised its members to elect their directors annually, and did *not* authorise the directors in their attempt to keep the government to themselves.—ED.

[2] But he had not countenanced the directors any more than their antagonists.—ED.

"Saturday. Dover, sailed at eleven in the morning.

"Sunday the 11th, two in the morning, Calais. Boulogne, axletree broke. Beds of mussels.

"Monday, dined at Abbeville. Lay at Amiens, saw the Water Tower.[1]

"Tuesday, dined at St. Just; the axletree broke. Lay at Chantilly.[2] In the palace are two pictures of Vandyck, a man in armour (of which there is a print by Pontius), and a lady; and the allegorical portrait of the Prince of Condé, mentioned by the Abbé de Bois, painted by Corneille. Saw Champlâtrier at Ecouen. Saw another hotel of Prince Condé.[3]

"Saturday, dined at St. Denis. In the Cathedral or Domo is an excellent statue of an angel, in the act of writing with his finger, something in the attitude of the slave with the thorn. Lay at Paris. Hotel Platier, Rue Platier.

"Thursday, dined at Mr. Panchaud's,[4] saw the Palais Royal. Drank tea at Mr. Flint's, after which the Italian Opera.

"Saturday, dined with Lord Mulgrave, saw the Luxemburg, and the French comedy, *the Misanthrope*—Préville, lady; Physician, (?); Molé, Coxcomb.[5]

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[1] Strange that there is no mention of the cathedral. I remember many water-wheels but no water-tower at Amiens; but I presume it was for raising the water of the Somme.—ED.

[2] Then still in all its splendour, as it was when, a hundred years before, the great Condé received the great monarch, and the great Vatel ran himself through the body because the fish had not arrived in time. Only the stables now remain. The Grand Château was destroyed in the Revolution. The Petit Château, however, is still inhabited—the present occupant is the British Ambassador.—ED.

[3] This must have been the Château de Montmorency.—ED.

[4] The Englishmen's banker at Paris.

[5] This must have been in the 'Petit Pièce'—the farce which succeeded the comedy. Molé acted in the 'Misan-

"Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Flint dined with us. The Italian comedy. Carlini."[1]

Miss Fanny Reynolds was at this time on a visit to Miss Flint,[2] a young lady who translated Johnson's remarks on Shakespear into French, and who was then in Paris. We learn from the note-book how works of art were then to be seen in Paris—not as now, gathered into great public galleries, but scattered through private collections, picture-dealers' shops, churches, and hotels of the noblesse in the Isle St. Louis, the Marais, and the Faubourg St. Germain. Everywhere Reynolds would find traces of the luxury of the Pompadour, who had so lately been succeeded by her coarser rival, the Du Barry. The king was putting down his parliaments, and struggling with the Jesuits on the one hand, and the Encyclopædists on the other. But in outward

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thrope:' he was admirable in Alceste, but "Coxcomb" could never have been applied to him in that part. Préville might have been the Célimène, but there is no "physician" in the 'Misanthrope.' In Madame Préville and Molé Reynolds saw two of the best French actors of the time: Molé, as much the darling of Paris as Garrick of London, was equally admirable in the younger parts of tragedy and high comedy; he might be compared at once with Powell and O'Brien; Madame Préville with Mrs. Pritchard. —ED.

[1] This was the celebrated Carlo Bertinazzi, who for forty-two years was the delight of Paris as the 'Arlecchino' of the Italian comedy in its French dress. Bertinazzi was a remarkable man. He had been educated for the Church, and was the seminary-friend of Ganganelli, with whom he maintained the kindliest relations, even when the one was Cardinal and Pope, and the other stroller and harlequin. There is a pleasant picture of 'Carlino' in the bosom of his family, at Chaillot, in the 'Mémoires de Fleury,' who declares that he was the original of Florian's 'Bon Père,' and Goldoni's 'Borboro Benefico.' His pantomime was so admirable, that he seemed to put expression, it was said, even into his black mask. He had been attacked with a severe illness a short time before this, and all Paris was in agitation and concern about him.—ED.

[2] She married a French nobleman, M. de Reveral, and was guillotined with her only son in the Reign of Terror.—ED.

appearance the Paris of this time was quieter and more loyal than the London the painter had left; and revolution, to superficial observation, must have seemed more imminent in England than in France. The note-book continues:—

"Monday, 19th. Saw pictures.

"Tuesday, 20th. The collection of Monsieur L'Empereur[1]—about six Teniers; two small sketches of Rubens; a Boor saying grace, Rembrandt—at 12, Mr. Panchaud.

"Wednesday, 9. Mr. Panchaud.[2]

"Thursday, 10. Mr. Collins.

"Friday, 11. To go with a picture-dealer to see Mr. Bernway.[3]

"Saturday, 10. Mr. Ramée; 2, Miss Flint; Versailles.

"Thursday, 29th. Invalides. Dined in company with a vic . . .

"Friday, 30th. Abbé at the Sulpice;[4] Hotel de Toulouse. Gallery. Pietro da Cortona and Guido.[5]

"October 2nd, Sunday. Sceaux; Choisy.[6]

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[1] An engraver as well as a collector.—ED.

[2] Evidently the banker undertook the task of "lionizing" his distinguished correspondent.—ED.

[3] This picture-dealer seems to have been M. Menageot, of the Rue St. Martin. Reynolds bought a Poussin of him for 153*l*.—ED.

[4] A collector, for the purchase of some of whose pictures Sir Joshua left a commission with his old friend and quondam fellow-student at Rome—Doyen, the painter. I found on a folded paper, in a pocket of the pocket-book for this year:—"Il Giovanni di Guido, 300; Parrocell, 50; Due Mole (two pictures by Mola), 80; Paiessi (Paese, landscape) di Rembrant, 20. A copy of a paper I gave to Mr. Doyen to buy those pictures at the Abbé Renoux at St. Sulpice."—ED.

[5] This gallery is described in D'Argenville's 'Voyage Pittoresque.'—ED.

[6] Choisy le Roi. The château must at this time have been as it was when fitted up by Louis XV. for Madame de Pompadour, who was attacked with her mortal illness there some four years before. Only a fragment of the château now remains, converted into a china-manufactory. The splendour of its interior fittings and the beauty

"Monday. La Muette; St. Cloud; Bellevue; Meudon; the extensive banister[1] (?); the prospect; Sèvres manufactory of porcelain.

"Tuesday. St. Benoit; a Pietà of Seb. Bourdon; Enfants Trouvés; Sorbonne; Monument of Richelieu.

"Wednesday. To breakfast with my sister.

"Thursday. Mr. Drumgold.[2]

"Friday. Baron Tier;[3] at home.

"Saturday, 3. Lord Fitzwilliam."

Sunday and Monday are blank.

"Tuesday. Nelson.

"Wednesday the 12th, 10 to 1. Luxembourgh;" (on opposite page) "Minerva instructing a girl, by Tremolie. L'Hôtel de Bretonvilliers,[4] en St. Louis; Gallery of Seb. Bourdon.

"Tuesday, 18th. Set out from Paris 1 o'clock; lay at Senlis.

"Wednesday. Lay at Peronne.

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of the view, probably, are referred to in Sir Joshua's note:—"Table; the watered tabby (tabinet) painted; the river."—Ed.

[1] Can this be a reference to the balustraded terrace?

[2] I suppose the Colonel must have been the descendant of a Scotch refugee. He was soldier, diplomatist, wit, and poet, and had been secretary to the Duc de Nivernois, when ambassador in England in 1763. Dr. Johnson told Boswell, à propos of his visit to Paris in 1775,—"I was just beginning to creep into acquaintance by means of Colonel Drumgold, a very high man, Sir, head of l'Ecole Militaire, and a most complete character; for he had been first a professor of rhetoric, and then became a soldier." He was the author of 'La Gaieté,' a poem, and other pieces. (See Walpole, Oct. 3, 1765.)—Ed.

[3] He was connected with the administration of the Opera.

[4] This is written in a different and evidently foreign hand, as a direction for him. This fine old hotel, in the Isle St. Louis, Bourdon had decorated with some of his best-known works. In nine compartments of a roof were painted the fables of Phaëton and Phœbus, and in fourteen squares of a wainscot the Virtues and the Arts. They have been described and engraved by De Vaurose, Bourdon's favourite pupil. The stately hotel has long since disappeared.

"Thursday. Dined at Arras; the Cathedral not worth seeing; lay in the Fauxburg of Bethune.

"Friday. Arrived at Calais at 5 in the afternoon.

"Saturday. Set out at 1 o'clock at noon. Arrived at Dover at 5; lay at Sittingbourne.

"Sunday 23rd, at 10 in the morning, arrived in London.[1]

"Monday, 24th. Dined with Dr. Goldsmith."

This dinner with Goldsmith is followed next day by another; and during the remainder of the year there are frequent engagements with the Doctor, now living in his new rooms in Brick Court, the purchase and furnishing of which had quickly absorbed most of the 500*l.* which his comedy had produced him. One of these engagements for Wednesday, the 23rd of November, must have been just after Reynolds had been made President of the new Academy; and it may have been at this very party that Dr. Johnson departed from his vow against wine, to celebrate his friend's accession to new honour. There is one 6 o'clock engagement, too, to Mr. Bott, Goldsmith's opposite neighbour in Brick Court, already mentioned; and traces—in the shape of an entry in July, "Devil Tavern"—of a visit, doubtless with Goldsmith, to the Shilling-Rubber Club, held at that ancient tavern, once the scene of rare Ben Jonson's canary-bouts and wit-combats. There are engagements, too, with Colman, Mrs. Clive, and the Bastards; with Mr. Hickey, and the Nesbitts;[2] the

[1] The total outlay on this journey, from the entries, appears to have been 447*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*, which sum includes 35*l.* to a tailor, 153*l.* for a Poussin, and 50*l.* given to Miss Reynolds.

[2] Mr. Nesbitt was brother-in-law to Thrale.—ED.

Bunburys, Dr. Baker, Dr. Barnard, and Dr. Percy. He is often dining with the Thrales at Southwark and Streatham, with Bennet Langton, and with Burke. It is highly probable that, in the purchase of his Beaconsfield estate and the house of Gregories made this year, Burke was indebted for advances to Reynolds, amongst other friends. It may be to these advances that Barry refers when he speaks of having made the discovery that, while Burke was supporting him at Rome, he was himself under money-obligations to Reynolds. Reynolds dines with Wilkes on the 2nd of December, when his entertainer must have been a prisoner in the King's Bench; but very likely as good company in prison as out of it. Why not? He was now at the very top of the tide. This was the year of his successive triumphs over the Crown, the Commons, and the Courts of Law. He had returned to England openly, in defiance of his outlawry, at the beginning of March; had on the 10th presented himself as a candidate for the City, where he had the show of hands in his favour, though unsuccessful at the poll; had been elected triumphantly for Middlesex on the 28th; had appeared in the Court of King's Bench on the 20th of April, and retired unmolested, on Lord Mansfield's admission that the Court had no power to commit him on his voluntary appearance; and had finally, on the 5th of September, been arrested and committed to the King's Bench on a writ of "*capias ultagatum*," afterwards reversed, on grounds well known to Wilkes to be fatal before the motion was made. His name was chalked on the dead-walls for fifty miles round London, and his portrait printed on pocket-handkerchiefs. He was the demigod of the

great Beckford, ex-Lord Mayor and millionaire, and the idol of the mob, who called for illuminations, and broke heads and windows in his honour on his birthday, the 28th of October. Gifts were showered upon him, City electors forced twenty-pound notes into his pockets, and the booksellers offered him his own terms for anything he chose to write. This was incense to turn a stronger head than Wilkes's, and never, we may be sure, did his daring wit burn brighter than in the midst of this blaze of popularity. By the side of the rampant, rollicking, sinister satyr-mask of Wilkes—so strikingly contrasted with the serene face of the painter, his guest in the King's Bench—a figure of blended humour and pain rises to the imagination as we read, in the old pocket-book, under the dates of February 22 and March 4, the entry "Dr. Sterne." The second entry is an engagement to a four o'clock dinner. The hand of death was on the host at that dinner. A fortnight later, to a day, he lay dying, in his lodgings, "at the Silk-bag Shop, in Old Bond-street," without a friend to close his eyes. No one but a hired nurse was in the room, when a footman, sent from a dinner-table where was gathered a gay and brilliant party—the Dukes of Roxburgh and Grafton, the Earls of March and Ossory, David Garrick and David Hume—to inquire how Dr. Sterne did, was bid to go up stairs by the woman of the shop. He found Sterne "just a dying. In ten minutes, 'Now it is come,' he said, put up his hand as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute."[1]

His laurels—such as they were—were still green.

[1] 'The Life of a Footman,' quoted in Forster's 'Life of Goldsmith,' vol. ii. p. 150.

The town was ringing with the success of the 'Sentimental Journey' just published. The great and gay, we see, were concerned about him. He did not choose, perhaps, that his brilliant London acquaintance should be with him at that encounter with the grim summoner, whom he had laughed at in his time, as at most things awful or venerable. Sterne's funeral was as friendless as his deathbed. Becket, his publisher, was the only one who followed the body to its undistinguished grave, in the parish burial-ground of Marylebone, near Tyburn gallows-stand. Nor was this ungraced funeral the last indignity of that poor body, over whose infirmities Sterne had alternately puled and jested. The graveyard lay far from houses: no watch was kept after dark; all shunned the ill-famed neighbourhood. Sterne's grave was marked down by the body-snatchers, the corpse dug up and sold to the professor of anatomy at Cambridge. A student, present at the dissection, recognised under the scalpel the face—not one easily to be forgotten, as we know from Reynolds's picture—of the brilliant wit and London lion of a few seasons before.[1]

From this year Mr. Reynolds becomes Sir Joshua. It was the year of the establishment of the Royal Academy, which was closely followed by his Knighting as its first President. All honours fell to him, as it were, naturally, and without effort or solicitation on his part. As Burke said, his name seemed to be made for its knightly addition.

The Society of Artists had been long a scene of precisely such feud, intrigue, and cabal, as were most repugnant to Reynolds's equable and just character. At

[1] Maloniana.

last the malcontent Fellows had procured the rejection, at the general meeting, on St. Luke's day, of sixteen of the twenty-one Directors, and had filled up their places from the ranks of the outsiders. The eight Directors who were left resigned on the 10th of November. But already the best men of the Society had agreed that its constitution required radical alteration, and that, failing a reform from within, which they despaired of, an altogether new body must be established, from whose constitution the provision for annual election of the Directorate by the Fellows must be excluded. It was, in short, determined to substitute an aristocratic scheme of Art Government for a democratic one.]

During the absence of Reynolds from England, Sir William Chambers, West, Cotes, and Moser, formed an outline of the constitution of an academy, and petitioned the King to adopt it. [Chambers in person had waited upon the King towards the end of November, to explain the design of the proposed institution, and to present the memorial praying for the sanction of the King. Reynolds's name was not appended to this memorial, though he was then in London.] No doubt the seceders would have been glad of the co-operation of Reynolds from the first; and I think his withholding it can only be accounted for from the circumstance of his never having received any personal patronage or notice from George III. He had painted the King, it is true, when he was Prince of Wales; but it does not appear that the commission was from the Prince; and he probably felt that to join the memorialists might be construed into a wish to attract the attention of the Sovereign. It will be seen, on another occasion,

how reluctant he felt to appear as a voluntary candidate for court favour. The circumstance also of Kirby, who had been the King's instructor in perspective, having, at the last St. Luke's day, been elected (in place of Hayman) President of the incorporated society, might, probably, have led him to doubt the success of the new plan, which the King had required of its promoters should be carried on in the strictest secrecy, fearing (it is said) that it should be turned to political purposes.[1]

Before the constitution of the Academy was settled, the admission, among its members, of some of the nobility, patrons of art, was suggested; but to this the King had the good sense at once to object, foreseeing that no institution for the instruction of art could ever be efficiently managed, except by artists solely.[2]

[On the 7th of December Chambers had a second interview with the King, at which a definite scheme of the new Academy was submitted and approved. All that now remained was the selection of the members and officers.]

A list was made out of thirty names, including that of Reynolds, to be submitted to the King with a list of officers. A meeting of the artists was appointed for

[1] In the pamphlet containing the case of the Incorporated Society against the Academy (see *post*), it is suggested that the hope of knighthood was held out as a bait to Reynolds, who is represented as having disapproved of the proceedings of the seceders, and as having declared that he would not act or exhibit with them. The Society's pamphlet complains of this inconsistency on his part, but does not venture to attribute it to any unworthy motive, though there is a hint that the suggested knighthood *may* have had something to do with his change of purpose.—Ed.

[2] The same intention, as we have seen, had been entertained when in 1755 the question of the constitution of an Academy was discussed at great length between the Dilettanti Society and a Committee of the Society of Artists (see *ante*, s. a. 1755).

the 9th, to take place at the house of Wilton the sculptor, the King having named the next morning to receive the lists.[1]

Penny and Moser called on Reynolds, but failed in securing his attendance at the meeting. West then went to him immediately, and informed him of the arrangements that were in progress for constituting an academy, and that thirty artists named by the King, of the forty members of which it was intended it should consist, were to assemble on that evening at Wilton's. Reynolds was still slow of belief. He told West that Kirby had assured him in the most decided manner that there was no truth whatever in the rumour of such a design being in agitation; and that he thought it would be derogatory to attend a meeting constituted, as Kirby represented it, by persons who had no sanction for doing what they had undertaken. To this West answered, "As you have been told by Mr. Kirby that there is no intention of the kind, and by me that there is, that even the rules are framed, and the officers *condescended* on,[2] yourself to be President, I must insist on your going with me to the meeting, where you will be satisfied which of us deserves to be credited in this business."

In the evening, at the usual hour, West went to take tea with Reynolds, before going to the meeting; but either from design or accident, tea was not served till an hour later than usual—not, indeed, till the time

[1] The dates of these proceedings I have taken from the original Minute-books of the Royal Academy, most obligingly opened to me by the Council. I find in the pocket-book for the year, on the 9th, the entry "Mr. Wilton's at 6."—ED.

[2] I quote the exact words; and *condescended* seems to imply that the King himself had named the officers.

fixed for the artists to assemble at Wilton's; so that, when they arrived there, the meeting was on the point of breaking up, conceiving that, as neither Reynolds nor West had come, something extraordinary had happened. But on their appearing, a burst of satisfaction manifested the anxiety that had been felt, and without any farther delay the company proceeded to carry into effect the wishes of the King. The code of laws was read, and, the gentlemen recommended by the Sovereign being declared officers, the laws were accepted. A report of the proceedings was made to His Majesty next morning (Saturday the 10th), who gave his sanction to the selection, and the Academy was thus instituted,[1] its first general meeting being held on the 14th of December.

I have made use of the account given by West to his biographer Galt, of these transactions; conceiving

[1] List of Academy:—"Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt., President; Sir Wm. Chambers, Knight of the Polar Star, Treasurer; George Michael Moser, Keeper; Francis Milner Newton, Secretary; Edward Penny, Professor of Painting; Thomas Sandby, Professor of Architecture; Samuel Wale, Professor of Perspective; William Hunter, M.D., Professor of Anatomy; Francis Hayman, Librarian (Tan-Chet-Tua, a Chinese modeller, not one of the Academicians); George Barrett; Francesco Bartolozzi; Edward Burch; Agostino Carlini; Charles Cotton; Mason Chamberlin; J. Baptist Cipriani; Richard Cosway; John Gwynn; William Hoare; Nathaniel Hone; Mrs. Angelica Kauffman; Jeremiah Meyer; Mrs. Mary Moser; Joseph Nollekens; John Richards; Paul Sandby; Domenick Serres; Peter Toms; William Tyler; Benj. West; Richard Wilson; Joseph Wilton; Richard Yeo; John Zoffanii; Francesco Zuccarelli." (Seven of these are foreigners.) From the first Catalogue of the R.A. Exhibition. Of these names, Burch, Cotton, Cosway, Hoare, Nollekens, and Zoffanii, with the two ladies, were not included in the list first approved by the King. It is curious that Gainsborough's name appears in neither list, though R.A. is appended to his name in the first catalogue. It is evident that there was a determination to secure him for the new Academy, and that he let himself be secured, but he seems never to have taken any part whatever in the work of the Academy; and his membership is hardly traceable in the Academy records, except by a quarrel, occasionally, about the hanging of his pictures.—ED.

it more likely to be the true one, as it is certainly more probable than that given by Northcote. The latter, after telling us that, immediately on the entrance of Reynolds, the company assembled at Wilton's house "with one voice hailed him as President," adds, "He seemed much affected by the compliment, and returned them his thanks for the high mark of their approbation, but declined the honour till such time as he had consulted with his friends Dr. Johnson and Mr. Edmund Burke. This demur greatly disappointed the company, as they were expected to be with the King next day by appointment; but Messrs. West and Cotes avoided going to the King next day, as they could not present him with a complete list of officers, for the want of a President; and it was not till a fortnight after that Reynolds gave his consent."

[This account is inconsistent both with the Academy's records and the entries in Reynolds's pocket-book.

On Sunday the 18th (better day, better deed) the President formally submitted to the King the list of officers, council, visitors, and professors, which was approved under the sign-manual. At the council meeting of the 27th it was decided that the students who had already been subscribers to the Old Academy (*i.e.* the drawing-school, removed in 1757 from St. Martin's Lane to Pall Mall) should be admitted to draw for the winter-season in the New Academy, without any test. The winter-season was fixed from Michaelmas to the end of April, work to begin at six in the evening; the summer-season from May the 26th (then the contemplated day for closing the exhibition) to the end of August, work to begin at four.]

The plan of an Academy, as we have seen, had been suggested in 1753 and 1755; and one of its modes of instruction was to consist in sending students abroad for the purpose of study, as we learn from Hogarth, who was opposed to the whole scheme. The deliberations which then took place are thus alluded to by Reynolds in his first Discourse:—

"The numberless and ineffectual consultations which I have had with many in this assembly to form plans and concert schemes for an Academy, afford sufficient proof of the impossibility of succeeding *without the influence of Majesty.*"

However opinions may vary as to the usefulness of the Royal Academy, its establishment was inevitable. It was proposed by Sir James Thornhill in the reign of George I.; and if either that Sovereign or his son had taken any interest in the Arts, it would not have been reserved for George III. to place himself at the head of an institution to which nearly all the British painters, sculptors, and architects who have since risen to eminence are indebted for so much of an artist's education as it is possible for an Academy to give.

As one of its members, I must here take leave to say something of the character of an institution of which the public know very little. I am well aware of the disadvantages a witness labours under who speaks in favour of a society to which he belongs; yet, if he can obtain credit for honesty, his membership at least entitles him to be heard, however partial his evidence may be considered.

Sir Martin Shee, when asked if he considered Academies of Art useful, said, "An Academy is a school,

and I think a school is a good thing." It has often, however, been triumphantly noticed that our greatest painters, Hogarth, Wilson, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, preceded the formation of the Royal Academy. They did so; but Hogarth and Gainsborough learned to draw in the Academy in St. Martin's Lane, where we have no proof that Wilson did not also study; while Reynolds lamented that he had not had such an advantage, and with great reason, for a knowledge of the human figure, which Hogarth and Gainsborough had acquired, was the only knowledge of importance to a painter that he did not possess.

By the constitution of the Royal Academy the students enjoy the advantage of advice from the greatest artists of the country. Under no other system would it be possible to procure the services of such men as Banks, Fuseli, Opie, Flaxman, Stothard, Lawrence, Smirke, Turner, Wilkie, Chantrey, Constable, and Etty, as schoolmasters. It would not indeed be desirable that a government school, even if it could secure the services of such artists, should rob the country of their valuable time; while, as members of the Academy, by a division of labour, a month in every year, with the addition of a few days, perhaps, in the case of a painter, is the only sacrifice required. The duties of the Keeper form the one exception; and he has the advantage of residing in the Academy.

It has been said that the best artists are generally not the best teachers; that they either have not patience for the drudgery of teaching, or have not the knack of conveying instruction often possessed by less gifted men. It is true they are not the most *loquacious*

teachers; they have no infallible rules, no certain methods by which, in a given number of lessons, and by a certain number of diagrams, they can make their pupils masters of composition, colouring, and chiaroscuro. Indeed, it must be owned that the greatest artists are too apt, in their own practice, to violate the most approved principles laid down in the most popular treatises on art. How unsafe then, it may be thought, to trust the student to guidance so unorthodox!

To speak seriously, however, I have always found that those among us who undertake to teach everything in art, or who think that everything may be taught, are precisely those who know the least; generally those who know nothing as it should be known. Though a great artist may feel there is very little he can teach, a single word from him is often worth hours of instruction from a commonplace plausible talker. Indeed, the commonplace plausible talker not only fails to do good, but often does much harm. Nothing more frequently happens than for such guides to object to passages of the highest excellence in the works of great masters, and to suggest improvements that would bring them down to the level of their own conceptions. Those among my readers who have not given much time to the study of pictures will understand this, when reminded how Thomson (the Edinburgh publisher) did what he could to make Burns spoil the noblest of war-songs, by substituting

"Now prepare for honour's bed,"

in place of the heroic

"Welcome to your gory bed."

If the having mixed with artists of all sorts for half a century gives me any right to an opinion on the subject, that opinion is *entirely* in favour of the teaching of those who have themselves achieved the highest excellence, and against the teaching of all others, not only as productive of no good, but as productive of all that is tame and insipid in practice.

I may be told that Richardson, an indifferent painter, wrote well on art. But Richardson did not undertake to teach principles. He wrote generally of the dignity and value of art, as any man of sense who feels interested in the subject may write without being a painter. Richardson's object was to call public attention to the arts, not to furnish rules to students.

An objection has been made, by foreigners, to the multiplicity of teachers in our Academy, as tending to confuse the students and hinder them from an early attainment of fixed principles; and no doubt, if the object of such an institution were but the training of the greatest number of artists in a certain routine of practice in which the hand is more engaged than the head, the teaching of one master, who would save the students the trouble of thinking, might be the best. But the aim of an Academy of Art should be something very different from this. It should be, not to make respectable draughtsmen and tolerable colourists of a large number of young men (and *a large* number can never be anything more), but it should be to give the greatest help to natural abilities. A boy of genius, though he may at first be somewhat puzzled by the various opinions he may hear from various authorities, will sooner be taught to think for himself, or sooner

confirmed in so doing (for I believe genius begins to think very early), than he can be under a single master. In the multitude of his counsellors he will quickly discover those whose minds are congenial with his own, and from these he will gather the instruction best for him.

That our Academy has worked well may be inferred from the variety of directions in which British Art has put forth its branches since its establishment. Stothard, Opie, Flaxman, Turner, Constable, Wilkie, Haydon, Chantrey, Etty—how distinctly do such men stand apart from each other! yet they all passed through the schools of the Royal Academy; and were I to give living names it would be seen that, to the present moment, these schools have not repressed originality.

I am far from saying that the things by which the reputations of our greatest artists have been made were found by them in the Academy. I wish only to show that the Academy did not hinder their attainment of these things; while I believe that, in lesser, though not unimportant matters, all of them (not excepting the landscape painters) were helped by the early intercourse with other men of genius opened to them by the Academy.

An Institution that bestows its honours upon sixty out of the great body of artists must always make enemies among the many disappointed candidates. Some of these become writers, and others make friends among the critics; hence the frequent animosity of the press against it—an animosity that may be expected to continue, as the cause of it must be lasting. When the removal of the Academy to Trafalgar Square was about

to take place, a union was effected among its opponents, who procured the appointment of a Committee of the House of Commons to hear all that could be said against its receiving the new rooms in exchange for the old ones; and it was before this Committee that Sir Martin Shee made the answer I have quoted. On that occasion he triumphantly defended the Academy from an immense mass of misrepresentation, and in his defence he was ably seconded by Hilton, the Keeper, and Howard, the Secretary.[1]

Sir Martin was asked whether he thought the number of forty sufficient to represent the Arts in their present state of advancement.[2] He replied, that the number had been fixed with a view to the future, that at first it could by no means be properly filled; and he added, "I should be much more proud of my profession than I am, if I thought that at any time forty artists could exist who could be sure of transmitting their names to posterity."

There is, indeed, a sufficient answer to this question in the causes which led to the formation of the Academy. The incorporated society which preceded it was destroyed by its unlimited admission of members. The inferior artists, composing a large majority, took the power from those who, by their talents, their sense,

[1] Among the artists examined by the Committee the engravers only had any just reason to complain of the constitution of the Academy; and the cause of their complaint has since been removed by an alteration of the law which precluded them from the rank of Academicians. This exclusion was the ground of Strange's attack on the Academy. Engravers had been admitted to the Chartered Society.

[2] It is curious that those generally who are loudest in their condemnation of the Academy, as an institution that has retarded the arts, are loudest also in proclaiming the immense advance of those arts.

and their respectability, were its chief support, and should have been its directors. Governed by the most inefficient men, its most distinguished members withdrew from its meetings, and the rest affected to expel those who had in reality expelled themselves.[1] The parchment roll is still preserved (in the Royal Academy) with the signatures of the members, and through the names of Reynolds, West, Gainsborough, Wilson, Chambers, and indeed of all the most valuable men, a line is drawn, and "*expelled*" is written on the margin.[2]

[1] I leave this as Leslie wrote it, but it is not exactly a fair statement. The Society was *not* governed by its "most inefficient men," but by its best men, the Directorate of 21, who, unquestionably, did their utmost to keep in their own hands the power they had obtained, and were as unquestionably, by the constitution of the Society, without legal warrant for so doing. The fight was taken on a proposed bye-law for the annual election of 8 out of the 21 directors. This was carried against the directors, who had, in July, 1768, submitted a case to the Attorney-General (Sir W. de Grey) as to the Society's power to make such a bye-law, and had received an opinion adverse to their hopes. At the next election (Oct. 18) 16 of the directors were voted out. The remaining 8, which included Chambers, West, Wilton, and Moser, resigned on the 10th of November, and the 21 at once proceeded to organize the Royal Academy.—ED.

[2] The case of the Incorporated Society may be seen very fully stated in a shilling pamphlet, to be found in the British Museum: "The Conduct of the Royal Academicians while Members of the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain, viz. from the year 1760 to their expulsion in the year 1769, with some part of their Transactions since." 12mo., London, 1771. They complain that "the Junto," as they style the seceding directors who founded the Academy, took this step when they found themselves defeated in their attempts to monopolize the government of the Society, and that Moser, their agent, and the associate of Dalton in an unsuccessful enterprise as a printseller on a large scale in Pall Mall, got possession of their casts and other school apparatus, for the Royal Academy, by representations that members of the Society would be admitted to draw in the new Schools without any new conditions of admission. They seem to me to have had very good grounds for this complaint. The transfer of the casts, &c., belonging to the old Schools was thus managed: On the 3rd of June, 1766, on the representation of Moser (who was director of the old School in St. Martin's Lane) of the low estate of the School, it was determined to supply the deficiencies out of the Society's fund. In March following, the Society having resolved to establish a public Academy, the former one (*i.e.* the St. Martin's Lane School) being insufficient, Mr. Moser reported that his Majesty intended to take that parti-

"I have been connected forty-seven years with the Royal Academy; first as a student, and afterwards as a member. As a student, I look back with gratitude to the advantages I derived from the immediate introduction my ticket gave me to the greatest living artists. As a member, I have witnessed the manner in which the Academy has been conducted for more than thirty years; and though on some questions I have found myself in the minority (perhaps justly so), I can bear witness to the zeal which has invariably actuated the majority of its members in the promotion of the objects for which it was founded; and I have witnessed, in individual instances, sacrifices of time by the most eminent painters, sculptors, and architects, in their endeavours to increase the usefulness of the Academy, which such men would never make for any Government school, with paid teachers and dilettante directors, simply because they must know that their best exertions would be counteracted by ignorance.

The admirably clear account of the claims of the Academy to the confidence of the country lately given

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cular under his royal protection. On the 2nd of June, 1767, the resolution for establishing a public Academy was rejected by a general meeting. Mr. Moser afterwards came to the joint proprietors of the private Academy in St. Martin's Lane (who, though distinct from, were members of, the Incorporated Society), and, acquainting them that a Royal Academy would shortly be opened in Pall Mall, got them to sign a paper, empowering him to carry away the figures, busts, statues, lamps, and other effects, to Pall Mall, where they formed the nucleus of the present Academy-Schools. It is clear from the pamphlet that the Academy arose out of the baffled attempts of the 21 Directors to govern the Society independently of the Fellows, who comprised all the respectable artists of the time. But it is equally clear that these Directors included all the best artists of the time; and we may well believe—I do for one—that, whatever may have been the faults of Academy rule, it has been immeasurably better than a government by the whole body of artists would be likely to prove.—ED.

by Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords, must be fresh in the remembrance of most of my readers.[1] Many years ago Sir Robert Peel took the trouble to confute the stereotyped charges against the Academy, which are always ready for immediate use when a fitting opportunity of parading them occurs. Speeches in Parliament, on subjects not of political interest, even by the greatest orators, are soon forgotten; but it will be remembered for the credit of the Academy that it has had such defenders as Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lyndhurst, and that both these statesmen took especial pains to inform themselves as to the character of an institution the cause of which they espoused.

[1] "I have stated," said his Lordship, "that the society are self-supporting; that the source from which they have derived their income is the annual exhibition. The profits of that exhibition have advanced by degrees to their present amount. The average for the last ten years has reached the sum of 7000*l.* a-year. From the very first they have conducted themselves in the management of that fund with great discretion. They have set apart a sum for accumulation with a view to the perpetuity of the establishment. I know some persons suppose that the members of the Royal Academy may apply this fund as they think proper. Some think they have distributed a portion of it among themselves. Nothing can be more unfounded. They have no power whatever over the fund. They cannot dispose of any part of it without the consent of the Crown. Upon one or two occasions they advanced large sums towards the relief of the country. In 1798 they voted 500*l.* for that purpose in aid of the Government. They voted afterwards a similar sum for a similar object; but the Crown refused its consent, and the money was not advanced. For what purpose is the fund, then, to be applied? There are certain officers appointed with the view to the schools and the instruction of the students; among others, a professor of sculpture, a professor of architecture, and a professor of anatomy,—all branches of art necessary for an artist. These and certain other officers receive stipends, on a very moderate scale, for the discharge of the duties devolving upon them. But the great object of the institution has reference to the schools. The schools are on a most liberal establishment. Any of Her Majesty's subjects have a right to be gratuitously instructed there. Nothing more is requisite for that purpose than the production of a certificate of good moral character and of a qualification in drawing. With those qualifications they are admitted to the schools, and are instructed gratuitously during as long a period as they think proper to remain."

That the Academy is a self-electing body is a prominent complaint in every attack upon it, though no other mode of appointing its members has ever been suggested with any likelihood of bettering the choice. Its very existence requires that it should always include the greatest artists of the country, and it always has included them. As the number of members is, however, much more than sufficient for this,[1] its ranks have always contained many men of inferior powers, and the forgotten Academicians of past days are pointed out as if *they* had been the Academy. That some of these have been inferior to artists out of the body cannot be denied; and till the Society can be composed of forty men of perfect judgment, wholly above the influences of friendship, nepotism, or any prejudices whatever, errors in filling up the spaces left in it by the absence of commanding ability will occur. In admitting,—what indeed cannot be denied without denying that Academicians are men,—in admitting that the influences of friendship and relationship have always existed among them, it must be remembered that the friends or relations of members may deserve support on their own account,[2] and, when this is not the case, the best man is not invariably kept out, though a vote or two may be lost to him from an unworthy, however natural, feeling of the voter.

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[1] Take the most splendid condition of any school of art in any age, and it will be found that the great living artists would leave room in the number of forty for many of second and third rate ability.

[2] The late Lord Melbourne asked how it was that Raphael was employed to decorate the Vatican. It was suggested in reply that he was a great painter. "But," said Lord Melbourne, "was not his uncle, Bramante, architect to the Pope? It was a job."

The truth is, that the influences of friendship and nepotism in such a Society, though they must always exist, are, in a great degree, mere bugbears; for they tend to excite an antagonism that keeps them generally in check. Inferior names have, I believe, more often been connected with the Academy by the false principle of voting for men of long standing, in preference to new and young men of greater ability, than by the influences of favouritism and nepotism. I have sometimes heard it said of a young candidate of great excellence, "He can afford to wait, he is sure to come in, but so and so is not so sure."[1] I confess this has always appeared to me an excellent reason for voting for the younger candidate. But I fear I have wearied the reader upon this subject, if indeed he has accompanied me so far.

Reynolds always gave unremitting attention to the exhibitions of the Academy. Anxious that the display should be the best possible, he was also desirous that the exhibitors should be satisfied with the places given to their works; and while his own gallery was open, from which any number of pictures might be taken,[2] he expressed no other wish respecting them than that some should be placed in inferior situations, in order that other exhibitors might be reconciled to their necessary lot.

[1] Fuseli was asked to vote for an artist who had waited long, but of whose talents he did not think highly. "Why should I vote for him?" "He is such a respectable man," was the answer. "D—n the respectable men!" exclaimed Fuseli; "we want the men of talent. If you wish to elect a respectable man, you had better take the parson of the parish; I dare say he is a *very respectable man.*" I fear the Academy has suffered somewhat from the feeling Fuseli opposed.

[2] At that time there was no limit to the number of works each artist might exhibit.

Soon after the formation of the Academy he suggested the addition of a few honorary members—not artists, but men distinguished for their genius or learning. To this the King acceded, and Dr. Francklin, the Greek Professor at Cambridge, was appointed Chaplain, Dr. Johnson Professor of Ancient Literature, Dr. Goldsmith of Ancient History,[1] and Richard Dalton, the King's Librarian, Antiquary to the Society.

The annual Academy dinner was also instituted by Reynolds. He first proposed that the members should dine together in the exhibition-rooms after the pictures were arranged, and invited several persons distinguished for talent or rank. The dinners were talked of with interest by the guests, invitations were sought for and became numerous, and the Academy Dinner grew to be the most remarkable annual assemblage of men of genius, rank, and political eminence of all parties, that occurs in England. Reynolds was at first the inviter, but this privilege was soon given to the Council, to whom he earnestly recommended that all private wishes in the selection of the guests should be laid aside. To secure the best possible choice, a law was passed limiting the invitations to "persons high in rank or official situation, to those distinguished for talent, and to patrons of art." The Prince of Wales was often present at these dinners. After his accession to the throne the Duke of York regularly attended them, and, when he died, the Duke of Sussex, as regularly, to the end of his life.

[1] Goldsmith said, on this appointment, that honours to a man like him "were like ruffles to a man who had no shirt."

[*List of Sitters for* 1768.

January.

Mr. Blake; Miss Morris; Lord Pembroke;[1] Mr. Palk; Mr. and Mrs. Harrison; Mr. Dalton; Mr. Dunning (?); Mr. Vansittart; Lady Delawar.

February.[2]

Mrs. Abingdon; Mr. Radcliffe; Sir Watkin Williams; Mrs. Mordaunt; Sir Thomas Ackland;[3] Mrs. Crewe; Mrs. Cholmondeley; Duchess of Ancaster;[4] Sir George Yonge; Duchess of Douglas; Lady Almeria Carpenter; Sir Jeffrey Amherst.

March.

Lady Broughton; Mrs. Earle; Duke of Buccleugh; Mrs. Bouverie; Captain Duncombe;[5] Mr. Ward; Lady Arundell; Lady Williams; Mrs. Blake.

April.[6] [7]

Mr. and Miss Grimston; Miss Williams; Mr. Hastings; Lord Malden; Sir William Maynard;[8] Sir Gerard Napier.[9]

May.

Duchess of Manchester; Lord Mandeville; Lady Mary Fox; the Solicitor-General (Dunning); Mrs. Bromberg; Mr. Meynell; Duchess of Marlborough; Lord Eglintoun; Master Watson, Mr. Montague Parker; Mr. Cruttenden.

June.[10]

Lord Rockingham; Mr. Lascelles; Mrs. Halsey; Mr. Gell;[11] Mr. Lethbridge; Miss Parker.

July.[12]

Mr. Price; Duke of Grafton.

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[1] *Mem.* March 21.—"Lord and Lady Pembroke to be finished."

[2] *Mem.* Sat. 13.—"Sir Geoffrey Amherst to be finished."

[3] "Sir Thomas Ackland, at Killerton, near Exeter" (*Mem.* In April).

[4] "Duchess of Ancaster, sketch" (*Mem.* March 24).

[5] "To be finished."

[6] *April.*—"Mr. Lambton, Princes' Street, Hanover Square; to be sent there, packed up."

[7] To draw out an advertisement; Miller, bookseller; two guineas per volume, 4 vols. in all; the impress. of the first vol. is expected daily. (? The 'Antiquities of Ionia,' published by the Dilettanti Society.)

[8] *Mem.*—"Lord Maynard to be sent 29th April; Charles Lord Viscount Maynard, 1767, æt. 76; Sir William Maynard at the back, 1768, 47."

[9] *Mem.*—"Sir Gerard Napier to be finished, 28th April."

[10] All but a blank from June 9 to end of the month.—*Mem.* "To inquire for a man that paints chiaro 'scuro."

[11] *Mem.*—"Phillip Gell, Esq., at Hopton, near Ashbourne, Derbyshire."

[12] *Mem.*—"Mr. Parry went to Wales for one month, Wed. 20 July."—This was Reynolds's Welsh pupil, son of a famous blind harper. The young man was now proceeding to Sir William Wynne's, who afterwards sent him to Rome.—ED.

August—(almost blank).

Mrs. Philips (to be finished); Mrs. Musgrave (to be finished).

(From *September* 9 to *October* 23 Reynolds was absent on his Parisian trip.)

October.

Mr. Gage; Mr. Simmons; Sir Robert Fletcher.

November.[1]

Master Whitbread; Mr. Jones.

December.[2] [3]

Captain Bowyer.]

[1] *Mem.*—"Mr. Woodcock's picture to be sent to Mr. Woodcock's, King's Row, Bedford Row, Bloomsbury Square."

[2] *Mem.*—"Sir W. Blackett's picture to be sent directed for Sir John Trevelyan, Bart., at Nettlecombe, by Whitemarsh's Taunton waggon."

[3] The only references I find to Academy engagements this year are for 6 on Saturday the 17th of December, for 7 on Friday the 23rd, and for the same hour on Friday the 30th. There is a note of letters to be written to the Palmers and Youngs at Torrington, and to Mr. Hoare and Gainsborough at Bath, about the 21st of November, which no doubt were to announce to the friends and relatives in Devonshire the news that the Academy was instituted and Reynolds appointed its first President, and to invite the two Bath artists to join.

Other notes of this year referring to his practice are—"Duchess of Ancaster, prima magilp, olio, terza olio.

"Lady Almeria Carpenter, Mrs. Cholmondeley, con magilp, senza olio.

"Mio proprio (my own portrait) given to Mrs. Burke. Cera, finito quasi, poi con mastic ver. finitò interamente, poi cerata senza colori.

"Offe's picture (his niece Theophila), painted with cera and cop (copaiba), solo cinnabro (vermilion). Glazing senza olio, vernice of mastic solo, Yeo's yellow vern.: blue. Sir Charles Bunbury, Master Bunbury. Jan. 5, 1768.

"July 29, 1768. In vece di nero si puo servire di turchino (blue) e cinnabro e lacca giallo (probatum est, Nov. 20, 1768). Second sitting too yellow. The glazing di cinnabro e turchino, Dec. 16, 1768, senza cera."

Here we see him, dissatisfied with the effect of this mixture of blue, vermilion, and yellow lake, adopted as a substitute for black in glazing in July, by a subsequent note of Dec. omitting the yellow lake.—ED.

CHAPTER V.

1769—1772. ÆTAT. 46–49.

Sketch of Royal Academy in Annual Register — Site, &c., of the Academy — Francklin's Ode — The President's First Discourse — Dinner at the St. Albans — Arrangement of the course of study — The President knighted — The first Exhibition — Its chief attractions — West's 'Regulus' — Sir Joshua's pictures — Mrs. Bouverie and Mrs. Crewe — Dinner with the Hornecks at Dr. Baker's — His circle — At the masquerade — At Vauxhall — The Stratford Jubilee — Dinner at Boswell's — Baretti's trial — First distribution of prizes at the Academy — The Second Discourse analysed — Sir Joshua's tenderness to a robber — A letter to Barry — Sitters for 1769 — Notes of his practice at this time (1770) — Politics of the year — Resignation of the Grafton Administration — The authorship of 'Junius' — Sitters — Mrs. Trecothick — The 'Ugolino' begun — Death of the Marquis of Granby, Lord Ligonier, and Sir John Cust — The President in society — The Thursday night Club's masquerade — The Exhibition — Walpole on the art-exhibition mania of the day — Sir Joshua's pictures for the year — 'The Babes in the Wood' — Mary Moser's critique on the Exhibition — Portrait of Goldsmith — Reynolds's regard for him — The 'Deserted Village' — Paints the King — Visits York and Devonshire — Brings his niece "Offey" to London — Election of Associates — Distribution of prizes — Third Discourse analysed — The Grand Style — Sitters and practice of 1770. (1771). Decrease of sitters — Romney — Political events and connections — The Academy installed at Somerset House — The President at the Club — Walpole and Masaccio — Sir Joshua's dinners — Fancy pictures — Beggar-boys — Old White — His society — Sir Thomas Mills — Cumberland — Struggles in Parliament — Sir Joshua's clubs — Gambling — Mrs. Cornelys's masquerades — Mrs. Abington — Mrs. Baddeley — Lady Waldegrave — The Duchess of Cumberland — Miss Polly Kennedy — Her story — The first Academy dinner — The Exhibition — Sir Joshua's pictures — Barry's return from Rome — His 'Adam and Eve' — Earlom's picture of the Exhibition — West's 'Death of Wolfe' — Northcote comes up to London — Johnson's thanks for his portrait — Installation of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor — Sir Joshua robbed of his hat and watch — Visit to Paris — Northcote's life at Sir Joshua's — Analysis of the Fourth Discourse — Generality the characteristic of great art — Sitters for 1771. (1772). Ugolino — Hebe — Portrait of Bankes — Opening of the Pantheon — Mrs. Baddeley and her escort — A Pantheon masquerade — Election of Academicians — Garrick and Mrs. Garrick sit to him — Northcote's overhearings — His introduction to Goldsmith — Interesting sitters — Dunning — Mrs. Crewe — The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland — The Royal Marriage Act — The Exhibitions — Sir Joshua's pictures at the Academy — Zoffany's picture of the Academicians — Sir Joshua at the installation of

the Knights of the Bath — The Fordyce failure — Mrs. Yates sits — Mrs. Montague and the Blues — Burke offered an Indian appointment — Care-Clouds at Streatham — Colonel Dow's tragedies — Sir Joshua at Marylebone Gardens — Elected an Alderman of Plympton — A party to see the Puppets — His visiting-circle — Analysis of the Fifth Discourse.

1769, ætat. 46.—[THE Royal Academy was constituted. Of the general design, aims, and appliances of the Institution, I know no better summary than that published in the chronicle of the Annual Register for December, 1768.

"The principal object of this institution is to be the establishment of well-regulated schools of design, where students in the art may find that instruction which hath so long been wanted, and so long wished for in this country. For this end, therefore, there will be a winter academy of living models of different characters to draw after, and a summer academy of living models of different characters to paint after; there will also be laymen, with all sorts of draperies, both ancient and modern, and choice casts of all the celebrated antique statues, groups, and basso-relievos. Nine of the ablest academicians, elected annually from amongst the forty, are to attend these schools by rotation, to set the figures, to examine the performance of the students, to advise and instruct them, and to turn their attention towards that branch of the arts for which they shall seem to have the aptest disposition.

"And in order to instruct the students in the principles and laws of composition, to strengthen their judgment, to form their taste of design and colouring, to point out to them the beauties and imperfections of celebrated performances, and the particular excellences and defects of great masters, to fit them for an unprejudiced study of books, and to lead them into the readiest and most efficacious paths of study, there are appointed a professor of painting, a professor of architecture, one of anatomy, and one of perspective, who are annually to read a certain number of public lectures in the schools, calculated for the purposes above recited.

"Furthermore, there will be a library of books of architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the sciences relating thereto; also

of prints of bas-reliefs, vases, trophies, ornaments, ancient and modern dresses, customs and ceremonies, instruments of war and arts, utensils of sacrifice, and all other things useful to students in the arts.

"The admission of all these establishments will be free to all students properly qualified to reap advantage from such studies as are there cultivated. The professors and academicians, who instruct in the schools, have each of them proper salaries annexed to their employment; as have also the treasurer, the keeper of the Royal Academy, the secretary, and all other persons employed in the management of the said institution; and his Majesty hath, for the present, allotted a large house in Pall Mall for the purpose of the schools, &c.

"And that the effects of this truly royal institution may be conspicuous to the world, there will be an annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and designs, open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they may offer their performances to public view, and acquire that degree of fame and encouragement which they shall be deemed to deserve.

"But as all men who enter the career of the arts are not equally successful, and as some unhappily never acquire either fame or encouragement, but, after many years of painful study, at a time of life when it is too late to think of other pursuits, find themselves destitute of every means of subsistence; and as others are, by various infirmities incident to man, rendered incapable of exerting their talents, and others are cut off in the bloom of life, before it could be possible to provide for their families, his Majesty, whose benevolence and generosity overflow in every action of his life, hath allotted a considerable sum, annually to be distributed, for the relief of indigent artists and their distressed families."

From the time the Academy was established the President took the most active part in its organization and guidance, both in the council and the schools. The pocket-book for 1769 bears evidence to Sir Joshua's constant attendance at the seat of the institution. The new Academy was not magnificently lodged. Its first quarters were in Dalton's print-warehouse, for-

merly Lamb's auction-rooms, in Pall Mall,[1] immediately adjacent to Old Carlton House, afterwards occupied by Christie, the picture-auctioneer. It was not till 1771 that the King granted to the Academy the use of apartments in Old Somerset Palace for the lectures and library. In 1773 the keeper was lodged there, but the exhibitions continued to be held in Pall Mall till 1780, when the installation of the Academy in Chambers's renovated Somerset House was completed.

One of the charges, as we have seen, brought by the Incorporated Society against the Academy, was that of having, by some sharp practice on Moser's part, tricked the Society out of the casts that had belonged to the St. Martin's Lane Drawing-school, which included those belonging to Sir James Thornhill, from which Hogarth and his contemporaries had studied. The new, or Royal Academy, was thus at once engrafted, as it were, on the old, or Private one. The casts belonging to the Duke of Richmond also found their way to the Academy schools. In vain the Society complained and protested; charged the Academicians—whom they refer to as "the Junto"—with intriguing, caballing, and deception; and went through the form of expelling them from their body after they had left it.[2] In vain they opened a private Academy of their own,[3] and petitioned

[1] A print of the exterior, from a drawing in the British Museum, appeared in 'The Illustrated London News' for May 1, 1861. Dalton was the King's librarian and print-keeper. He had been educated as an artist, was patronized by Lord Charlemont, with whom he travelled in Greece, and had been in Rome with Sir Joshua in 1751. He had bought the lease of these rooms for a print-warehouse, but is said in the Society's pamphlet to have found the speculation "heavy on his hands," and thereupon, after in vain offering his rooms to the Society for their exhibition, to have joined the seceders, and disposed of his premises to them. —ED.

[2] In June, 1769. See their pamphlet referred to in a former note.—ED.

[3] In rooms over the Cider Cellar, Maiden Lane.

the King for his protection and patronage. The King replied that he did not mean to encourage one set of men more than another; that his royal favour should be extended to both the Society and the Academy; and that he would visit the exhibitions of both, which he did. The new Institution carried off the brains from the old one, and thrived as that decayed. The first visitors—*i. e.* artists taking it in turns to visit schools, and overlook the performances of the students—were Carlini, Cotton, Cipriani, N. Dance, Hayman, Toms, West, Wilson, and Zuccarelli.[1]

The new year and the opening Academy were saluted with a fire of good old lyric commonplaces from Dr. Thomas Francklin, now King's Chaplain, the dull translator of Sophocles, and the author of tragedies—one of which, 'The Earl of Warwick,' we have seen Reynolds patronizing in 1766—and even a comedy—now forgotten. Quarrelsome and touchy among his literary rivals, he was an intimate of the President's; and this tribute—"among modern odes," says Northcote, stimulated into a pun, "not the most *odious*"—was due, no doubt, as much to the writer's friendship for Reynolds as to his feeling for the Arts. Alecto, Britannia, Chaos, George, the Augustan age, and the Muse, are duly trotted out; and the latter, rapturous and prophetic,

> "Her country's opening glories views;
> Already sees with wond'ring eyes
> Our Titians and our Guidos rise:
> Sees new Palladios grace the historic page,
> And British Raffaelles charm a future age."

More to the purpose was the President's first Dis-

[1] He is called *Zuccares* in the first list of the R.A.

course, delivered on the 2nd of January. That love of generalizing and systematizing which Burke noted as the leading tendency of Reynolds's mind had now full, if not dangerous scope; and we may well believe that the President considered his own Discourses as not the least important element in the teaching of the new Academy. He was right in this, for, apart from the soundness or unsoundness of their positive teaching, these Discourses all tend to do what was then most needed for Art—to liberalise the theory of it, at once to make and prove it a matter fit to occupy cultivated and serious minds. The Discourses should be considered quite as much pleas for the intellectual claims of Art, urged before audiences which included many of the most distinguished men of the time, as lectures for the instruction of students. Such pleading was eminently required at a time when the tone and habits of painters, and the shallow affectations and coxcombries of connoisseurs, were little calculated to prepossess intelligent or refined minds in favour of the Arts. Whatever we may think of the road into which the President's Discourses directed the student, there can be no doubt it led upwards.

The first Discourse was introductory. It enumerates the advantages to be hoped from the institution of a Royal Academy, which, besides furnishing able men to direct the student, would be a repository for great examples of the art. To the objection that Raffaelle never studied in an academy, it is answered that all Rome was an academy. One advantage the lecturer claims for an Academy in this country—that our artists had nothing to unlearn. Then he recommends (as hints to the professors and visitors of the new schools)

certain principles,—the first of them, the enforcing of implicit obedience on the part of the *young* students to the rules of Art as established by the practice of the great masters. Rules, he remarks, are not the fetters of genius; they are fetters only to men of no genius. When the pupil becomes a master he may consider what liberties he will take with the rules which he has heard inculcated. The stage when the student is passing into the painter is the one, in the President's view, most carefully to be watched. Then, more than ever, the importance of "scrupulous labour" above "fallacious mastery" is to be impressed upon the aspirant. He is to be told again and again that labour is the only price of solid fame. But his industry must be rightly directed. He must be taught to strive for purity of outline rather than readiness of hand—to think more of the disposition of drapery than of the imitation of its texture: above all, absolute exactness in drawing the model must be insisted on. The lecture closes with the expression of a wish and hope that the present age may vie in Arts with that of Leo X., and that the dignity of the dying art (quoting from Pliny) may be revived under the reign of George III.

That the substance of these thoughts was the President's, I have no doubt. That he may have submitted his drafts to the criticism and correction of such friends as Burke, Johnson, William Jones, or even Dr. Franklin, I think very probable. We have indeed his letter of a later date so submitting one of them to Malone. But this in no way diminishes his claim to property in the ideas expressed, and in the conception and conduct of the whole argument.

This graceful and practical introduction to the work of the new Academy—for which the body voted its thanks to the President at its general meeting on the 17th of January—did not derive any great advantage from the mode of its delivery. The President's voice was indistinct. His horror of affectation, and his deafness combined, led him—as men who have heard him lecture have told us—into tameness and slovenliness of elocution, in the desire to avoid anything that might seem like an over-emphatic or oratorical manner. Sir Martin Archer Shee used to ascribe much of Sir Joshua's indistinctness to the mutilation of his lip by the accident at Minorca.

The delivery of the President's first Discourse was followed by a dinner at the St. Albans tavern, at which Sir Joshua presided. The curious in festive lyrics may find in Northcote's Life of Sir Joshua the song written in honour of the occasion, by "the good old Mr. Hull, the comedian," and sung by Mr. Vernon, celebrated as a Macheath in his time. Each verse rings the changes on a burden,—

> "The Arts unrivalled shall remain,
> While George protects the polished train."

The Academy lost no time in beginning its labours. At the council meeting on the 30th of January, the subscribers to the old Drawing-school were admitted to the new one, without subscription or probationary test, till the end of the winter-season. New students were required to prove their proficiency by a drawing. The course of lectures—on painting, on architecture, and on perspective—was fixed to begin in October. Arrange-

ments were made for preparing the Catalogue, with a preface, to be drawn up by the President. On the 20th of April a list was made out of distinguished patrons, and great officers of state, to whom tickets were sent for the opening of the exhibition. On Friday the 21st the President was knighted at the levée.[1] He left a sitter to go to St. James's, and came back to a sitter after receiving the *accolade*. He was the first painter who had been thus honoured since Sir James Thornhill.

The Exhibition was opened on the 26th of April, and closed on the 27th of May. The King visited the rooms on the 25th. The catalogue bears the appropriate motto—"Nova rerum nascitur ordo." In all, 136 works were exhibited; and it may be interesting to know that the receipts at the door were 699*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* The most attractive pictures, besides Sir Joshua's, were, according to Northcote, West's Regulus, and Venus lamenting the death of Adonis; Angelica Kauffmann's Hector and Andromache, and Venus directing Æneas and Achates; Dance's portraits of the King and Queen; Gainsborough's Lady Molyneux; Hone's Piping Boy; Cipriani's Annunciation; Cotes's Hebe, Duke of Gloucester, and Boy playing Cricket; Penny's 'Smith swallowing a Tailor's news' (from King John); and Barett's Penton Lynn. West's 'Regulus' was not only a Royal commission, but a Royal subject. The Bishops were always zealous patrons of West's from the first. They liked the piety and purity of the young painter,

[1] In the pocket-book is entered—"12½, King's Levée. Knighted at St. James's. 11, Miss Norcliffe. 2, Mr. Simons."—Ed.

and the classicality of his subjects. Drummond, the Archbishop of York (whom we have seen sitting to Sir Joshua in 1764), had commissioned the rising Pennsylvanian artist to paint him a picture from Tacitus, of Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus. When the sketch was brought to him, the Archbishop not only encouraged the artist to proceed with the picture, but gallantly set on foot and headed a subscription to raise 3000*l.*, in order that the painter might be enabled to devote himself to history. The subscription failed; but the Archbishop, foiled in his appeal to the patrons, determined to approach the throne; and accordingly, at his next audience, brought before his Majesty the story of the devout young Quaker painter, of so marvellous a genius, and such lofty aspirations. The Bishop was not singular in his belief in West's genius, though the word reads to us like satire in its application to that painter. George III. was interested in the Archbishop's account, and bade him send the painter and his 'Agrippina' to the Queen's House. West arrived with his picture, was presented to the King, who called in the Queen, admired the picture, told her the subject, and then suggested another fine subject from the Roman history — Regulus; adding, "You shall paint it for me." And then, not sorry to display his knowledge of Latin to the Queen, he went on:—"The Archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself—the part where he describes the departure of Regulus:" and so read the passage very gracefully. Hence the picture, which was one of the attractions of the first Academy exhibition; and we may be sure

the story of the King's reading of Livy was not forgotten in the room.[1]]

To this first exhibition of the Royal Academy Reynolds contributed four pictures:—

The Duchess of Manchester and her son, as Diana disarming Cupid.

Mrs. Blake (the sister of his friends Sir Charles and H. Bunbury) as Juno receiving the cestus from Venus.[2]

Miss Morris as Hope nursing Love.[3]

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[1] Joshua Kirby, the director of the Society of Artists, and the King's teacher of perspective, was at the palace when the picture had been brought there. He heard and echoed the King's praises of it, complimented the young painter, and expressed his hope that his Majesty would graciously allow his subjects to see the picture at the exhibition. "Certainly, certainly," said the King. "The exhibition of the Incorporated Society of Artists," added Kirby. "No, no, no!" explained his Majesty, "the exhibition of my own Academy." Kirby was thunderstruck, and is said never to have got over the mortification. He died soon after, blighted, it was whispered, by this dreadful withdrawal of the royal countenance from the Society.—ED.

[2] Both pictures are in his mythological manner. Horace Walpole (though I hardly know why his criticisms deserve to be recorded) has put down, in his catalogue, à propos of the former, "bad attitude," and of the latter, "very bad." I am afraid I must agree with him as to the Duchess of Manchester, who is painted as she stoops to disarm the sleeping Cupid. Mrs. Blake's attitude is well enough, if we can admit the treatment of the subject. But this is evidently a mistake. Portraiture is not to be dignified by transforming ladies of the eighteenth century into heathen goddesses, and investing them with the attributes of the Pantheon, as is done in this case. Mrs. Blake had been a Miss Bunbury, and was the wife of a wealthy, sporting gentleman of Irish family, and large West India and Suffolk property, Mr. (afterwards Sir Patrick) Blake. The marriage was an unhappy one. The picture, irreparably injured I am sorry to say, is at Ashfield, near Barton, in Suffolk, the seat of Sir Henry Blake.

[3] This young lady's history was a very touching one. She was the daughter of Valentine Morris, governor of one of our West India islands, on whose death his widow returned to this country in impoverished circumstances, with a son and two daughters. Miss Morris, the eldest, was very beautiful, and, having shown a talent for acting, was induced, by the advice of friends, to try the profession of the stage. In November, 1768, she appeared as Juliet at Covent Garden, but was so overpowered by timidity, and probably by bodily weakness, that she fainted on entering the stage, and with difficulty got through the part. It was her first and last appearance; for she fell into a rapid decline, and died on May-day, 1769. The picture at Bowood

Two ladies (half-length), Mrs. Bouverie and Mrs. Crewe.

[Mrs. Crewe, the lovelier of these two lovely ladies, was the daughter of Fulke Greville, already noted for her amiability and fascination, as well as her Opposition principles. By and bye she grew to be *the* Whig toast —not inferior in charm, or in the stanchness of her political attachments, to the famous Duchess of Devonshire herself. Like her, she did not shrink from exerting her charms to witch butchers and bakers out of votes for Fox at the Westminster elections. It was at her house in Lower Grosvenor Street that the great Whig triumph at the Westminster election of 1784 was celebrated by a splendid entertainment, at which, on the Prince of Wales giving the toast "True blue, and Mrs. Crewe," the lady in reply gave "True blue, and all of you." Amiable, pure, and good as she was beautiful, Mrs. Crewe was the fast friend of Reynolds, as of Burke, Fox, and Sheridan. She cheered the later years of the former, and the two latter wrote verses in her honour.[1] She was united with Mrs. Bouverie, daughter of Sir Everard Fawkener, by a romantic friendship.

Sir Joshua had painted her as a girl of sixteen, grouped with her infant brother, as Cupid and Psyche; and three years after this painted another and perhaps more beautiful picture of her, as St. Geneviève reading

indicates the delicate character of her beauty. Reynolds had painted mother and daughter in the days of their splendour. Johnson, Reynolds, and others of their society, took a great interest in the family. Corbyn Morris, this young lady's uncle, was a Commissioner of Customs.—ED.

[1] Fox's lines may be found in Walpole's Letters, vol. vi. p. 498: Sheridan's accompanied a presentation-copy of the 'School for Scandal.'

in the midst of her flock. All three pictures are at Crewe-Hall.[1]

On a tomb in this year's picture of the two beautiful friends was written, "Et in Arcadiâ ego." When the Exhibition was arranging, the members and their friends went and looked the works over. "What can this mean?" said Dr. Johnson; "it seems very nonsensical—I am in Arcadia." "Well, what of that? The King could have told you," replied the painter. "He saw it yesterday, and said at once, 'Oh, there is a tombstone in the background. Ay, ay, Death is even in Arcadia!'" The thought is borrowed from Guercino, where the gay frolickers stumble over a death's-head, with a scroll proceeding from his mouth, inscribed, "Et in Arcadiâ ego."]

We get a pleasant glimpse of Reynolds in social life about this date,[2] at a dinner-party given by his physician, Dr. Baker, in honour of the beautiful Devonshire sisters, the Hornecks, who, inviting Goldsmith at the last minute, received his merry doggrel answer :—

"Your mandate I got;
You may all go to pot:
Had your senses been right,
You'd have sent before night. . .
So tell Horneck and Nesbitt,
And Baker and *his* bit,

[1] That of the two friends is exquisite for the delicacy of the sentiment and the beauty of the heads, to which the engraving does very imperfect justice. Its carnations have flown, but otherwise it is in good condition. The St. Geneviève has kept its colour better, but is cracked in the darks, where asphalt has been too freely used. Mr. Greville, in consequence of a quarrel with his son, had the Cupid cut out of Sir Joshua's picture of his children, and a tripod stands where the Cupid originally stood.—ED.

[2] Forster's 'Life of Goldsmith,' vol. ii. p. 174. The original letter is at Barton.

And Kauffmann beside,
And the *Jessamy bride*:[1]
With the rest of the crew,
The Reynoldses too,
Little Comedy's face,[2]
And the *Captain in lace*. . .[3]
Tell each other to rue
Your Devonshire crew,
For sending so late
To one of my state;
But 'tis Reynolds's way
From wisdom to stray,
And Angelica's whim
To be frolic like him;
But, alas! your good worships, how could they be wiser,
When both have been spoil'd in to-day's Advertiser?"[4]

There are several engagements with Dr. Baker this year, which, indeed, seems to have been one of unusual gaiety with the diligent painter. His sitters are less numerous. His dinners more frequent with old friends and new: the Hornecks, Dr. Goldsmith and Wilkes very often; the Nesbitts, Dr. Francklin (at the King's Chaplain's table, then kept at St. James's), the Bastards, Lord Charlemont, Mr. Hoole, Mr. Cambridge, Mr. Percy, Bickerstaffe (the dramatist and essayist), Mr. Nugent.

[1] Miss Mary Horneck, afterwards Mrs. Gwyn.

[2] Miss Catherine Horneck, afterwards Mrs. Bunbury.

[3] Charles Horneck.

[4] An allusion to lines on Reynolds and Angelica Kauffmann, in the Advertiser newspaper. She had just painted Sir Joshua's portrait. The picture, now at Saltram, is likely to be pronounced weak and uncharacteristic by most critics now-a-days; but the poet of the Advertiser sings of it—

"When the likeness she hath done for thee,
O Reynolds, with astonishment we see,
Forced to submit, with all our pride we own,
Such strength, such harmony, excelled by none,
And thou outrivall'd by thyself alone,"

—meaning, I suppose, that Sir Joshua's portrait by Angelica could be equalled only by Sir Joshua himself. The report was, that Reynolds, who had placed her on the list of Academicians, admired the woman as well as the artist. He was her steady friend, and had lately aided her in procuring the dissolution of her marriage with a swindler—the valet of Count Horne, who, arriving in London with his master's stolen wardrobe and credentials, had figured successfully for a time in the character of the Count, and as such had wooed and won the fair Angelica.—ED.

(Burke's father-in-law), Mr. Brett, the Burkes, Lord Ossory, the Duke of Grafton, the Dean of Christchurch (Dr. Markham), the Master of Trinity (Dr. Hinchcliffe, who had married one of Mr. Crewe's sisters),[1] Dr. Hawkesworth, and Lord Robert Spencer. There are frequent dinners, too, at the houses of his brother Academicians, Penny, Chambers, Hayman, and Hone—and with Hudson and Ramsay, who had held aloof from the Academy, but had not ceased their friendly intercourse with the President. All this dining out was, no doubt, compatible with many club and tavern entertainments, and frequent engagements at his own house. Then there are ventures into new scenes of gaiety—of which I have found no trace in the pocket-books till now—*e.g.* a masquerade in February, perhaps at Mrs. Cornely's in Soho Square, whose rooms were now in all their splendour, and frequented by the best company, perhaps at the Opera-house; visits to the Richmond Assembly, where, I imagine, Sir Joshua had now purchased his villa;[2] and three parties to Vauxhall—at this time a very different place from the smoky, sooty, dilapidated combination of leafless trees, tumble-down sheds, dripping canvas, and disreputable entertainments which the pleasure-seekers of our own time have known it.[3] Its decoration had employed

[1] The fine picture of the two sisters, grouped in a sisterly caress, is at Crewe-Hall. Unluckily the carnations have faded.—ED.

[2] Some entries in the pocket-book of "Noverre" may perhaps refer to dancing lessons for these occasions. Noverre was the great dancer and dancing-master of the time.—ED.

[3] A contemporary description (abbreviated) will help us to see Vauxhall as Sir Joshua saw it in 1769:—

"As you enter the great gate is a noble gravel-walk about 900 feet in length, bordered with a row of stately trees, which form a fine vista, terminated by a landscape of the country, a beautiful lawn of meadow-ground,

the pencils of Hogarth and Hayman, the scenic art of Lambert and De Loutherbourg, and the chisel of Rou-

and a grand Gothic obelisk, all which so forcibly strike the imagination that a mind scarce tinctured with any sensibility of order and grandeur cannot but feel inexpressible pleasure in viewing it. At the corners are painted a number of slaves chained, and over them this inscription :—

'SPECTATOR
FASTIDIOSVS
SIBI MOLESTVS.'

"Advancing a few steps within the garden, we behold, to the right, the grove; in the middle of it is a superb orchestra, of Gothic construction, curiously ornamented with carvings, niches, &c., the dome of which is surmounted with a plume of feathers, the crest of the Prince of Wales. The concert is opened with instrumental music at 6 o'clock, which having continued about half an hour, the company are entertained with songs, with sonatos or concertos between each, till the close of the entertainment, which is generally about ten o'clock.

"In a hollow on the left hand, about half-way up the walk already described, by drawing up a curtain is shown a most beautiful landscape in perspective, of a fine open hilly country, with a miller's house and a watermill, all illuminated by concealed lights; but the principal object that strikes the eye is a cascade or waterfall. About nine o'clock the curtain is drawn up, and at the expiration of ten or fifteen minutes let down again, and the company return to hear the remaining part of the concert; the last song is always a duet or trio, accompanied with a chorus.

"Fronting the orchestra a considerable number of tables and benches are placed for the company, and at a small distance from them (fronting the orchestra) is a large pavilion, of the composite order, built for his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, who frequently visited these gardens. There are put up in it four large paintings, done by the ingenious Mr. Hayman, from the historical plays of Shakespeare.

"The first, the storm in King Lear.

"The second, the play in Hamlet.

"The next, a scene in Henry the Fifth, before Henry's tent, where Mountjoy, the French herald, attended by a trumpeter, demands of Henry whether he will compound for his ransom.

"The last is a scene in the Tempest: Miranda startled at the sight of Ferdinand; Prospero, with great expression in his countenance of sternness and affected anger, is represented in his magic robes.

"The space between this pavilion and the orchestra may be termed the grand rendezvous of the company, who constantly assemble in this part, if the weather be fine, to hear the vocal performers.

"The grove is beautifully illuminated in the evening with above 2000 glass lamps; in the front of the orchestra they are contrived to form three triumphal arches, and are all lighted as it were in a moment, to the no small surprise of the spectator.

"In cold or rainy weather the musical performance is in a great room 70 feet in diameter, where an elegant orchestra is erected. In the roof are two little cupolas, adorned with paintings; Apollo, Pan, and the Muses in one, and Neptune with the Sea Nymphs in the other. Above each cupola is

biliac. In its orchestra Mrs. Billington did not disdain to sing, nor Arne to conduct. The most brilliant

an arch divided into compartments; from the centre of each, which is a rich Gothic frame, descends a large chandelier, in the form of a basket of flowers.

"Between the columns supporting the roof are four elegant frames and panels, wherein the ingenious Mr. Hayman was employed in 1760 to celebrate some of the most glorious transactions of the late war. The first picture represents the surrender of Montreal. On a commemorating stone, at one corner of the piece, is this inscription:—

'POWER EXERTED,
CONQUEST OBTAINED,
MERCY SHOWN!
MDCCLX.'

"The second represents Britannia, holding in her hand a medallion of his present Majesty, and sitting on the right hand of Neptune in his chariot drawn by sea-horses, who seem to partake in the triumph for the defeat of the French fleet (represented on the background) by Sir Edward Hawke, Nov. 10, 1759. The third represents Lord Clive receiving the homage of the Nabob; and the fourth, Britannia distributing laurels to Lord Granby, Lord Albemarle, Lord Townshend, and the Colonels Monckton, Coote, &c.

"The entrance into this saloon from the gardens is through a Gothic portal, on each side of which, on the inside, are the pictures of their Majesties in their coronation robes.

"The first walk, as far as the great room, is paved with Flanders bricks or Dutch clinkers. In all other places the grove is bounded by gravel-walks, and alcoves, with tables, ornamented with paintings from the designs of Mr. Hayman and Mr. Hogarth.

"1. Two Mahometans, gazing in wonder and astonishment at the many beauties of the place.

"2. A shepherd playing on his pipe and decoying a shepherdess into a wood.

"3. New River-head at Islington, with a family going a-walking, a cow milking, and the horns archly fixed over the husband's head.

"4. The game of quadrille, and the tea-equipage.

"5. Music and singing.

"6. Children building houses with cards.

"7. A scene in the Mock Doctor.

"8. An archer, and a landscape.

"9. The country dancers round the maypole.

"10. Thread my needle.

"11. Flying the kite.

"12. A story in Pamela, who reveals to the housekeeper her wishes of returning home, while Mr. B., behind a curtain, overhears her sentiments.

"13. A scene in the Devil to Pay; the characters are Jobson, Nell, and the Conjuror.

"14. Children playing at shuttlecock.

"15. Hunting the whistle.

"16. Another story in Pamela—Pamela flying to the coach.

"17. A scene in the Merry Wives of Windsor, where Sir John Falstaff is put into the buck-basket.

"18. A sea-engagement between the Spaniards and the African Moors.

"Here the paintings end; but the pavilions continue in a sweep which leads to a beautiful piazza and a colonnade, 500 feet in length, in the form of a semicircle, of Gothic architecture, embellished with rays. In this semicircle of pavilions are three

beauties and the leaders of *ton* were not too proud to eat cold chicken, and drink rack-punch and Frontiniac,

large ones, called temples, the middle one decorated with a piece of painting in the Chinese taste representing Vulcan catching Mars and Venus in a net; that on the right represents the entrance into Vauxhall, with a gentleman and lady coming to it; and that on the left friendship on the grass drinking.

"Having traversed this semicircle, we come to a sweep of pavilions that leads us into the great walk; the last of these is ornamented with a painting representing Black-Eyed Susan returning to shore, having been taking leave of her Sweet William, who is on board one of the fleet in the Downs.

"Returning to the grove, the pavilions are decorated with the following pieces:—

"1. Difficult to please.

"2. Sliding on the ice.

"3. Players on bagpipes and hautboys.

"4. A bonfire at Charing Cross, and other rejoicings; the Salisbury stage overturned, &c.

"5. The play of blindman's buff.

"6. The play of leap-frog.

"7. The Wapping landlady and the tars who are just come ashore.

"8. The play of skittles, and the husband upbraided by the wife, who breaks his shin with one of the pins.

"Proceeding forward, we see another range of pavilions, in a different style, adorned with paintings, forming another side of the quadrangle. In the first pavilion is,—

"1. The taking of Portobello, in 1740, by the late Admiral Vernon.

"2. Mademoiselle Catherina, the famous dwarf.

"3. Ladies angling.

"4. Bird-nesting.

"5. The play at bob-cherry.

"6. Falstaff's cowardice detected.

"7. The bad family; with the parson coming in to make peace; the husband has the tongs ready lifted up to strike his wife, who is at his feet kneeling and supplicating mercy, and their three children are crying.

"8. The good family; the husband is reading, the wife with an infant in her arms, and the other children are listening; the rest are spinning, and the maid is washing the dishes.

"9. The taking of the St. Joseph, a Spanish register-ship, in 1742, by Captain Tucker, in the Fowey man-of-war.

"Next is a piazza of five arches, which open into a semicircle of pavilions, with a temple and dome at each end, and the space in front decorated with trees. Under the centre arch, on a pedestal, is a marble statue of the famous Mr. Handel, as Orpheus playing on his lyre, done by the celebrated Mr. Roubiliac.

"In the pediment above is represented St. Cecilia, playing on the violoncello, which is supported by a Cupid, while another holds before her a piece of music. The remainder of the paintings in this range are:—

"1. Bird-catching, by a decoy with a whistle and net.

"2. The play of see-saw.

"3. The fairies dancing on the green by moonlight.

"4. The milkmaid's garland, with its usual attendants.

"5. The kiss stolen.

"Here ends the boundary of the grove on this side; but, turning on the left, we come to a walk that runs along the bottom of the gardens; on each side of this walk are pavilions, those on the left hand are decorated with the following paintings:—

"A northern chief, with his princess

in its supper-boxes; while Blue Ribbons and Royal Dukes delighted to figure in its balls and *ridottos.*

and her favourite swan, placed in a sledge, and drawn on the ice by a horse.

"2. The play of hot cockles.

"3. An old gipsy telling fortunes by the coffee-cups.

"4. The cutting of flour, a Christmas gambol (which is by placing a little ball at the top of a cone of flour, into which all are to cut with a knife, and whoever causes the ball to fall from the summit must take it out with their teeth, which is represented in the painting).

"5. The play of cricket.

"On the opposite side is a row of pavilions, with a Gothic railing in front of them; and at the extremity of this walk is another entrance into the gardens from the road. At the other end of the walk, adjoining to the Prince's pavilion, is a small semicircle of pavilions.

"We will now take a survey of the other parts of the garden.

"From the upper end of the walk last described, where we concluded the list of the paintings, we may see a long narrow vista that runs to the top of the garden; this is called the Druid's or Lovers' walk, and on both sides of it are rows of lofty trees, which, meeting at the top and interchanging their boughs, form a delightful verdant canopy. Among these trees build a number of fine singing-birds, such as nightingales, blackbirds, thrushes, &c., whose sweet harmony adds a peculiar pleasure to this rural scene.

'Here simple Nature's hand, with noble grace,
Diffuses artless beauties o'er the place.'

"This walk, in the evening, is dark, which renders it more agreeable to those minds who love to enjoy the full scope of imagination, to listen to the distant music in the orchestra, and view the lamps glittering through the trees.

"Returning to the grove, and placing ourselves near the statue of Handel, we may, by looking up the garden, behold a noble vista, formed by lofty trees on each side; but a peculiar air of grandeur is added to it by three splendid triumphal arches. The prospect is terminated by a large and fine painting of the ruins of Palmyra.

"Near the centre of the garden is a cross gravel-walk, formed by stately trees on each side. On the right hand it is terminated by the trees which shade the Lovers' walk; and at the extremity, on the left, is a beautiful landscape-painting of ruins and running water, which, with great justice to the artist, is reckoned a masterpiece.

"From our situation to view this painting is another gravel-walk that leads up the garden, formed on the right side by a wilderness, and on the left by rural downs, as they are termed, in the form of a long square, fenced by a net, with several little eminences in it after the manner of a Roman camp. There are likewise several bushes, from under which a few years ago subterraneous musical sounds were heard, called by some fairy music; but the natural damp of the earth being found prejudicial to the instruments, this romantic entertainment has ceased. The downs are covered with turf, and pleasingly interspersed with cypress, fir, yew, cedar, and tulip trees. On one of the eminences is a statue of our great poet Milton, nearly surrounded with bushes, and seated on a

On the 6th, 7th, and 8th September, Garrick, who had in vain tried to induce Sir Joshua to quit his easel for the pleasure of hearing him recite an Ode of his own composition in honour of Shakespere, and seeing stage-faces and stage-finery in a daylight procession, celebrated his ill-advised Jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon. Gray was more justified than those who affix satirical nicknames generally are, when he called it 'Vanity Fair;' and Foote's pointed description of the failure was hardly a caricature. "A Jubilee, as it hath lately appeared, is a public invitation circulated and urged by puffing, to go post without horses to an obscure borough without representatives, governed by a mayor

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rock, in an attitude listening to soft music.

"At the upper end of these downs is a gravel-walk, formed on each side by lofty trees, which runs across the gardens, and terminates them this way.

"In this walk is a beautiful prospect of a fine meadow, in which the obelisk stands. This prospect is made by the trees, being opposite the grand walk (which runs from the entrance into the gardens), and a ha-ha is formed in the ditch to prevent the company going into the field. At each end of this walk is a beautiful painting; one is a building, with a scaffold and a ladder before it, which has often deceived the eye very agreeably; the other is a view in a Chinese garden.

"The principal part of all these charming walks form the boundaries of wildernesses composed of trees which shoot to a great height, and are all enclosed with a beautiful espalier, somewhat in the Chinese taste.

"When the music is finished, great numbers of the company retire to the pavilions to supper, and some are attended with French horns and other music. A curious and contemplative spectator may at this time enjoy a particular pleasure in walking round the grove and surveying the brilliant guests; the multitude of groups varying in figure, age, dress, attitude, and the visible disparity of their humours, might form an excellent school of painting: and so many of our lovely countrywomen visit these blissful bowers that, were Zeuxis again to attempt the picture of Venus, it is from hence, and not from Greece, that he would borrow his image of perfect beauty. Nothing is wanting that can contribute towards the convenience of this entertainment; everything is served in the best manner, and with the greatest readiness."

In excuse of so long a note on such a subject, I would plead the place Vauxhall filled among the amusements of that day, and the degradation into which it had fallen long before our own time.—ED.

and aldermen who are no magistrates, to celebrate a great poet whose own works have made him immortal, by an ode without poetry, music without melody, dinners without victuals, and lodgings without beds; a masquerade where half the people appeared bare-faced, a horse-race up to the knees in water, fireworks extinguished as soon as they were lighted, a gingerbread amphitheatre, which, like a house of cards, tumbled to pieces as soon as it was finished."

Sir Joshua, at the Turk's Head Monday evenings, had doubtless his sly quiet laugh at the Jubilee, which Boswell, now in the height of his Corsican fever, had attended in full Corsican costume, with Paoli and Liberty in gold letters in front of his cap. But the only actual member of the club who appeared at the Stratford mumming was Colman, who had been this year elected, with Percy, Chambers, and Topham Beauclerk (whose membership had lapsed from non-attendance, since his intrigue and subsequent marriage with Lady Bolingbroke after her divorce in 1768). Johnson, like Reynolds, had declined to attend the Jubilee, greatly to Boswell's regret.

On the 16th of October his pocket-book has the entries, "4 Mr. Boswell, 5½ Academy, 8 Club." This was the dinner at Boswell's lodgings, in Old Bond-street, of which the host has left us a detailed record in his Life of Johnson. The party included, besides Sir Joshua, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Murphy, Bickerstaff, and Tom Davies. Boswell was still a-flutter with the delight of lionizing his hero, Paoli, who had arrived in London on the 21st of September. On the 29th he had been presented to the King; on the 10th of October Boswell

had been able to gratify his cherished hope, by presenting his Corsican to his English idol. Johnson had exchanged compliments in English against the General's compliments in Italian, while Bozzy eagerly interpreted between them, comparing himself the while, "to an isthmus that joins two great continents."

At Boswell's dinner, six days after this memorable interview, Sir Joshua figures in the recorded conversation only once, and then as lion's provider to Johnson. He is made to praise Mrs. Montague's Essay on Shakspere, that Johnson may give the Queen of the Bluestockings a royal setting down, and, in this case, a well-deserved one—"I will venture to say there is not one sentence of true criticism in the book." But when we remember that, in the same after-dinner conversation, the great dictator maintains that the description of the temple in Congreve's 'Mourning Bride' is finer than any passage in Shakspere, we feel forcibly how much better he was fitted to pass sentence on Mrs. Montague than to judge Shakspere, and may fairly question whether the Johnsonian contribution to Shaksperian criticism be worth more than that of the learned lady.

At this dinner, for which Sir Joshua seems to have done what he seldom did—sacrificed an Academy lecture—Goldsmith—now breaking out into great gorgeousness of feather—made his appearance (to be playfully roasted by Garrick) in the never-to-be-forgotten bloom-coloured rateen suit, with satin lining, by which Mr. John Filby, at the Harrow in Water-lane, not in vain hoped to make his name widely known. There is no hint in Boswell that reference was made in the lively talk round his table either to the Jubilee, or to Baretti's

committal for trial at the Old Bailey on a charge of murder, though the startling incident was then but ten days old.

But three days later, at Boswell's lodgings, the Doctor, then under subpœna to attend Baretti's trial, declared, in talking of our feeling for the distresses of others, that, though friends had risen up for Baretti on every side, not one of them would eat a slice of pudding the less if he should be hanged. The day after, Sir Joshua attended the sessions at the Old Bailey, with Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, and Beauclerk, to give evidence to the character of Baretti. The studious and sober Italian, who was hot and hasty, being accosted in a rude and indecent manner by a prostitute in the Haymarket on the night of the 6th, pushed the woman away. She called her bullies, who hustled the foreigner; on which he drew a small knife, in self-defence, and warned them to keep off; but as they pressed on him, he struck two of them, and one afterwards died of his wound. Baretti at once submitted to the constables, and was taken before Sir John Fielding. Goldsmith, who was the first of his acquaintance to learn the catastrophe, hurried to the magistrate's office, with characteristic kindliness, to press his purse on the man who had always treated him with studied rudeness, and to accompany him to Tothill Fields Bridewell. Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Burke, and Garrick, were accepted as his bail, a few days later, by Lord Mansfield.

Malone tells us that, when the party went to Lord Mansfield's house for this purpose, his Lordship, without paying much attention to the business, immediately and

abruptly began with some very flimsy and boyish observations on the contested passage in 'Othello,' "Put out the light," &c. "This" (says Malone) "was by way of showing off to Garrick, whose opinion of him, however, was not much raised by this impotent and untimely endeavour to shine on a subject with which he was little acquainted. Sir J. Reynolds, who had never seen him before (and who told me the story), was grievously disappointed in finding this *great lawyer* so *little* at the same time."[1]

Baretti, it is hardly necessary to add, was acquitted. He was very short-sighted, as may be seen in Reynolds's well-known portrait of him, holding a book close to his eyes. Johnson's emphatic evidence to Baretti's character will be found in a note to Croker's 'Boswell,' under the date of this year.[2] It was after his acquittal that Sir Joshua obtained for him the honorary post of foreign secretary to the Royal Academy, and that Johnson procured his appointment to the place of resident tutor in the Thrale family.

On the 11th of December came the first distribution of prizes at the Royal Academy—silver medals for academic studies from the living model and architectural drawings; gold medals for the best picture, bas-

[1] Prior's 'Life of Malone,' p. 381.

[2] Mrs. Piozzi records two anecdotes on this subject:—

"When Johnson and Burke went to see Baretti in Newgate, they had small comfort to give him, and bid him not hope too strongly. 'What can *he* fear,' says Baretti, placing himself between 'em, 'that holds two such hands as I do?'"

"An Italian came one day to Baretti, when he was in Newgate for murder, to desire a letter of recommendation for the teaching of his scholars, when he (Baretti) should be hanged. 'You rascal,' replies Baretti, in a rage, 'if I were not *in my own apartment*, I would kick you down stairs directly."—*Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi*, vol. i. p. 338.—ED.

relief, and architectural design from given subjects. Mr. Mauritius Lowe[1] won the gold medal for painting; Mr. John Bacon that for sculpture. Flaxman (who had been admitted a student in October) carried off a silver medal only for a study from the model. The President's second Discourse was delivered at this ceremony, and is as appropriate to its occasion as the first. In it he proposes to direct the student in his course of study, with a just and modest deprecation of the charge of vanity, on the score of his long experience and constant assiduity. Much of that experience had been purchased, he says, by a series of mistakes; but "the history of error, properly managed, often shortens the road to truth." The chief object of his precepts is "to prevent the misapplication of industry." He divides the student's career into three epochs. In the first he has to acquire "the language of his art"—the power of drawing, modelling, and using colours with some degree of correctness. In the second, he is to endeavour "to collect subjects for expression—to amass a stock of ideas." The whole of preceding art is now to be his master; but he must still be afraid of trusting his own judgment, and of deviating into any track in which he cannot find the footsteps of some former master.

In the third epoch he is to trust his own judgment,

[1] He was a natural son of Lord Southwell; Johnson took an interest in him, and stood godfather to one of his children, but he seems to have been worthless both as a man and an artist. He was the first student sent to Rome out of the royal grant, but painted no picture, and lost the pension from non-fulfilment of the conditions. He had been a pupil of Cipriani, and Northcote says he owed the medal to the Italians in the Academy, who were determined the prize should go to the pupil of their countryman. Lowe died in misery, at a poor lodging-house in Westminster, in September, 1793. Altogether the inauguration of the prizes with such a winner was not auspicious.

to consider and separate the principles of different modes of beauty. As, in the preceding stage, he ought to know and combine all excellences; in this he is "to learn to discriminate incompatible perfections." From this stage onwards he is a master. Instead of comparing works of art with each other, he is to test art itself by nature, and may now first try the power of his imagination.

Here I may pause to ask the question, how the combination of excellences can be prior to the discrimination of incompatible perfections? It seems to me that the second process involves the third: nor can I see how the student is to understand excellences and defects in art at all, except by use of that test of nature which he is only to employ, according to Sir Joshua, after passing his third stage.

We now return to the second stage—to show the readiest path that leads to distant excellence.

"A great part of every man's life," Sir Joshua insists, "must be spent in collecting materials for the exercise of genius. Invention is little but new combination. Nothing can come of nothing. Hence the necessity for acquaintance with the works of your predecessors." But of these, who are to be models—the guides? The answer is, "Those great masters who have travelled with success the same road."

Here again I would pause to point out that this course implies the need of a long study of previous masters, before nature is ventured upon. But no account is taken of those varieties of character and temperament, which must make the masters, whose study is invaluable to one man, comparatively valueless

to another. How is the nature, attuned to Teniers and Ostade, to profit by Raphael and Michael Angelo? Perhaps Reynolds would have answered such an objection by giving permission to the student to choose his masters and models according to his bent—on condition that he chose those of long established excellence in the particular line. But I do not think any sufficient recognition of this right will be found in the Discourses.

The President goes on, in his considerations of modes of study, very wisely to condemn the practice of general and finished copying. Even colouring, he points out, may be better learned by close observation than by attempts at imitating. To acquire the art of colouring he sends the student to nature, but only "after he has clearly and distinctly learned (from pictures) in what good colouring consists."

Then follow suggestions as to the really useful way of copying; to select the best parts and characteristic excellences of the picture copied; instead of copying touches, to copy conceptions (he means modes of conception); instead of treading in other men's footsteps, to labour only to keep in the same road. "Try to imagine how a Michael Angelo or a Raffaele would have conducted themselves, and work yourself into a belief that your picture is to be seen and observed by them. Even enter into a kind of competition with these great masters; paint a subject like theirs; a companion to any work you think a model. Test your own work with the model."

I cannot but think that there reigns through all these recommendations a characteristic fear of leaving the student enough to himself; an exaggerated respect for

the old ways of conception and treatment; a failure to recognise the truth that art is multiform, but that the Muse, while ever renascent, never reappears in the body she has once worn and outgrown.

Sir Joshua goes on to recommend a master in style, which he considers the same in painting as in writing; and his choice settles on Ludovico Caracci. He thinks the choice justified by his breadth of light and shadow, his simplicity of colouring, and the solemn effect of his diffused twilight, which he considers better adapted to grave and dignified subjects than "the more artificial" brilliancy of sunshine which enlightens the pictures of Titian.

Here I must say I am stopped short by my inability to understand how "sunshine" can be more artificial than "twilight"—how a habitual dimness is less a trick than a habitual brilliancy—and, trick for trick, why the gloomier and sadder should be supposed better suited to dignified subjects than the brighter and more cheering. Is Titian's *Cornaro Family* less dignified than L. Caracci's *St. Jerome*—the *Assumption* of Venice than the *Transfiguration* of Bologna?

At the risk of the gravest charges of presumption, had I been a hearer of Sir Joshua's I must have protested alike against his choice of a model of style, and his reasons for it. I see in this excessive glorification of the Caracci style the influence of the taste of the time upon the speaker, rather than the conclusion of his *genuine* judgment; and I appeal from the Pall-mall Discourse to the Venetian Notes. I *am sure* that, whatever Sir Joshua's pen might maintain, his whole artistic heart leapt to Titian and Tintoret and Veronese, and

flung to the winds, in its enjoyment of their splendour, all the "gravity" and "dignity" of Caraccesque twilight.

To return to the Discourse. No exception can be taken to all that Sir Joshua says of the need of labour to the student. It holds true of the greatest genius, as of the humblest plodder, that "excellence is granted to no man but as the reward of labour." Continual application is the thing. "Let your portcrayon be never out of your hands. Draw till you draw as mechanically as you write. But, on every opportunity, *paint* your studies instead of *drawing* them. Painting comprises both drawing and colouring. The Venetians knew this, and have left few sketches on paper."

Even the crowning lesson of the lecture,—often excepted against, and not altogether true,—if considered *quoad hoc*, as advice given to students, is sound: "Have no dependence on your own genius: if you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour—nothing is to be obtained without it." This is wholesome doctrine for hearers, whose real powers are still latent or in the germ.

The peroration is admirable. "I cannot help imagining that I see a promising young painter equally vigilant whether at home or abroad, in the streets or in the fields. Every object that presents itself is to him a lesson. He regards all nature with a view to his profession, and combines her beauties, or corrects her defects. He examines the countenances of men under the influence of passion, and often catches the most

pleasing hints from subjects of turbulence or deformity. Even bad pictures themselves supply him with useful documents, and, as Leonardo da Vinci has observed, he improves upon the fanciful images that are sometimes seen in the fire, or are accidentally sketched upon a coloured wall."

A most true and exhilarating description; enough to kindle the young listeners on the benches before the speaker into a glow of wholesome determination and passionate eagerness for work. But it shows us the student in constant perusal of the book of nature. Could the lecturer have produced any such effect by describing the student poring over pictures? Did Reynolds himself get his marvellous facility, his grace, his life, his happiness of attitude, his truth of character, from study of pictures, or from constantly applied natural powers of keenest observation? Did he not bring to the profitable study of pictures—even at twenty-nine—long and trained habits of observing faces and forms? Was not his study of pictures, in point of fact, only the completion and accompaniment of his study of life, instead of a distinct and preliminary stage of his labour, such as he would make it for all these young men? I fear we must answer, in the affirmative, with Reynolds the painter against Reynolds the discourser on painting.

To about this date[1] Northcote refers a story which shows Sir Joshua's active humanity. Reading the newspaper report of the Old Bailey sessions one morning, he learned, to his astonishment, that a prisoner

[1] I have little doubt, however, that the circumstance occurred three years before this, during the first Rockingham administration, when Burke was in office.—ED.

had been condemned to death for robbing his own negro servant, who had served the Morris family, and whom he has painted holding the Marquis of Granby's horse. The man, being questioned, told Sir Joshua that, having been sent by his master one night to accompany Miss Anne Williams (Johnson's blind pensioner) to Bolt-court, he had found the doors locked on his return to Leicester-square, and had been driven to take shelter in a neighbouring watch-house, where he was robbed of his watch and money. He gave the alarm, and the thief was taken with the articles in his possession, committed, tried, and sentenced to death, in the rapid and stern fashion of the criminal justice of that time. Sir Joshua at once sent his confidential man, Ralph Kirkley, to Newgate, who found the poor wretch, in the filth and horror of the condemned cell, awaiting his execution. Sir Joshua sent him clothes and food, and, by Mr. Burke's interest, got his sentence commuted to transportation for life.]

In the course of this year Reynolds threw away some admirable advice on Barry, in a letter which, like Burke's letters to the same intractable man, has doubtless been of service to others, though it was of none to him. Barry was at Rome when Sir Joshua wrote to him:—

"DEAR SIR,

"I am very much obliged to you for your remembrance of me in your letter to Mr. Burke, which though I have read with great pleasure as a composition, I cannot help saying, with some regret to find that so great a portion of your attention has been

engaged upon temporary matters, which might have been so much more profitably employed upon what would stick by you through your whole life.

"Whoever is resolved to excel in painting, or indeed in any other art, must bring all his mind to bear upon that one object, from the moment he rises till he goes to bed. The effect of every object that meets the painter's eye may give him a lesson, provided his mind is calm, unembarrassed with other objects, and open to instruction. This general attention, with other studies connected with the art, which must employ the artist in his closet, will be found sufficient to fill up life, if it were much longer than it is. Were I in your place, I should consider myself playing a great game, and never suffer the little malice and envy of my rivals to draw off my attention from the main object; which if you pursue with a steady eye, it will not be in the power of all the cicerones in the world to hurt you. While they are endeavouring to prevent the gentlemen from employing the young artists, instead of injuring them, they are, in my opinion, doing them the greatest service. Whilst I was at Rome I was very little employed by them, and that I always considered as so much time lost: copying those ornamental pictures which the travelling gentlemen always bring home with them as furniture for their houses, is far from being the most profitable manner of a student spending his time.

"Whoever has great views, I would recommend to him, whilst at Rome, rather to live on bread and water than lose those advantages which he can never hope to enjoy a second time, and which he will find only in

the Vatican, where, I will engage, no cavalier sends his students to copy for him. I do not mean this as any reproach to the gentlemen: the works in that place, though they are the proper study of an artist, make but an awkward figure painted in oil and reduced to the size of easel pictures. The Capella Sistina is the production of the greatest genius that was ever employed in the arts; it is worth considering by what principles that stupendous greatness of style is produced, and endeavouring to produce something of your own on those principles will be a more advantageous method of study than copying the St. Cecilia in the Borghese, or the Herodias of Guido, which may be copied to eternity without contributing one jot towards making a man a more able painter.

"If you neglect visiting the Vatican often, and particularly the Capella Sistina, you will neglect receiving that peculiar advantage which Rome can give above all other cities in the world. In other places you will find casts from the antique and capital pictures of the great masters, but it is *there* only that you can form an idea of the dignity of the art, as it is there only that you can see the works of Michel Angelo and Raffaelle. If you should not relish them at first, which may probably be the case, as they have none of those qualities which are captivating at first sight, never cease looking till you feel something like inspiration come over you, till you think every other painter insipid in comparison, and to be admired only for petty excellences.

"I suppose you have heard of the establishment of a Royal Academy here; the first opportunity I have, I will send you the Discourse I delivered at its opening,

which was the 1st of January. As I hope you will be hereafter one of our body, I wish you would, as opportunity offers, make memorandums of the regulations of the academies that you may visit in your travels, to be engrafted on our own, if they should be found useful.

"I am, with the greatest esteem, yours,

"J. REYNOLDS.

"On reading my letter over, I think it requires some apology for the blunt appearance of a dictatorial style, in which I have obtruded my advice. I am forced to write in a great hurry, and have little time for polishing my style."[1]

[*List of Sitters for* 1769.

January.[2]

Lady Almeria Carpenter; Master Floyer (Fludyer?); Miss Whitbread; Miss Harriet Whitbread; Miss Emma Whitbread; Miss Morris; Captain Bowyer; Mr. W. Grimston;[3] Mr. Blake;[4] Sir W. Blackett; Mr. Acland;

[1] Among Barry's papers was found an anonymous letter, which Northcote believed to be a joint production of Burke and Reynolds. Barry, to his cost, despised portraiture, on which there can scarcely be a doubt Reynolds in this letter thus wrote to him:—

"Portrait-painting may be to the painter what the practical knowledge of the world is to the poet, provided he considers it as a school by which he is to acquire the *means* of perfection in his art, and not as the *object* of that perfection. It was practical knowledge of the world which gave the poetry of Homer and Shakspeare that superiority which still exists over all other works of the same kind; and it was a philosophic attention to the imitation of common nature, which portrait-painting ought to be, that gave the Roman and Bolognese schools their superiority over the Florentine, which excelled so much in the theory of the art."

[2] Opposite Monday, January 2nd,—"Opening of the Royal Academy;" the first Discourse; Tuesday, 7, Academy; Thursday, 7, Academy; Monday, 30th, Academy, 6.

[3] To be finished, framed, and packed up.

[4] Afterwards Sir Patrick, of Irish family, and large property in the West Indies and Suffolk, and a neighbour of Sir Charles Bunbury, whose sister Arabella he married. His picture is at Barton Hall; a full-length, in red,

Mr. Cruttenden; Mrs. Blake; Mrs. Horton.

February.[1]

Mr. Jones; Mr. Yonge; Mrs. Bouverie;[2] Miss Grimston; Mr. Garrick; Mr. Croft; Mrs. Croft; Miss Newnham; Miss Price; Mrs. Earl; Lady Molyneux; Lady Mary Fox; Miss Hickey; Sir Watkin Williams Wynne; Lady Ancram.

March.

Miss Harriet (Bouverie); Mr. Hope; Lady Delawar;[3] Mr. Conway; Mr. Cox; Lady Harriet Somerset;[4] Mrs. Wilson; Mrs. Crewe; Mr. Jones; Miss Fox; Miss Harriet Powell.[5]

April.[6]

Mr. Burke;[7] Miss Norcliffe; the Duke of Dorset; the Duchess of Douglas; [8] Miss Gell (model); Lady Innis; Mrs. Pownall; Captain Pownall; Miss Luttrell;[9] Mr. Simmons (Simmonds).

May.[10]

Sir James Norcliffe (and dog); Lady Norcliffe;[11] Lady Gideon; Lord Carlisle; Mrs. Burke.

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with a hawk on his wrist, and the picture is well preserved.

[1] Tuesday, 14th, 7, Academy. Sunday, 19th, Preface (of his first Discourse) or the catalogue. Saturday, 25th, Academy, 7. Tuesday, 28th, Academy.

[2] For the full-length picture of her tossing her child, still at Delapré Abbey. The robe, which was once warm rose, is now chilly purple. In other respects the picture is in good condition. It has been well engraved. It is graceful in composition, though the mother's figure is unnaturally long.

[3] *Mem.*—"Mr. Tomkins, landscape-painter, in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. Lord Delawar's lodge in the New Forest." Was this for a picture of the lodge to be copied into the background of her ladyship's picture?

[4] Now on the point of marriage with Sir W. W. Wynne. She is represented with Sir Watkin in a full-length group. They both wear Italian costumes with masks in their hands. The picture is rather feebly painted, or may have suffered in the fire at Wynnstay. It looked flat and ineffective when I saw it in January, 1862.

[5] The actress, with a bird on her hand, as Leonora in the 'Padlock.'

[6] Tuesday, 4th, 7, Academy. Saturday, 13th, 7, Academy. Sunday, 23rd, (9) King?

[7] On a Saturday, and at one.

[8] *Mem.*—"To be sent to Leith by sea, care of Mr. Foot, directed to Mr. Charles Brown, writer, at Edinburgh.

[9] "When Miss Luttrell is finished, to write Mr. Luttrell, Dunster Castle, Somersetshire." Miss Luttrell was the sister of Mrs. Horton, afterwards Duchess of Cumberland. They were sisters of Col. Luttrell, who at the time Miss Luttrell was sitting was in the full flush of his notoriety as the opponent of Wilkes at the Middlesex election on the 13th of April. Their father was Simon Luttrell, Lord Carhampton, an Irish peer.

[10] Monday, 15th, 7, Academy. Opp. Monday, May 22nd, premium,—1st for pictures; 2nd for Academys; 3rd for plaster study. (Arrangements making for prizes at the Academy.)

[11] The copy of Lady Norcliffe is to be kept till called for.

June.[1]

Mr. Colman; Mr. Vansittart;[2] Mr. Chambers; Mr. Roffey; Miss Toms; Miss Gell (models?).

July.

Lady Broughton; Lady Cornwallis; Mr. Whetham.

August.[3]

Archers;[4] Mr. Crawford; Sir Watkin Williams Wynne.[5]

September.

Lady Kerry; Miss Godde Miss Storr; Dr. Hawkesworth.

October.[6]

Mr. Professor Watson.[7]

[1] "Wednesday, June 19, Foot, Dr. Last." A visit to the Haymarket to enjoy Foote's play of 'The Devil on Two Sticks,' brought out in May, 1768, but repeated this season.

[2] Who sits to him at the India House. Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Scrafton, and Col. Ford were this month appointed by the East India Company Supervisors of their establishments in India, with very large authority to examine, remodel, and rectify whatever they found amiss. They sailed in the Aurora frigate. She was wrecked off the Azores, when all on board perished.

[3] Captain Torryn's picture by the Kingston carrier in Oxford Street, that calls at the Green Man and Still, Oxford-Road; to be directed to him at Radnage, by High Wycombe, Bucks.

[4] Several times. Models for his picture of Lord Sidney and Mr. Acland as archers. Now at High Clere, the Earl of Carnarvon's. These gentlemen, when thus painted, were close friends. They had made the grand tour together, and wished to have their intimacy recorded by being thus painted on one canvas. Alas for mortal friendships! They quarrelled before the picture was well finished, and each declined paying for it and taking it home. Thus it came into the hands of the Earl of Carnarvon.

[5] At this time a disconsolate widower. He had married on April 13th of this year Henrietta, daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and had lost her on July the 24th. Sir W. W. was now in his 20th year, a gay, accomplished bon-vivant, loving the arts, the friend of Garrick and Reynolds, and a king in his own county. He came of age in 1770, and in the 'Annual Register' for that year (April) will be found the bill of fare for the Gargantuesque banquet at Wynnstay that celebrated the event, when 15,000 people were feasted in the park. He married again in 1771, Charlotte daughter of the Hon. George Grenville, a beautiful and accomplished woman, twice painted by Sir Joshua.

[6] The following engagements, extending over three months, show how much time Sir Joshua was now devoting to the Academy:—Monday, October 2nd, 3, opening of the lectures. Wednesday, 4th, 7, Academy. Monday, 9th, 5½, lectures at the Academy. Friday, 13th, 7, Council. Monday, 16th, 5½, Academy. Monday, 23rd, 5½, lecture; 7, Council. Monday, Nov. 27th, Council. Wednesday, 29th, 7, Academy. December 1st, 1, premiums. Monday, December 4th, the King, I have little doubt on Academy business; 5½, lecture. Tuesday, 5th, Council. Saturday, 9th, Council. Monday, 11th, 5½, lecture (his second Discourse); 7, election; 9, student, to give the medal. Friday, 15th, 7½, Council.

[7] Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, now Professor of Chemistry

November.	*December.*
Lord Robert Spencer; Mr. Lethbridge; Mr. Parker.	Miss Hunter; Miss Angelica (Kauffman); Lord Hardwick.[1]

1770, ætat. 47.—The political agitations of this year affected many of Sir Joshua's friends too closely

at Cambridge; to which chair he had been unanimously elected in 1764, when he knew nothing whatever of the science. He was now in London, a newly elected Fellow of the Royal Society. The picture is in possession of his descendant, Mr. Watson, Sec. of the Antiquarian Society.

[1] The following notes on Sir Joshua's practice belong to this year:—

"April 3rd, 1769.—Per gli colori cinabro (vermilion) biacca, ultramarin e nero, senza giallo. Prima in olio; ultima con vernice solo e giallo."

"The colours just named," remarks Sir C. Eastlake, "(without yellow) were mixed with oil for the first sitting(s); yellow afterwards added with mastic varnish alone."

On May 17 he gives what seems a minuter description of this method:—

"On a grey ground: First sitting, vermilion, lake, white, black; second, ditto; third, ditto, ultramarine; last, senza olio, yellow ochre, black, lake, vermilion, touched upon with white."

"Senza olio," says Eastlake, "is equivalent to with varnish only." This last painting was a glaze.

"Mrs. Bouverie" (finished this year). The face senza olio, and the boy's head; the rest painted con olio, and afterwards glazed with varnish and colour, except the green, which was glazed with oil, and then varnished. The vail (*sic*) and white linnen (*sic*) painted senza (olio).

The lake in the draperies of this picture has flown, and the heads have lost most of their carnation. But it is impossible to say whether this is due altogether to internal decay.

"July 10, 1769. My own picture, painted first with oil, aft(erwards) glazed, without white, with capivi (copaiba), yellow ochre, and lake—no varnish." Part of this, after "oil," is struck through with the pen, and the memorandum runs, "painted with lake, yellow ochre, blue and black, capi (copaiba), and cera vern."

The "wax varnish" was made by dissolving wax in spirit of turpentine, and then used with the colours ground in oil. The correction was necessary, as he had added this varnish with blue and black.

This is the head given to Mrs. Burke, and was the same, I believe, as the head at the Dilettanti, and the one in the Cottonian Library, Plymouth, which belonged to his nephew the Dean of Cashel.

"Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith: first, olio; after, capivi with colour, but without white; the hand of Goldsmith with copaiba and white."

This is the head of Johnson without his wig in the Duke of Sutherland's collection, of which there is a duplicate at Knole. The carnations have gone. The Goldsmith is at Knole, and has stood well.

Mrs. Horton, con copaiba. senza giallo: giallo quando era finito de pingere, con lacca, e giallo quasi solo, e poi glaze with ultramarine.

Here successive glazings had been employed, first with yellow alone, then with lake, then yellow again, then ultramarine.

for him to have remained indifferent to what was passing in Parliament and in the streets, even if we suppose his constitutional moderation to have extended, as it probably did, to his political opinions.

Long before January the Grafton administration had begun to totter under the effect of dissensions within and assaults from without. Rockingham addresses and petitions, promoted and presented in almost every case by friends and sitters of Sir Joshua's, praying for a dissolution of Parliament, kept pouring in from the counties; London mobs ran riot to the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty;" the debts of Wilkes were paid by the Society of the Bill of Rights and by public subscription; he was elected alderman for the ward of Farringdon Without in April, and entered upon his functions on his release from the King's Bench the same month. On the 23rd of May William Beckford, the Lord Mayor, another of the painter's early acquaintances and patrons, had startled the Court from its propriety by presuming to answer the King, after the monarch had replied to the address of the City praying for a dissolution. The terrible pen of Junius, from lacerating the minister, had in December of the preceding year been turned, for the first time, against the King in person.

Most of Sir Joshua's friends in the Grafton administration were included in the resignations of January —the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Coventry, the Marquis of Granby, the Duke of Manchester, Camden the Lord Chancellor, and Dunning the Solicitor-General. This defection was followed by the resignation of the Duke of Grafton before the close of the month, and the installation of Lord North in his place.

The session was memorable for the reconciliation of the Rockinghams, Chathams, and Grenvilles, in a united opposition against the King, his subservient Cabinet, and their venal majority, on the great constitutional question of the Middlesex election. The very decided preponderance of the Opposition—both in Lords and Commons—among Sir Joshua's patrons, is curiously proved by comparing with his lists of sitters the signatures to the famous Peers' protest of this year, and the names of the guests at the Lord Mayor's Opposition balls and banquets in Guildhall. Sir Joshua could not have escaped from the question of the day, however indisposed to face political heats or to take part in political quarrels. He was the intimate, and frequent guest, as well as host, of Wilkes, the hero of the strife. At the Club he sat between Johnson and Burke. The former had lately turned pamphleteer, and in his 'False Alarm,' published this year, maintained the soundness of the doctrine held by Ministers and their majority, —that Wilkes's expulsion from the house carried with it incapacity for re-election to the same Parliament. Burke was the champion of the opposite view in the House of Commons, and the author of the 'Thoughts on the present Discontents,' which, after careful correction and revision at the hands of the leaders of his party, saw the light in April this year.

Then, too, the authorship of Junius was a question in which "The Club" was especially interested, and which its members must, almost perforce, have frequently discussed at their meetings. Sir Joshua was too intimate with Burke to share the very prevalent belief which identified him with the masked assailant of the

King and the King's friends in the 'Public Advertiser.' But he himself told Malone[1] that he believed the author of the famous letters was a member of the Club—Samuel Dyer (whose portrait he painted[2])—and that he was assisted by both Edmund and William Burke in the composition of his letters. Sir Joshua was diligent, as usual, at the Councils of the Academy from the beginning of the year. At the meeting on the 9th of January, Johnson was elected Professor of Ancient Literature, Goldsmith Professor of Ancient History, and Dalton Antiquarian. On the 15th the subjects for the gold medals were selected.[3] Whether or not the political bitterness of the period had anything to do with the absence of politicians of mark from Sir Joshua's painting-room this year, it is certain that the number of such sitters in 1770 is unusually small. Ladies and children principally occupied his pencil. Among them was Mrs. Trecothick, wife of the intrepid alderman who succeeded Beckford, at his death on the 21st of June in this year, during his second Mayoralty. A statue was voted in Beckford's honour, which still stands in Guildhall, with his memorable answer to the King—spoken less than a month before his death—engraved on the pedestal. The design was by Carlini, member of the Royal Academy. We know that long before

[1] Prior's 'Life of Malone,' pp. 418-419.

[2] It was painted for Burke. There is a mezzotinto from it, which has been copied for the 'Lives of the Poets,' by mistake, for the portrait of John Dyer, author of 'The Fleece.' Samuel Dyer was a man of mark even among such men as Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds. Educated for the dissenting ministry, he was an excellent scholar and mathematician. He died in 1772.—ED.

[3] For oil painting, Æneas stopped on the threshold by Creusa; for bas-relief, the Rape of Proserpine; for architectural design, a nobleman's villa.

the close of the year Sir Joshua was already at work on his Ugolino, and the public was informed of the great work in hand. The 'Annual Register' of this year contains a statement to that effect, and a translation of the passage from the 'Inferno' on which the picture is founded. But there is, further, the direct evidence of the pocket-book, which contains numerous entries, beginning in June, and running to the end of the year, referring to the subject by name,—sometimes "Beggar, Hugolino," sometimes "Hugolino" alone. Northcote is therefore certainly wrong in stating that the picture had been begun as a historical composition not long before it was exhibited in 1773. It may be true that the choice of the subject was determined, as Northcote says, by an observation of Burke or Goldsmith, that the head of the old model, White, which Sir Joshua had painted on a half-length canvas, was exactly suited, in expression, to the Ugolino of Dante. But I should be inclined to think that Sir Joshua had long meditated a picture on this subject, and that the idea may have been first suggested by a passage in Richardson's 'Discourses,' the perusal of which, he used to say, made him a painter. In this passage, Richardson, after giving a translation of Dante's terrible episode and a description of Michael Angelo's bas-relief of the scene in the dungeon, suggests that a great painter might carry the subject still further, and expatiates eloquently on its sources of effect.[1]

Death was busy this year among Sir Joshua's kindest

[1] See his 'Discourse on the Dignity, Certainty, Pleasure, and Advantage of the Science of a Connoisseur,' p. 263 (edition of 1773).—ED.

and earliest patrons. Besides Alderman Beckford, who had sat to him in 1758, the Marquis of Granby, who had abandoned all his posts and even his colonelcy of the Blues on his resignation of the Ordnance in January, died on the 11th of October; Lord Ligonier had preceded him to the grave in April, light-hearted to the last moment of his long life. The same month was fatal to Sir John Cust, whom Sir Joshua had so lately painted in all the pomp and pride of the Speakership; the Duke of Argyle and George Grenville died in November.

From a society vexed with political heats and struggles Sir Joshua must have been glad to withdraw to harmless gallantry and pleasant tea-table hours with the Hornecks, or Mrs. Cholmondeley, or to shilling whist and literary discussion with Colman and Goldsmith, whose portraits, as well as Johnson's, he exhibited this year

It was probably either in company with Goldsmith, or with Sir Charles Bunbury, Topham Beauclerc, Lord Robert Spencer, and others of his gayer associates of the Dilettanti Society and the Star and Garter Club, that Sir Joshua showed himself at Mrs. Cornely's brilliant rooms in Soho Square, for which I find him noting an engagement on Friday the 30th of March; and again for the masquerade of April 26th. On the 26th of February the Thursday Night Club, of which Sir Joshua was the most constant of members, had given a masquerade at the same rooms, which was the town's talk for the splendour of the dresses and the beauty and distinction of the company; but Sir Joshua

has not entered in his pocket-book any engagement for that night.[1]

[1] Here is the account of the principal characters from a magazine of the time:—

"The masquerade at Mrs. Cornely's on Monday night, the 26th of Feb., was perhaps the most brilliant and characteristic of any ever known in this kingdom, arising from the tickets not being made transferable. The populace were so anxious to see the persons that appeared there, that several people of some credit, under the stale pretence of '*Wilkes and* 45,' made a point of there exhibiting themselves in their carriages. Though the newspapers had it that their Majesties were present, we can assure the public they were not.

"The Duke of Cumberland in the character of Henry VIII.

"Lord Carlisle in the Running Footman.

"Mr. Garrick in the character of a celebrated doctor at the *Maccaroni*.

"Mrs. Garrick in an Italian shepherdess.

"Lady G—— in the character of Night.

"A Highlander, Mr. J. R. Conway.

"A double man, half miller, half chimney-sweeper, Sir R. Philips.

"A political Bedlamite, run mad for Wilkes and Liberty, and No. 45.

"A Druid, Sir W. W. Wynne.

"A figure of Somebody.

"Ditto of Nobody.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester in the old English habit, with a star on the cloak.

"Midas, Mr. Jones the painter.

"A gentleman and lady in the characters of Tancred and Sigismunda; their dresses were allowed to be the most elegant ever seen on a similar occasion, and said to have cost twenty thousand pounds.

"The Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, in the character of Jane Shore, wore a dress richly trimmed with beads and pearls, and was truly elegant. (A mistake: the costume, Walpole tells us, was Elizabeth Woodville's.)

"Her Grace of Ancaster, whose taste for dress and elegance of person claimed the attention of all the company, in the dress of Mandane.

"The Countess of Pomfret, in the character of a Greek Sultana, and the two Miss Frederics, who accompanied her as Greek slaves, made a complete group.

"The Duchess of Bolton, in the character of Diana, was no less than captivating.

"Lord Edgecumbe, in the character of an Old Woman, was full as lovely as his lady in that of a Nun.

"Lady Stanhope, as Melpomene, was a striking fine figure.

"Lady Augusta Stuart, as a Vestal, and Lady Caroline, as a Fille de Patmos, showed that true elegance may be expressed without gold and diamonds.

"The Chimney-sweeper, Quack-Doctor, Jockey, a Friar, and Mungo, acquitted themselves with much entertainment to the company.

"The Earl of Upper Ossory, in the character of a Cardinal.

"The Hon. Mr. Butler, in Don Felix.

"Earl of M——t (Mountstuart), in the pontifical habit of the Pope.

"There was one gentleman in the character of the Devil. Another was in a domino entirely made of court cards; which made a mask in the character of Harlequin observe, 'there was a *knave* in the dress,' which the company could not see. Several appeared in the characters of conjurors

The Exhibition was opened to the King on the 20th and 28th of April,—to the public on the 24th. Before the opening, a resolution had been passed, "that no needle-work, artificial flowers, cut paper, shell-work, or any such baubles, should be admitted." The Incorporated Society of Artists, as also that still exhibiting in Maiden Lane, admitted such "baubles" freely. Walpole writes to Mann in May, "We have at present three Exhibitions. One West, who paints history in the taste of Poussin, gets three hundred pounds for a piece not too large to hang over a chimney. He has merit, but is hard and heavy, and far unworthy of such prices. The rage to see these exhibitions is so great, that sometimes one cannot pass through the streets where they are. But it is incredible what sums are raised by mere

and witches; particularly the Duchess of Buccleugh, in the Witch of Endor.

"Captain Watson, of the Guards, who appeared in the character of Adam, had his dress fitted so close, and painted so natural, that most of the masks, on his first approach, started, imagining him to be really naked. He personated his part with great propriety and drollery. Being asked by a mask whether he knew him, on his answering No,—'What! not know your own son?' says the mask. 'What is there extraordinary in that?' replied Adam; '*'tis a wise man that knows his own child.*'

"The gentleman who played the patriotic Bedlamite had his mask painted so like Mr. Wilkes, that he would have passed for that gentleman in *propriâ personâ*, but for the recollection of his present confinement.

"What added greatly to the entertainment was a duet, sung by Mrs. Crew and Lady Almeria Carpenter, in the characters of ballad-singers, which so entertained the whole company, that they were *encored* several times, which they very obligingly acquiesced in. This song was as follows:—

'What a motley generation,
Sprung from Fancy's teeming brain,
Shifting age, and sex, and station,
Swarm within this magic plain!
Sport, ye children of delusion,
In the beams of mimic fun;
Well its brilliant, gay effusion
May supply the absent sun.
Sport, nor call it Masquerade,
Where, from all detection free,
Ev'ry heart is disarray'd,
Whose complexion none can see.
May those who (habits used to borrow)
Cannot prove to-night sincere,
Be, when dress'd for life to-morrow,
Perfectly what they appear.'

"About two o'clock the company began to depart, in effecting which there was a great difficulty, and at six in the morning three or four hundred remained in the rooms. Notwithstanding the interdiction of dominos, expressed in the tickets, some few appeared among the company."

exhibition of anything, a new fashion, and to enter at which you pay a shilling or half-a-crown. Another rage is for prints of English portraits. I have been collecting them for thirty years, and originally never gave for a mezzotinto above one or two shillings. The lowest are now a crown; most from half a guinea to a guinea. Then we have Etrurian vases, made of earthenware in Staffordshire by Wedgwood, from two to five guineas, and *ormoulu*, never made here before, which succeeds so well, that a teakettle, which the inventor offered for one hundred guineas, sold by auction for one hundred and thirty. In short, we are at the height of extravagance and improvement, for we improve rapidly in taste, as well as in the former. I cannot say so much for our genius."]

In 1770 Sir Joshua exhibited eight pictures:—

Lord Sidney and Colonel Acland, as archers.

Mrs. Bouverie.

Miss Price, the daughter of Uvedale Price, as a little shepherdess.[1]

Lady Cornwallis, half length.

The Children in the Wood; and

Three-quarter portraits of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Colman.[2]

He painted two pictures of the Children in the

[1] Now in the Marquis of Salisbury's gallery.

[2] The two former portraits are those now at Knole: the latter was painted for the Earl of Mulgrave in 1767, though not exhibited till this year. This picture having been placed by Sir Joshua near the fire in order to hasten its drying, a gust of wind, rushing down the chimney, covered the canvas with soot while the colours were still moist. Hence, says Northcote, its dark tone. This may have been the picture and occasion of the incident mentioned to Jackson by Sir George Beaumont—of Sir Joshua taking a picture on which soot had accidentally fallen, and, with the remark, "a fine, cool tint," scumbling it beautifully into the flesh (Haydon, 'Autobiography,' iii. p. 390).—ED.

Wood. In one the babes are still living, and one is feeding the other with blackberries. Nothing can be more natural and innocent than their expressions. In the other they are dead; or, rather, he appears to have supposed that before death they had fallen asleep, for sleep it is that he has painted, not death.

The origin of this last picture was, like that of many of his conceptions, accidental. I have heard from Northcote that it was his custom on meeting a picturesque beggar in the street,—man, woman, or child,—to send him or her to his house, to wait his leisure in a lower apartment: and in the intervals between his appointments he would order one of them into his painting-room to sit for a fancy picture. It would sometimes happen that, while his throne was thus occupied, a thundering peal at the street-door would be heard; the beggar hurried away, and some full-dressed Duchess would sail in, and seat herself in the vacated chair. "If she could but have known," said Northcote, "*who* had just left it!"

Reynolds sometimes had no other sitters than his beggars. Northcote, who sat at work in the next room, would often hear the voice of a child, "Sir,—Sir,—I'm tired." There would be a little movement, another half-hour would pass, and then the plaintive repetition, "Sir!—I'm tired." It happened once, as it probably often did, that one of these little sitters fell asleep, and in so beautiful an attitude that Sir Joshua instantly put away the picture he was at work on, and took up a fresh canvas. After sketching the little model as it lay, a change took place in its position; he moved his canvas to make the change greater, and, to suit the

purpose he had conceived, sketched the child again. The result was the picture of the *Babes in the Wood* now in the possession of Viscount Palmerston.[1]

[The Exhibition closed to the public on Saturday, May 26th; but it was kept open on the following Monday, at the King's express wish, for a last visit of the Royal Family. The amount received at the door was 971*l.* 6*s.* We have a contemporary criticism of the pictures in a letter which Mary Moser, one of the two lady Academicians (a very clever flower-painter), wrote to Fuseli, who was now studying at Rome :—

"I suppose there has been a million of letters sent to Italy with an account of our Exhibition, so it will be only telling you what you know already to say Reynolds was like himself in pictures which you have seen; Gainsborough beyond himself in a portrait of a gentleman in a Vandyke habit;[2] and Zoffany superior to everybody in a portrait of Garrick in the character of Abel Drugger, with two other figures, Subtle and Face. Sir Joshua agreed to give a hundred guineas for the picture; Lord Carlisle half an hour afterwards offered Reynolds twenty to part with it, which the Knight generously refused, resigned his intended purchase to the Lord, and the emolument to his brother artist. (He is a gentleman![3]) Angelica[4] made a very great addi-

[1] It is much faded; but the expression of repose in the principal figure is admirable.—ED.

[2] One of Gainsborough's five portraits this year was a three-quarters of Garrick, which Walpole notes as "very like." He contributed, besides, a landscape and "a book of drawings."

[3] See for traits of like generosity and kindliness the story of Ozias Humphrey (Northcote's Life, vol. ii., 177).—ED.

[4] She sent — Vortigern grows enamoured of Rowena at Hengist's banquet; Hector upbraiding Paris; Cleopatra adorning Marc Antony's tomb; a subject from Klopstock's 'Messiah'— the Demoniac weeping over her murdered Child.—ED.

tion to the show; and Mr. Hamilton's picture of Briseis parting from Achilles was very much admired: the Briseis, in taste *à l'antique*, elegant and simple. Coates, Dancer, Wilson, &c., as usual. Mr. West[1] had no large picture finished .... Some of the literati of the Royal Academy were very much disappointed, as they could not obtain diplomas: but the Secretary,[2] who is above trifles, has since made a very flattering compliment to the Academy in the preface to his Travels: the Professor of History is comforted with the success of his 'Deserted Village,' which is a very pretty poem, and has lately put himself under the conduct of Mrs. Horneck and her fair daughters, and is gone to France; and Dr. Johnson sips his tea, and cares not for the vanity of the world.

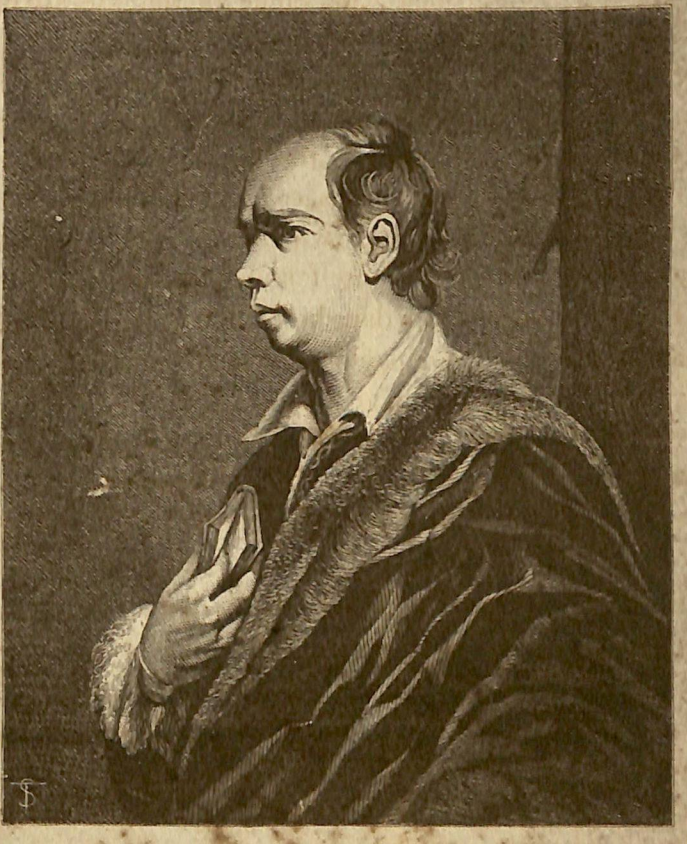
"Sir Joshua a few days ago entertained the Council and Visitors[3] with Calipash and Calipee."]

I have seen nothing on canvas more touching—not even by that master of pathos, Gainsborough—than Reynolds's portrait of Goldsmith. It recalls all that is known of the sufferings of the tenderest and warmest of hearts. In that thoughtful, patient face the traces of a life of endurance, and the consciousness of being misunderstood and undervalued, are as unmistakable as the benevolence that is meditating how to amuse and make better a world by which it was considered a vulgar face, and which had treated the owner of it so scurvily. But Reynolds, not being one of the vulgar,

[1] He showed two,—Leonidas and Cleombrotus, and a portrait of a Mother and Child.—ED.

[2] Baretti.

[3] The Visitors are those Academicians who are appointed to teach in the Life School.—ED.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

saw no vulgarity in the head of Goldsmith; and we may be sure he did not agree with many of his friends in considering him "very like a journeyman tailor," or with Miss Reynolds, in thinking him "the ugliest of men." An inferior painter might have easily succeeded in giving a vulgar look to Goldsmith, by dressing him in his plum-coloured coat, and hiding his honest, open forehead under a well-powdered wig. So painted, the portrait might have seemed to the acquaintances of Goldsmith more like than that of Reynolds. But Sir Joshua meant to paint the author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and of the 'Deserted Village,' and not the *Goldy* who was laughed at by Boswell and Hawkins, and quizzed by Burke. It may be noticed that the ideal drapery of this portrait and the view of the face almost exactly correspond to the painter's treatment of his very early portrait of his own father.

This head of Goldsmith is to me the most pathetic picture Reynolds ever painted: not only because, in looking at it, I think of the 'Deserted Village,' but far more because the sufferings of a whole life and of the tenderest of hearts are written in it. The Ugolino of Reynolds is agonizing; but the portrait of Oliver Goldsmith displays a gentler, yet a rarer power, than was required to delineate the sufferings of the dying family in the terrible Tower.

[The portrait of Goldsmith must have been an object of special attraction in the Exhibition just before its doors were closed.

On May 26th, after many postponements and premature advertisements, had appeared his poem of 'The Deserted Village,' with a dedication to Sir Joshua.

"I can have no expectations," writes the poet, "in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of the art in which you are said to excel, and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest, therefore, aside—to which I never paid much attention—I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you." The poem attained wide and immediate popularity, and before the end of August reached a fifth edition.

Whatever Reynolds might think of the political economy of Goldsmith's exquisite Idyll—which the Doctor maintained to be his own honest deduction from observation—he deserved the honour of this dedication by his fellow-feeling for the subject, as well as his thorough appreciation of the poet. In every loving reminiscence of a humble country birthplace; in every touch descriptive of village character, sports, and enjoyments; in every trait of that unrivalled picture of the good pastor "passing rich with forty pounds a year," the painter's heart must have gone along with the poet's.

In none of the great men of the Club could Goldsmith have found a stronger, stancher, more enduring attachment to the scenes and associations of his youth than in Reynolds, who loved, he used to say, every stone in Plympton; who valued the mayoralty of his little native borough beyond all the distinctions that his

own Sovereign, or that English or foreign universities and academies could bestow, and whose heart warmed to Northcote for his broad Devonshire dialect. His own good father, Samuel Reynolds, might have sat for the original of Goldsmith's pastor:—

"Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place:
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise;
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
. . . . . .
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
. . . . . .
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his smiles were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven."

Few points in the life of Reynolds are calculated to give his biographer more pleasure than the constant evidence he finds of the intimacy and mutual affection subsisting between the painter and Goldsmith. Reynolds, at all events, appreciated the beautiful, tender genius which worked below that crust of awkwardness, uncouthness, and childish vanity. He never started the laugh against poor Goldy's innocent pleasure in his fine clothes, or snubbed his sometimes ineffectual joke; never "smoked," or "hummed," or "bit" him, as the slang of the time ran. He seems at this time to have dined oftener with Goldsmith than any one else. They were often seen together at Vauxhall and Ranelagh; the thickset little poet in butterfly brilliancy of colours,

and the quiet painter in sober black or brown. Sir Joshua would leave the high play and high-life jokes and scandal of the wits and beaux at the Star and Garter to enjoy the shilling rubbers and the homely company at the Devil or the Globe in Goldsmith's society. Whenever the names of Reynolds and Goldsmith are coupled, it is for some act of kindness, some service, some word of appreciation, some deprecation of a sneer or a rebuke, on the part of Reynolds, for some expression or act of affectionate regard on the part of Goldsmith. The Doctor dedicates his poem to Sir Joshua in language speaking a sincerity of affection which dedications speak but seldom. The painter was now at work on the poet's portrait, ennobled by such an expression of dignity and tenderness as few but himself ever contrived to see in that oddly-compounded but most touching face. The year after this he painted his 'Resignation:' a subject suggested by the 'Deserted Village,' and, when engraved, dedicated to the poet by the painter, with a quotation from the poem. Goldsmith was to have been Reynolds's companion this year in the visit to his native Devonshire which was the relaxation of the President's autumn. One has a pleasure in thinking how naturally such a project might have taken shape. While Goldsmith was sitting for the last touches to his portrait for this year's Exhibition,[1] the two might have been talking over the

[1] Goldsmith was proud of the popularity which made his face a matter of public interest at this time, and shows this feeling, with his usual affectionate *naïveté*, in a letter to his brother Maurice (Feb. 4th, 1770): "I have sent my cousin Mary a miniature picture of myself, and I believe it is the most acceptable present I can offer. I have ordered it to be left for her at George Faulkner's, folded in a letter. The face, you well know, is ugly

new poem, which had been for some time in print, and was now on the eve of publication, their kind, gentle hearts warming with the fire of early recollections, and glowing in the rosy memories of childhood and school-boy days. "You must come and see *my* native village, Doctor,"—one can fancy Reynolds saying. "Come with *me* this September; we will hunt and shoot, and be merry among my old friends. I will show you there, at Plympton—

> 'The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
> The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
> The decent church that tops the neighbouring hill.'—

We will climb the castle-knoll together, where often—

> 'As I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
> The mingling notes came soften'd from below,
> The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
> The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
> The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
> The playful children just let loose from school.' "

Unluckily, when the time came for this pleasant excursion, Goldsmith was in France with the Hornecks, and Sir Joshua had to go alone. But it is Reynolds whom Goldsmith chooses as his correspondent; to him he gossips and prattles artlessly and pleasantly, as one who knows he is safe in being natural, easy, and unaffected.

His pleasant gossiping letters of their adventures in France and Flanders will be found both in Prior's and in Forster's Life of the poet. They are certainly not such letters as Goldsmith would have addressed to

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enough, but it is finely painted. I will shortly, also, send my friends over the Shannon some mezzotinto prints of myself, and some more of my friends here, such as Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Colman." This refers to Marchi's print from Sir Joshua's picture of the Doctor, then in progress. —ED.

a cold, ungenial man, such as many of his critics and some of his biographers would fain make out Sir Joshua to have been. Among all Goldy's longings to be back with his friends at "the Club," there is nothing more strongly expressed than his eagerness to enjoy once more Sir Joshua's kindly and social humour. The news of his mother's death reached Goldsmith in Paris on his way home.

The great Academy dinner to noble and distinguished guests was not instituted till the year after this, but I find that the Academicians met by themselves for a dinner on the 27th of July.

Sir Joshua had made it a condition of his acceptance of the Presidentship that he should be allowed to paint portraits of the King and Queen. He seems to have been working at the pictures this year. It is a curious circumstance that on the 2nd of August he has a sitting from the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Trecothick, at one, and leaves her to attend the King at Buckingham House. Trecothick was at this time in flagrant opposition—had been little less prominent and daring in his defiance of monarch and ministers than Beckford himself, or Brass Crosby, Trecothick's successor, who, the year after this, carried *his* defiance as far as the Tower.

Had George III. known who was the President's last sitter on that Thursday, before his visit to Buckingham House, it would not have tended to further him in the royal favour.

In August Sir Joshua visited York, leaving town on the 7th and returning on the 15th. He had many friends in and about the venerable city, from the Archbishop downwards, including the Cholmondeleys of

Howsham, the Crofts of Stillington, and the Listers, for whom he had painted many portraits. His visit may have had some connection with the hanging or retouching of some of these York portraits. It is probable that he was the guest of Mason, at this time in residence at York, where he was Precentor and Canon Residentiary. Between September and October, as we find from the following extracts from his diary, Sir Joshua was in Devonshire, with his relations and old county friends, hunting, shooting, and enjoying himself.

Sir Joshua was not one of those men whom honours alter. We may be sure that, whether in the quiet country circle of the Palmers at Torrington, or in the more aristocratic but still jovial society at Saltram and Mount Edgcumbe, Sir Joshua was just what Mr. Reynolds had been—kindly, genial, sagacious, and unpretending. What we *do* find new and unexpected in him, while on his Devonshire visits, is a taste for country sports and pastimes.

Extracts from the Diary.

"September 7th.—Five o'clock, set out for Devonshire.

"8th.—Dined with Lord Pembroke;[1] lay at Blandford.

"9th, Sunday.—Dorchester, fine prospect; Bridport, Axminster.

"10th.—Saltram, at one.

"11th.—Seven, hunting.[2]

[1] At Wilton.

[2] What would our easy-going sportsmen think of a meet at seven?—ED.

"12th.—Ride to Plym-bridge; three, Mount Edgcumbe.

"13th.—Hunting.

"14th.—Partridge-shooting.

"15th.—Hunting.

"16th, Sunday.—Church, Plympton St. Mary, Burrington.[1]

"17th.—Set out from Saltram, arrived at Torrington.

"20th.—Returned to Saltram.

"21st.—Hunting.

"22nd.—Plympton.

"23rd, Sunday.—The Dock and P."[2]

"The following memorandum is written with lead pencil on a blank leaf of the pocket-book:—

"Mr. Parker[3] bets Sir Joshua five guineas that he does not beat Mr. Robinson; and ten guineas that Mr. Montagu[4] does not beat Mr. Parker; to shoot with Mr. Treby's[5] bullet gun at 100 yards distance; and a sheet of paper to be put up, and *the person who shoots nearest the centre wins.*

"October 5th.—To dine with Mr. Mudge.

"6th.—

"7th.—Set out from Saltram, arrived at Torrington.

"8th.—Dined at Mr. Palmer's.[6]

"9th.—Dined at Mr. Young's.

"10th.—Left Torrington, arrived at Exeter, and went to Whiteway.

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[1] Boringdon, the seat of the Parkers.—ED.

[2] That is, visited Plymouth Dock and Plymouth.—ED.

[3] Afterwards Lord Boringdon.—ED.

[4] *i. e.* Mr. Montagu Parker, Mr. John Parker's brother.—ED.

[5] Mr. Treby was the leading man at Plympton, and had probably been Sir Joshua's schoolfellow and friend from boyhood.—ED.

[6] His brother-in-law.—ED.

"11th.—Dined at Mamhead, Lord Lisburn.

"12th.—Set out from Whiteway; dined at Exeter with Bob;[1] arrived at Axminster.

"13th.—Salisbury—Andover.

"14th.—Dined in London."]

It was during this excursion to Devonshire, while on a visit at Torrington to his lately widowed sister Mrs. Palmer,[2] that Sir Joshua requested her to let him take her second daughter, Theophila, then thirteen years of age, with him to London. The request was complied with: and his niece remained with him till the end of January, 1773, when she returned to Devonshire on account of ill health. In eight months she was sufficiently recovered to revisit her uncle, which she did, with her sister Mary;[3] and, from that time, with the exception of a year and a half, she remained in his house till her marriage with Mr. Gwatkin.

Her eldest sister Mary became also a resident in Leicester Square from October, 1773, to the end of Sir Joshua's life, with the exception of three years,[4] during which a daughter of Mrs. Johnson lived with him.

"The Miss Palmers," Miss Burney tells us, "added to the grace of his table and of his evening circles, by their pleasing manners and the beauty of their persons."[5]

[On the 1st of October W. Pars (landscape and figures), J. Wyatt (architect), E. Burch (modeller),

[1] His brother.—ED.

[2] Her husband had died in the autumn of 1770.—ED.

[3] Afterwards Countess of Inchiquin, and subsequently Marchioness of Thomond.—ED.

[4] Between September 1774 and 1777.—ED.

[5] Theophila sat for a great many of his fancy subjects, more particularly for those in which girlish archness is the dominant expression.—ED.

R. Cosway (portrait), E. Garvey (landscape), E. Stevens (architect), Geo. James (portrait and figure), Elias Martin (landscape and figure), Antonio Zucchi—who afterwards married Angelica Kauffmann (classical landscape and figures), John Bacon (sculptor), and M. A. Rooker (watercolour-landscape), were elected Associates.

On the 11th of December the Gold and Silver Medals adjudged in 1769 by the Council of the Royal Academy were distributed.[1] Cipriani was the author of the design for the medal, and the winners were—

Gold Medals.—Mr. James Gandy, for the best design in architecture; Mr. Mauritius Lowe, for the best historical picture; Mr. John Bacon, for the best model of a bas-relief.

Silver Medals.—Mr. Matthew Liart, Mr. John Grassi, Mr. John Kitchingman, and Mr. Joseph Strutt, for the best drawings of an Academy figure; Mr. Thomas Hardwicke, for a drawing of architecture; Mr. John Flaxman, jun., and Mr. P. M. Van Gilder, for the best models of an Academy figure.

Against the names in this list which oblivion has swallowed may be set those of Bacon and Flaxman. The greatest English master of design in sculpture—the son of a humble modeller in the Strand—was a lad of fifteen when he won this honour. It is pleasant to think that, of the first Academy medals distributed by Reynolds, one, though but of silver, should have fallen to Flaxman. The President's third Discourse was delivered on occasion of this distribution.[2] This

[1] Those for 1770 were won by Mr. J. Strutt (oil painting); Mr. Thos. Bankes (bas-relief). No medal was awarded for architecture.—ED.

[2] It was not till the Council meeting of Jan. 10, 1771, that twelve chairs were formally allotted to strangers of distinction at the lectures of the Academy.—ED.

lecture is an expansion of one of his early papers in the 'Idler,' on the grand style and the right imitation of nature. In it he warns the student that the mere copying of nature will never produce anything great; that there is something higher than mere imitation; that the great style must be the aim of the painter who would raise and enlarge the conception and warm the heart. Then he attempts to define in what this great style consists, and his conclusion is that "the whole beauty and grandeur of the art consists in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind."

So far as this definition means that the painter is to correct nature by herself; to distinguish and reject accidental deficiencies, excrescences, and blemishes from the perfect and normal forms of objects, no exception can fairly be taken to it.

But the President goes further. He maintains that there is a general perfection of beauty which combines all the special perfections of particular types. "The perfection of form is not to be found in the Hercules, the Gladiator, or the Apollo, but in a figure that partakes equally of the activity of the Gladiator, the delicacy of the Apollo, and the strength of the Hercules." But where, the critic is compelled to ask, is such a figure to be found? If found, must it not of necessity be something characterless, insipid, and essentially devoid of vitality?

I venture to think that this notion of a central type of form, to combine all the various graces and perfections of the most opposite characters, is an imagina-

tion of the President's generalizing brain,[1] and cannot be practically sought after by the student without risk of falling into that vice which is called "academicism," for want of a better word.

The President goes on to insist upon the necessity of separating the accidental from the essential, "of disregarding all local and temporary ornaments, and looking only on those general habits which are everywhere and always the same." The thoughtful reader again must ask, What habits are these? where are they to be found?

Sir Joshua illustrates his theory of "the neglect of separating modern fashions from the habits of nature," by referring to the absurd effect of pictures which give to Grecian heroes the airs and graces practised in the Court of Louis XIV.

But this is not enough. His argument requires for its support that we should find some means of representing Grecian heroes without the attributes and accidents of Grecian heroic life; that we should paint Achilles, not as Homer describes him, complete in accoutrements and dress, in habits, accomplishments, and ways of life, but in some "general" dress and with some "general" accompaniments and belongings which belong to no time in particular and to all times alike. I confess that such an abstract Achilles is to me just as difficult of comprehension as Martinus Scriblerus's abstract Lord Mayor.

I think it must be admitted by all unprejudiced

[1] We shall find him contradicting himself on this point in a later Discourse.—ED.

minds that Mr. Ruskin's criticism[1] on this theory of Sir Joshua's,—which makes the essential characteristic of the grand style to be the avoidance of temporary and local circumstances and precise details—is sound and searching, and that his own definition of the grand style is as much superior to that of Sir Joshua in comprehensiveness and sound philosophy as it is in the eloquence of its expression.

Mr. Ruskin defines the grand style by four characteristics:—

1st. Choice of noble subject.

2nd. Introduction into the conception of the subject of as much beauty as is consistent with truth.

3rd. Inclusion of the largest possible quantity of truth in the most perfect possible harmony.

4th. Inventiveness: that is, the work must be produced by the imagination.

The direction of the President's reasoning may however be at once explained, and in some degree justified, by the fact that he was speaking at a time when very low and unworthy ideas on art prevailed, and when there was a tendency to prize works of minute and puerile imitation far beyond their true value.

Sir Joshua's third Discourse, if read as a protest against the undue exaltation of the petty and trivial in detail, is full of useful warning and guidance to the student.

He expressly guards himself against the charge of depreciating good works in styles below the highest. "None of them," he admits, "are without their merit,

[1] In his 'Modern Painters,' vol. iii. chap. i.—ED.

though none enter into competition with this universal presiding idea of the art.[1] The painters who have applied themselves more particularly to low and vulgar characters, and who express with precision the various shades of passion as they are exhibited by vulgar minds (such as we see in the works of Hogarth), deserve great praise; but as their genius has been employed on low and confined subjects, the praise which we give must be as confined as its object. The merry-makings or quarrellings of the boors of Teniers, the same sort of productions of Brouwer or Ostade, are excellent in their kind, and the excellence and its praise will be in proportion as in their limited subjects and peculiar forms they introduce more or less of the expression of those passions as they appear in *general* and more *enlarged* nature. This principle may be applied to the battle-pieces of Bourgognone, the French gallantries of Watteau, and, even beyond the exhibition of animal life, to the landscapes of Claude Lorraine and the sea-views of Vandevelde. All these painters have, in general, the same right, in different degrees, to the name of a painter which a satirist, an epigrammatist, a sonnetteer, a writer of pastorals or descriptive poetry, has to that of a poet."

We may surely ask, on this, what would be the worth of any definition of poetry which should exclude from the rank of poet Horace, Juvenal, Dryden, Theocritus, Thomson, and Wordsworth? Sir Joshua, in fact, throughout his Discourse, confines the name of painter to the

[1] Observe the looseness of this language—a school or style brought into competition with "a universal presiding idea."—ED.

painter of one class of subjects only—the high historical and religious: or what he calls "the great mode of painting." To hold this up as an object of pursuit to all students alike, whatever their bent or calibre, may be in a certain sense the best mode of dignifying the art; but I must be excused for doubting if it be the most profitable and soundest teaching.

List of Sitters for 1770.

January.[1]

Lady Barrymore; Mr. Lee; Mr. Luther; Dr. Hawkesworth; Mr. Norris; Lord Robert Spencer; Miss Price.

February.

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne; Lady Thanet (Tenet); Lady Tyrrel; Lord Romney; Mrs. Baker; Duke of Buccleugh; Lord Abington.

March.

Mr. Selwyn; Beggar Child (often); Master Conway; Miss Fox; Mr. Angelo; Duke of Gloucester; Mrs. O'Hara.

April.

Lady Molineux; Lady Carlisle; Lady Ossory; Lady Norcliffe; Mrs. Parker; Sir Samson Gideon.

May.

Lord Westmoreland; Mrs. Crewe; Mr. Dyer; Master Watson; Miss Crewe.

June.

Ugolino (George White); Beggar (often).

July.

Beggar (often); Miss Aufrere; Mr. Pelham; Lady Mayoress (Mrs. Trecothick); the King.

August.

From 7th to 15th absent at York; 18th, Master Conway (to be finished); Mr. Brudenell; Child (very often); Miss Hill.

September.

From 7th to *October* 14th, Sir Joshua was absent in the west.

November and December.

Lady Melbourne; Lady Waldegrave; Miss Kennedy; Master Melbourne; Miss Vansittart; Child (St. John); Miss Barrymore.[2]]

[1] To send Miss Godde's picture to Mr. Smith, Park Street, Grosvenor Square.

[2] "Jan. 22, 1770. Sono stabilito in maniera di dipingere. Primo e secondo o con olio o capivi; gli colori, solo nero ultram. e biacca; Secondo medesimo. Ultimo, con giallo o nero e lacca, e nero e ultram. senza biacca, ritoccato con poca biacca e gli altri colori. My own given to Mrs. Burke." This is the portrait of himself already

1771, ætat. 48.—[The vehement political passions of the time continued still unfavourable to the arts, if I

referred to in the note on the practice of 1769.

Haydon remarks of this method, "Fine proceeding;" and Beechey remarks, "This, it seems, was his most approved method—no yellow till the last colouring."

Another note, of Feb. 6th, is descriptive of the same mode, with some alteration:

"Olio. 1st. Biacca e nero.

"2nd. Biacca e lacca.

"3rd. Lacca e giallo e nero, senza biacca, in capivi."

"These are all glazing colours," says Beechey. The method, in which Sir Joshua, when he made the first memorandum on the 22nd of January, thought himself confirmed, but which he had already modified by the 6th of February, is very distinctly indicated. 1st painting, A modelling up of the head in black and white and ultramarine (which last disappears in February). 2nd, The same colours (with lake, in February). 3rd, Application of lake, yellow, black, and ultramarine (the last abandoned in February) as a glaze, in copaiba varnish, without white, and a final re-touching with white and the other colours.

Beechey observes on the first memorandum:

"His vehicle was oil or balsam of copaiba. His colours were only black, ultramarine, and white, so that he finished his picture entirely in black and white, all but glazing—no red or yellow till the last, which was used in glazing, and that was mixed with Venice turpentine (the resin of the larch) and wax as a varnish. Take off that, and his pictures return to black and white."

In which latter state we may be pretty sure we shall find every Sir Joshua which has passed through the hands of an ordinary cleaner. But restorers of experience and principle are well acquainted with Sir Joshua's method, and never use spirits or solvents on his pictures. They content themselves with restoring the surface, where it has cracked, or is flaking off.

"May, 1770. My own picture. Canvas unprimed, cera finito con vernice." The Dilettanti picture. In fine condition.

"The Nisæan nymph with Bacchus, principiato con cera sola, finita con cera e capivi, per causa it cracked. Do. *St. John*. *Offe* fatta interamenti con cap. e cera. Testa sopra un fondo preparato con olio e biacca.

"*Lady Melbourne*. Do. sopra una tela di fondo" (on unprimed cloth).

Sir Charles Eastlake remarks on this note,—

"When wax alone was used underneath, a more resinous medium being employed above, the surface was liable to crack. With this example 'Offe's picture' (already described as 'painted with cera e copaiba solo, cinabro,' *i. e.* finally glazed with vermilion) appears to be contrasted, that work having been painted with wax and copaiba from the first."

But though the surface would not crack from unequal drying, Beechey remarks that a picture "painted in balsam of copaiba and wax, upon an oil-ground, must crack and peel off in no time." And so it would, as the colours, with this waxy-resinous vehicle, would not incorporate with the oil-ground. The colouring matter lies in a dry film or coat on the ground, and is liable to be detached by the slightest accident. I have seen many of Sir

may judge by the list of Sir Joshua's sitters, which is as scanty this year as last. Probably the great rush of sitters in earlier years had something to do with the falling off apparent about this time. Success and fortune, too, may have indisposed the painter to the intense labour of former times. He might also, as is suggested by Barry, be himself desirous, at this period, of giving less time to portraits, and more to imaginative designs. Romney had, perhaps, already risen into something more like rivalry than Reynolds had yet been destined

Joshua's pictures which have suffered from this cause; and when so injured, it is common to have them re-lined, in which process, if the utmost care be not employed, the use of hot irons behind to reunite the new and old canvases affects the wax vehicle, and destroys all the sharpness and brilliancy of the handling. Mr. Barker, of Wellington Terrace, St. John's Wood, has in his possession the canvases on which Sir Joshua has tried various combinations of colours and vehicles, with dates of their application. Mr. Barker possesses a hereditary knowledge of Sir Joshua's methods, and I believe may safely be trusted with his pictures. Mr. Haines is another highly trustworthy cleaner. Mr. Morell has relined with perfect success Lady Elizabeth Herbert and her son (at Highclere), having detached the painted surface entirely from the original canvas, to which it had hardly the slightest adhesion. Mr. Farrer's restoration of the portrait of John Hunter, however, is perhaps the greatest triumph of care and skill in this kind.—ED.

"June 12, 1770. Paese, senza rosso, con giallo, nero, e turchino (Prussian blue), e biacca."

"This," says Beechey, "is a landscape of his, in possession of Sir George Phillips (now of Mr. Baring), which appears to be painted without red—I suppose from Richmond Hill."

With reference to the cracking of the Nisæan nymph—which is only an example of what too often occurred with Sir Joshua's pictures—Sir C. Eastlake quotes from Mérimée (De la Peinture à l'Huile, p. 102):—

"Cracks take place whenever the inner colours of the painting remain soft when the external layer is dry. Let drying-oil, for example, be thickly spread on a canvas: it will be very soon dry on its surface. Let white lead be painted upon this: the colour will sink in, and will dry the sooner, because a portion of the oil which it contained quits it to combine with the drying-oil of the inner layer. In this state of things, if the atmosphere be warm enough for the materials to expand, the layer of white will crack. The expansive tendency of the oil underneath is greater than that of the white. When these conditions are reversed, when the softer layer is uppermost, it will, if it contain much oil, become wrinkled or shrivelled on the surface."—ED.

to encounter. Ten years before that time this remarkable painter had quitted Westmoreland and a growing country popularity for London, leaving behind him a young wife and two children. His career had been one of uninterrupted success, from painting four-guinea heads in the City to a daily-increasing fashionable connection at the West End, and a handsome house in Great Newport Street, within a few doors of Sir Joshua's former abode. But it was not till Romney's return from Italy, where he spent two years between 1773 and 1775, that he fairly divided the town with Reynolds. It is possible, however, that he was already drawing off sitters from his greater rival. He was a new man; his prices were lower; he was not the friend of Wilkes and Burke, and those terrible City Aldermen, who were now defying King, Lords, and Commons, till this year two of them—Brass Crosby the Lord Mayor, and Alderman Oliver—got themselves committed to the Tower for discharging the printers—who had daringly reported the debates—from arrest under the Speaker's warrant.

The great struggle of last year had been against the right claimed by the House of Commons to decide, single handed, on the capacity of membership. Two of Sir Joshua's most intimate friends were in the front of the battle. Wilkes had risen to popularity as the hero of the conflict out of doors. In the House of Commons Burke had been its Achilles. The contest of the present year was for publicity of Parliamentary proceedings, and again Burke was foremost in the hard fight, on that memorable night which won for the press the right of reporting the debates in Parliament.

Wilkes was still as popular as ever, and only missed sharing the honours of martyrdom with the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver, by the unwillingness of ministers again to tackle so tough an adversary.

Mrs. Trecothick—the Lady Mayoress of the year before—was sitting to Sir Joshua the very day that the printers of the Morning and St. James's Chronicle, the London, Whitehall, and General Evening Posts, and the London Packet, were ordered to the Bar of the House of Commons. Even an *ex*-Lady Mayoress must, one may suppose, have led the conversation to this subject, when the committal of a Lord Mayor to the Tower loomed in the background of that resistance which had already been determined on in Guildhall. Mr. Baker, the steady opposition member for Plympton, was one of the sheriffs of the year, and not only defended his civic brethren in the House of Commons, but visited them in the Tower, with the leaders of the Opposition—all stanch friends and patrons of Sir Joshua's be it remarked—the Dukes of Manchester and Portland, the Marquis of Rockingham, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord King, Admiral Saunders, Admiral Keppel, Mr. Dowdeswell, and Mr. Edmund Burke. It was the lawyers whom Sir Joshua visited, entertained, and painted—Glynn, and Lee, and Dunning—who moved for the Habeas Corpora of the imprisoned Aldermen, when the legality of their detention was argued before Lord Chief Justice De Grey. It was Alderman Wilkes, his old friend, who took the leading place in the civic councils while the Lord Mayor was in the Tower, and helped to swear in the grand jury who found true bills against the messengers of the House of Commons

for arresting the printers on the Speaker's warrant. Is it to be wondered at, if in such a time, and standing in such intimate and friendly relations to all the prominent members of Opposition, Sir Joshua's Court sitters should have become fewer, and that his reception at Buckingham House should have been a chilling one? It is true he was, at last, admitted there. This very year he was painting the King and Queen, as well as Alderman Baker and Mrs. Trecothick. He was dining with Lord Palmerston of the Admiralty, and Lord Pembroke of the Bedchamber, as well as with Wilkes the demagogue, and Burke the orator of the Opposition. But the commission for the royal portraits had not been graciously offered. It had been granted on the special request of the painter,[1] and with the understanding that, if it was refused, he could not continue to hold the Presidency of the Academy. It was probably at the Palace, and in the inner circle of the King's Friends, that the President's political connections told most against him. Outside that circle he was widely welcomed in a society which included as wide divergencies of opinion as of rank and habits,—the *bons vivants* and *connoisseurs* of the *Dilettanti*, the wits, opera-managers, and masquerade-givers of the

[1] "The arts and sciences, I find, are at variance, as we prophesied they soon would be. The President Reynolds, I am told, has desired to resign; that the King sent to him, and insisted on his continuing. Reynolds returned that he owed his Majesty the duty of a subject, but no more; and that, as his Majesty had never sat to him, as he had to many others, he desired to adhere to his resolution. The King then said he *would* sit to him" (J. Sharp to Garrick, 1769). I have no doubt that this anecdote contains much misrepresentation; but that the substantial fact that Reynolds made the King's sitting to him a *sine quâ non* of his holding the Presidency is true.—ED.

Thursday-night Club, the blues in Mayfair, and the men of letters at the 'Turk's Head.'

On the 14th of January the Royal Academy met for the first time at their new apartments in Somerset House. They were in the part added to the old mansion of the Protector by Inigo Jones, and faced the river, from which they were separated by a garden. The Duke of Cumberland,[1] the dullest and least reputable of the King's brothers, just now in great disgrace, owing to his scandalous intrigue with Lady Grosvenor, was present, with several of the nobility. The new apartments included lodgings for the keeper, as well as the library, schools, and council-room of the Academy. But their exhibitions were still held in Pall Mall. Sir Joshua still continued to give the most regular attendance both at the lectures and the council. A very frequently recurring employment of his Monday evenings, about this time, is a dinner at four, often with Goldsmith; then the Academy lecture at half-past five, followed by a council meeting at seven, and after that an adjournment to the Club; at which he seems to have continued the most constant of members. It is an evidence of his equanimity and inoffensiveness, as well as of his kindly nature, that we never hear of any cloud or coldness between Sir Joshua and any other member of the club, like those which gathered in turn between Johnson and Garrick, Johnson and Warton, Johnson and Burke, Goldsmith and Garrick, Garrick and Colman. In all these quarrels, whether more or less serious, Reynolds was the peacemaker; and his

[1] He had probably become acquainted with Sir Joshua through his Duchess, still *censée* Mrs. Horton, of whom more hereafter.—ED.

house was chosen as the neutral ground for the belligerents to draw up their treaties of peace. It is amusing to find Walpole, about this time, taking in hand to teach Sir Joshua. Mr. Coxe had just brought him Patch's engravings from Masaccio's designs. Walpole did not remember the originals. He was transported with the nature, dignity, and truth of this precursor of Raphael. Enamoured of his treasure, he tells Mann he is expecting Sir Joshua ("our best painter"), whom he has sent for, to see some wonderful miniatures he has just bought, and these heads of Masaccio. He thinks they may give Reynolds such lights as may raise him prodigiously. He did not know that Reynolds, unlike] himself, *did* remember the originals; that he had noted and admired them, nineteen years before, on his way back from Rome.

As sitters were less numerous this year, dinners, and other engagements both at home and abroad, seem to have been more frequent. It is a pity that Sir Joshua never records the names of his own guests; but his parties were so much swelled by invitations given on the spur of the moment, that it would have been impossible for him to have set down beforehand more than the nucleus of his scrambling and unceremonious, but most enjoyable dinners. We are so accustomed to read and think of Sir Joshua as a man of courtly, nay, studiously polite, manners, that we are hardly prepared for the description given of his dinners—a few years later than this—by one who had often partaken of them—John Courtenay,[1] the member for Tamworth.

[1] A protégé of Sir Joshua's friends Lord Thanet and Lord Townshend, who brought him into parliament for Tamworth in 1780. He was a man

The table prepared for seven or eight was often made to hold twice the number. When the guests were at last packed, the deficiency of knives, forks, plates, and glasses made itself felt. Every one called as he wanted for bread, wine, or beer, and lustily, or there was little chance of being served. Courtenay's experience, it must be remembered, dates after the careful days of Miss Reynolds. There had once, he says, been sets of decanters and glasses provided to furnish the table, and enable the guests to help themselves. These had gone the way of all glass, and had not been replaced. But though the dinner might be careless and inelegant, and the servants awkward and too few, Courtenay admits that these shortcomings only enhanced the singular pleasure of the entertainment. "The wine, cookery, and dishes were but little attended to, nor was the fish or venison ever talked of or recommended." Amidst the convivial animated bustle of his guests, Sir Joshua sat perfectly composed; protected partly by his deafness, partly by his equanimity; always attentive—by help of his trumpet—to what was said, never minding what was eaten or drunk, but leaving every one at liberty to scramble for himself. Peers temporal and spiritual, statesmen, physicians, lawyers, actors, men of letters, painters, musicians, made up the motley group, and played their parts, says Courtenay, "without dissonance or discord." Dinner

of reading, wit, and ready oratory; was successively Secretary and Surveyor of the Ordnance, and a Lord of the Treasury. His sarcastic and unscrupulous style was very telling in the House of Commons. He lived with the wits and literati, and gave this description of Sir Joshua's dinners to Sir James Macintosh, by whom it was published in a preface to Courtenay's 'Poetical Review of Dr. Johnson's Character, Moral and Literary.'—ED.

was served precisely at five, whether all the company had arrived or not. Sir Joshua never kept many guests waiting for one, whatever his rank or consequence. "His friends and intimate acquaintance," concludes Courtenay, "will ever love his memory, and will long regret those social hours, and the cheerfulness of that irregular convivial table, which no one has attempted to revive or imitate, or was indeed qualified to supply."

Is it possible to believe that the man who thus entertained was a cold and ungenial being, equable, chiefly because he felt nothing and cared for nobody? I think we may take Goldsmith's affection, and the Leicester Square dinners, if we had no other evidence, as conclusive against this theory of Sir Joshua's character.

But it is easy to conceive the constant worry which a man with these ideas of a dinner-party, and a fidgety, notable, anxious woman like his sister Frances, must have caused to each other. And we may readily understand—without reflection on either brother or sister—that coldness in their way of living with each other which so struck Northcote, fresh from a narrow but most cordial family circle at the fireside of his father, the honest watchmaker of Plymouth. For, as Courtenay has opened the door of the Leicester Fields dining-room on a company day, Northcote about this time introduces us to the regular life of master and pupils at 54, Leicester Fields.

During the spring Sir Joshua, when sitters were unfrequent, seems to have occupied himself much in painting fancy subjects. There are many entries in

the pocket-book of "boy," and "beggar," and "child," which it is not always easy to refer to the extant picture in which such sittings resulted. He was certainly at work on some of his many boy-subjects engraved between this year and 1777; as the boy with a portfolio, at Warwick Castle; the Cupid as a link-boy, and the boy Mercury with a purse in his hand, at Knole. His favourite boy-model—from whom he painted his infant Samuel, the reading boy in crimson, the boy with a portfolio, and others—was a lad, Mason tells us,[1] of about fourteen, "not handsome, but with an expression in his eye so very forcible, and indicating so much good sense, that he was certainly a most excellent subject for the pencil." The lad had been left an orphan, with three or four brothers and sisters, whom he taught in succession, as they were able, to make cabbage-nets, by the sale of which the little family gained a livelihood. Sir Joshua's love of nature led him to seek for models constantly—where Flaxman sought them—among the ragged vagrants of the streets. The painter found in these as fine suggestions of colour as the sculptor of grace; and for the same reason—they looked at what they saw with the appreciative eye. It was thus Sir Joshua had picked up his famous original of Ugolino—George White, an Irishman, once a paviour, then a beggar, converted by Sir Joshua into a professional model. All the painters were soon fighting for him, but none turned him to such account as Sir Joshua. He exhibited White's head this year for the first time

[1] In his 'Anecdotes of Sir Joshua,' published by Cotton, from a MS. at Aston Rectory (J. Russell Smith, 1859).—Ed.

—probably the very study which Burke or Goldsmith declared so suitable for Ugolino.

Besides dinner engagements with his old friends Goldsmith, Burke, Dr. Warton from Winchester (who never failed to visit London at Christmas time), Mr. Payne, Mr. Lock (the son of William Lock, Esq., of Norbury Park, himself a painter of no mean ability, and the patron of painters), Mrs. Cholmondeley, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Parker, Lord Delawar, Colman, Garrick, Mr. Fitzherbert, Mr. Pigot, &c., I find frequent appointments with a new acquaintance of this year, Major Mills, whom Cumberland, in his sardonic way, describes as "collecting about him a considerable resort of men of wit and learning, at no other expense on his part than of the meat and drink which they consumed. Having been town-major of Quebec, he took the title of a field officer; and having been squire to a Knight of the Bath on the ceremony of an installation, he became Sir Thomas and a Knight of the Bath himself." This sneer is characteristic, considering that Cumberland—as he acknowledges himself—owed to the gentleman thus described his first introduction to the very pleasant society which used to dine on stated days—sometimes at the British, sometimes at the St. James's, Coffee-house, and which included Foote, Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Goldsmith, Garrick, Macpherson, Doctors Carlisle, Robertson, and Beattie (during their visits to London), Caleb Whitefoord, and Edmund and William Burke. This society was a sort of *succursale* to the Gerrard Street Club, less limited in numbers, and admitting new guests from time to time. It was out of an occurrence at one of

their meetings, a little after this time, that Goldsmith's delightful poem of 'Retaliation' took its rise. There is a dinner engagement at Mrs. Cumberland's, in May, which may have been the very occasion, recorded by the tetchy dramatist, when Sir Joshua, venturing to remind Johnson that he had had eleven cups of tea, drew down on himself the reprimand, "Sir, I did not count your glasses of wine, why should you number up my cups of tea?" and then laughing in perfect good humour, he added, "Sir, I should have released the lady from any further trouble, if it had not been for your remark; but you have reminded me that I want one of the dozen, and I must request Mrs. Cumberland to round up my number." "When he saw the readiness and complacency with which my wife obeyed his call, he turned a kind and cheerful look upon her, and said, 'Madam, I must tell you, for your comfort, you have escaped much better than a certain lady did awhile ago, upon whose patience I intruded greatly more than I have done upon yours; but the lady asked me for no other purpose but to make a zany of me, and set me gabbling to a parcel of people I knew nothing of. So, Madam, I had my revenge of her, for I swallowed *five-and-twenty* cups of her tea, and did not treat her with as many words.'"

"I can only say," concludes Cumberland, "my wife would have made tea for him as long as the New River could have supplied her with water."

From the opening of Parliament in January, till its prorogation in May, the struggle both in Lords and Commons, and the excitement out of doors, never ceased. It was fed by the discussions as to the pro-

vince of juries in trials for libel, the arrest of the newspaper printers for publishing the debates, and the defiance by the civic magistrates of both Royal proclamation and Speaker's warrant. It culminated in the committal of Crosby and Oliver to the Tower, after riots in which Charles Fox and his father narrowly escaped being torn in pieces, and Lord North was only saved from the mob by Sir William Meredith and another Opposition member. Sir Joshua took refuge as he best might from this war of parties in private society, and in his many clubs—the Turk's Head (which still met on Mondays, but was soon after this changed to Fridays), the Devonshire (generally on Thursdays), the Eumelian (founded by Dr. Ash, its *eponymus*, and held at the Blenheim, in Bond Street), the Thursday night at the Star and Garter, and (on alternate Sundays) the Dilettanti. Nay, he was not satisfied even with all these clubs. Beauclerk, writing to Lord Charlemont two years after this, declares "that Sir Joshua is extremely anxious to be a member of Almack's." This may have been the club of *both* sexes founded in 1770,[1] on the model of the men's club at White's. If so, Sir Joshua's anxiety to be a member may be explained by the fact that the patronesses were all sitters and acquaintance of his, some of them his very intimate friends as well as the most charming women of their time,—as Lady Pembroke, Mrs. Fitzroy, Mrs. Meynell, Lady Molyneux, Miss Pelham, and Miss Lloyd. High play, and very late hours, were as much the fashion at the Ladies' Club as at the gaming club in the same

[1] Walpole to Montagu, May 6, 1770. I find Sir Joshua attending the Ladies' Club in 1777.—ED.

house, which had taken the *pas* of White's, and at which the maccaronis were now losing their five, ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand a night at faro and hazard. Walpole tells us of Lord Stavordale losing eleven thousand there, then winning it back by one great hand, and swearing a great oath, "Now, if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions." Charles Fox,—now a Lord of the Admiralty, and one of the fiercest opponents of Burke, and most strenuous upholders of the right of the Commons against the Lords — shone as much at Almack's hazard-table as in the House of Commons.[1] Here Gibbon spent much of the leisure left him by his books and the Board of Trade. It may have been to this club that Sir Joshua was anxious to belong. It was not exclusively composed of idlers and gamblers, and many of his intimates were among its members. When not at his almost nightly clubs, or in private society, Sir Joshua might be met at Mrs. Cornely's or the Opera House masquerades, at Vauxhall, or at the new winter Ranelagh, after the opening of the Pantheon, in Oxford-street.[2] These places of amuse-

[1] "The young Cub has won near 20,000*l.* at Newmarket races (Oct. 1771). The *Grand Defaulter's* celebrated cub spent, not long ago, a whole week at the gaming-table. He allowed himself no respite but when he went home to get a clean shirt. What a hopeful legislator! He is a worthy companion to his friend and confidant —S(andwich), who administered, with all the forms of religious ceremony, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to a dog. Such are the men who contend for undefined privileges, and send the magistrates of London to the Tower!" ('Oxford Mag.,' April 1771.) The Grand Defaulter is Henry Fox, Lord Holland; his "Cub," C. J. Fox.—ED.

[2] The wonder of the time. "Imagine Baalbec in all its glory," exclaims Walpole. "The pillars are of artificial *giallo antico:* the ceilings, even of the passages, are of the most beautiful stuccos, in the best taste of grotesque: the ceilings of the ball-rooms and the panels painted like Raphael's Loggie in the Vatican: a dome like the Pantheon, glazed. It is to cost 50,000*l.*"—ED.

ment were never more thronged than during this stormy time, till they scandalised straitlaced people and interfered with each other's profits. Even fashionable Mrs. Cornely was attacked by the informers, and quite a little war now raged round Carlisle House, into the secret springs of which Horace Walpole, as usual, gives us a peep.

Mr. Hobart, Lord Buckingham's brother, was at this time manager of the Opera. Last year he had affronted the singer Guadagni, by preferring the Zamperini, his own mistress—whom we have seen entering herself in Sir Joshua's pocket-book as Cicchina—to the singing hero's sister. The Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Harrington, and some other great ladies, espoused the cause of the singer, and without a licence set up an opera for him at Madame Cornely's. This lady had commenced her career as a singer by the name of the Pompeiati. She then became the "Heidegger of the age," and presided over the diversions of the *ton*. Her taste and invention in pleasures and decorations are described as singular. She took Carlisle House in Soho-square, enlarged it, and established assemblies and balls by subscription. At first they scandalised, but soon drew in both righteous and ungodly. She went on building, and made her house a fairy palace, for balls, concerts, and masquerades. Her operas, which she called "Harmonic Meetings," were splendid and charming. Mr. Hobart's subscription began to fall off, and the managers of the theatres were alarmed. To elude the law, she pretended to take no money, and had the assurance to advertise that the subscription was to provide coals for the poor, for she had always courted the

mob with success. She then declared her masquerades were for the benefit of commerce. At last Mr. Hobart informed against her, and the Bench of Justices, "less soothable by music than Orpheus's beasts," pronounced against her. Her opera was quashed, and Guadagni, "who governed," says Walpole, "so haughtily at Vienna, that, to pique some man of quality there, he named a minister to Venice," was not only fined, but was threatened with Bridewell; "which chilled the blood of all the Cæsars and Alexanders he had ever represented; nor could any promises of his lady-patronesses rehabilitate his courage." "So *for once*," concludes Walpole, "an Act of Parliament goes for something." In spite of informations, however, Mrs. Cornely's masquerades went gaily on, in February, April, and May—so long indeed as the sitting of Parliament kept people of fashion in town. For these amusements were fashionable in the highest degree. When we read of Sir Joshua and Goldsmith frequenting them, we should remember that even stern Doctor Johnson defended Vauxhall and went there; and that, as he told Boswell, he neither thought a masquerade evil in itself, nor very likely to be the occasion of evil, though he admitted that, as the world considered it a very licentious relaxation of manners, he would not have been (as Bozzy had been in Edinburgh) "one of the first masquers in a country where no masquerades had been before."

And not only were masquerades in those days frequented by the best company, but they were really amusing.[1] The masquers kept up their characters, and

[1] The wit might be coarse sometimes, and the humour occasionally seems rather ghastly. At one of the April masquerades this year, one

the loveliest women of the court—and the Phrynes who rivalled them in splendour and profusion — displayed themselves in the most brilliant and ingenious costumes. A painter was especially excusable for going where he could study such living and moving pictures. One masqued ball given by Sir Joshua's Thursday-night club, on the 11th of February this year, cost one thousand guineas. At others, at Carlisle House or the Opera House, in April, I find among the belles Sir Joshua's pretty sitters, the inseparable friends Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Bouverie, dressed as young fellows, the fierce smart cock of their hats much admired; the Hornecks, "*sœurs charmantes*, alike in dress, grace, and beauty;" while Mrs. Cholmondeley,[1] "dressed as a fortune-telling gipsy with great propriety, supported her character with infinite wit and spirit."

Sir Joshua now painted his best portrait of Mrs. Abington, who had pretensions to the character of *bel esprit*, as well as pretty woman and charming actress; and who, in the former character, used to keep front places for the club on her benefit nights. Another queen of the theatre who this year sat to him was

masque, we are told, gave very high offence to the ladies. He appeared as a corpse, in a shroud and walking coffin, decorated with all its solemn ornaments. On the front was pasted the following printed inscription :—

"Mortals, attend! this pale, unseemly spectre
Three moons ago was plump and stout as Hector:
Cornely's, Almack's, and the Côterie,
Caus'd in the bloom of life the change you see.
Oh, shun harmonic routs and midnight revel,
Or you and I shall soon be on a level."

"The coffin was cut behind in such a manner that he could sit down, which he did from half-past eleven to three; soon after which he retired, leaving the coffin—which was made of pasteboard, with papier-mâché nails and ornaments—in the outer room, where the bear left his skin."—ED.

[1] Wife of the Hon. and Rev. George Cholmondeley—Peg Woffington's sister—the witty, vivacious, rattling, good-hearted woman, whose parties Sir Joshua seems to have relished more than stately Mrs. Montague's, or scatterbrained Mrs. Vesey's.—ED.

Mrs. Baddeley, more celebrated for her beauty and gallantry than for her wit or professional skill. Her picture represents the most voluptuous of faces, with large melting dark eyes and full rosy lips. The beauty is caressing a cat; the cat plays with a tress of soft hair which has fallen over the white shoulder. Cats were Mrs. Baddeley's favourite pets, and the one in her picture is no doubt a portrait. This beautiful woman took to laudanum, and died in misery at Edinburgh in 1784. Lady Waldegrave, an old friend and sitter, reappears this year in unfaded loveliness. Rumour was now busy with her name. She was living in an equivocal relation with the Duke of Gloucester; scandalmongers said, as his mistress; those who knew her best maintained, as his wife. And so it was; they had been married since September, 1766; though the marriage was not notified to the King till September, 1772; and their eldest child, the Princess Sophia-Matilda—so beautifully painted by Sir Joshua—was born in May, 1773.

The Duchess probably sat to Sir Joshua this year for the finishing touches of a portrait intended for the Duke. Another lady of whom Sir Joshua had lately painted a beautiful portrait also took rank this year among the Royal Duchesses. This was Mrs. Horton, the widow of a Staffordshire gentleman, and sister of Colonel Luttrell, notorious as the opponent of Wilkes for Middlesex. The Duke of Cumberland,—at this time as odious as his successor in the title, and for very similar reasons,—had fallen in love with the fascinating young widow of twenty-four. "She had the most amorous eyes in the world," says Walpole,

"and eyelashes a yard long, was coquette beyond measure, artful as Cleopatra, and completely mistress of all her passions and projects." The Duke went off with her to Calais in November, and from there informed the King of his marriage.

Among the rich collection of pictures by Reynolds at Barton is one representing a young and handsome woman, with aquiline features, marked by the tension of anxiety. One hand is raised and holds a handkerchief. The dress is a rich robe of flowered scarlet and silver brocade, worn over an inner vest of bright colours, with a shawl of green and gold round the waist.

It looks like the portrait of an actress; but the veiled look of pain does not belong to the stage. It is meant, I believe, to tell a tale of real and prolongued suffering. The picture was finished this year, and is connected with a curious and sad story. Miss, or Mrs., or Polly Kennedy,—for the lady was notorious by all three names,—was one of the Phrynes of that debauched time. She was of Irish family, and had two brothers, Matthew and Patrick, young men who had risen, by their sister's help, from low estate—a contemporary magazine says they began life as alehouse waiters—to something sufficiently like gentility to give them acquaintances in the set to which their sister's admirers belonged—Sir Charles Bunbury, the St. Johns, Lord March, Lord Robert Spencer, Gilly Williams, Lord Palmerston, George Selwyn, and others of Sir Joshua's gayer intimates. The Kennedys were mixed up in a drunken riot in Westminster, which resulted in the death of one Bigby, a watchman; the brothers were recognised, taken up, and on the 23rd of February,

1770, tried, found guilty of the murder, and sentenced to execution. The evidence that fixed the fatal blow on the Kennedys seems to have been weak; and though, legally, all who were taking part in the riot were participating in the death of the watchman, and liable to the charge of murder, one cannot but feel sympathy with the efforts which Miss Kennedy at once set about making among her titled admirers to save her brothers. There was no time to be lost; sentence had been passed on Friday, and execution was ordered for Monday, as the usage then was. Lord Robert Spencer, Lord Carlisle, Henry St. John, Horace Walpole, were all appealed to, and all went to work in behalf of the Kennedys; the King was petitioned; the ladies of the court set in motion about the Queen; the secretary of state, Lord Rochford, was besieged by friends and acquaintance. A respite was obtained during his Majesty's pleasure. On the 22nd of March it was announced that the Kennedys had received the King's pardon, on condition of being transported for life; but this was premature, for on April the 12th, when the report was made to his Majesty of the prisoners under sentence of death in Newgate, we find that Patrick Kennedy was ordered for execution, while the other brother was sent on board the convict ship for Maryland. Here the Earl of Fife tells Selwyn[1] he found him on the 28th of April, "chained to a board, in a hole not above sixteen feet long, more than fifty with him, a collar and padlock about his neck, and chained to five of the most dreadful creatures I ever looked on." Even with one brother

[1] 'Selwyn Correspondence,' vol. ii. p. 389.

ordered for execution, and the other in this plight, Miss Kennedy did not despair.

The ship sailed with its miserable freight, but in the Downs was brought to by the officers with a Secretary of State's warrant demanding the body of Matthew Kennedy. This warrant had been issued on an appeal of murder by Ann Bigby, widow of the murdered man. The case had by this time become almost political—a struggle between the City and the Bill of Rights Club to hang the men, and the Court friends of their sister to save them.

On the 29th of May Matthew Kennedy again stood at the bar of the King's Bench, and, on evidence given of the widow's declaration, was committed to the King's Bench prison, pending the argument on the appeal. He appeared—says a contemporary account—in double chains, in a blue coat with a handkerchief about his neck, and looked greatly dejected. The declaration was against both brothers. The widow was present with one of her principal witnesses, a waterman's boy, who deposed at the trial that he had been offered 100*l.* to keep out of the way. Lord Spencer, Lord Palmerston, George Selwyn, and several persons of distinction, friends of the unhappy prisoners, were likewise present. The Bill of Rights Society clamoured for the blood of the brothers; Junius thundered about the mercy of a chaste and pious prince extended cheerfully to a wilful murderer, because that murderer was the brother of a common prostitute. But the "common prostitute" was a sister, and persevered. On June the 15th, the first day of term, the Kennedys were brought before Lord Mansfield, to take their trial for murder, *a second time*,

on the appeal of the widow Bigby; but an omission of form in the pleadings led to an adjournment of the case. The City and the Bill of Rights Society clamoured louder than ever. Still the indefatigable sister strove and wept; and gave or refused her favours, as influence on her brothers' behalf was promised or withheld. On the 6th of November the brothers were once more brought to the bar to plead to the widow's appeal of murder. But the woman did not appear, and suffered nonsuit. She had been bought off. An evening paper of the time says "that when she went to receive the money [350*l.*] she wept bitterly, and at first refused to touch the coin that was to be the price of her husband's blood; but being told that nobody else could receive it for her, she held up her apron and bid the attorney who was to pay it sweep it into her lap."

The proceedings by appeal had probably been managed by Miss Kennedy's advisers with a view to this upshot. We hear nothing more of the brothers till the 11th of April in the present year, when they were placed at the bar and informed that his Majesty had extended his mercy to them on condition that Matthew should be transported for life; and Patrick, who had been twice ordered for execution, for fourteen years. Miss Kennedy appears twice in Sir Joshua's pocket-book as a sitter during this year, for her so full of suspense and agony. The entry of 1770 is on the 14th of November, a week after the widow had accepted her hush-money; that of 1771, on the 16th of January, when her brothers were still in prison, but when she knew the shadow of the gallows no longer hung over them. Her picture was painted for Sir Charles Bun-

bury, and I cannot but think that there is a designed trace of the suffering and struggle of these years in the expression of the handsome features. With reference to this picture Sir Joshua wrote to Sir Charles Bunbury :—

"DEAR SIR, "Sept. 1770.

"I have finished the face very much to my own satisfaction. It has more grace and dignity than anything I have ever done, and it is the best coloured. As to the dress, I should be glad it might be left undetermined till I return from my fortnight's tour. When I return I will try different dresses. The Eastern dresses are very rich, and have one sort of dignity; but 'tis a mock dignity in comparison of the simplicity of the antique. The impatience I have to finish it will shorten my stay in the country. I shall set out in an hour's time.

"I am, with the greatest respect,

"Your most obliged servant,

"J. REYNOLDS." [1]

On St. George's day (23rd April) the first annual dinner of the Royal Academy was presided over by Sir Joshua. The company comprised the Professors of the Academy, and twenty-five guests invited from the great officers of the Court, the Ministers, and the most distinguished men of the day. Walpole has

[1] I owe this letter to the courtesy of Sir Charles Bunbury, whose house at Barton, besides its wealth of pictures by Sir Joshua, abounds in records and relics of his time, and is associated with some of his most interesting friends and contemporaries.—ED.

recorded one recollection of the conversation,—Goldsmith's praises of the Rowley poems, then exciting the wonder of the town, for which he was laughed at by Johnson. It was in the course of this conversation that Walpole first learnt, to his equal surprise and concern, that Chatterton had committed suicide.

The Exhibition Catalogue of this year is headed with an excellently chosen motto from Pliny:—"Sum ex iis qui mirer antiquos; non tamen, ut quidam, temporum nostrorum ingenia despicio. Neque enim quasi lassa et effæta natura, ut nihil jam laudabile pariat." Contempt of contemporary English artists was the great stumbling-block in the way of our art at this time; and Reynolds deserves his place in our school by nothing more than by the blow he struck at this prejudice, both by his life, his pictures, and his discourses.]

Sir Joshua this year exhibited six pictures:—

Venus chiding Cupid for learning to cast accounts.[1]

A Nymph and Bacchus.[2]

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[1] "Charming, but the drawing faulty: better coloured than usual," says Walpole. Cupid snivels, with the back of one hand to his eye, while in the other he has a scroll inscribed with "£. s. d." and "Pinmoney." A brother Cupid laughingly contrasts the point of one of his own arrows with the blunt gold-tipped shaft of his little brother, whom Venus is scolding. The picture is at Lord Charlemont's, in Dublin.—ED.

Cupid never *did* learn to cast accounts. Venus must have been deceived by one of the many impostors who so frequently appear in the shape of her son.

[2] *Not* the Nymph painted from Miss Hartley, the actress. That was exhibited in 1773. The present picture is the one sold at the dispersion of Mr. Allnut's gallery at Clapham this year. The nymph sits at the mouth of a cave overgrown with vine-leaves and clusters, one of which she squeezes into the mouth of the laughing, crowing, kicking infant Bacchus. The goat Amalthea stands by, and a cup and thyrsus lie in the foreground. The colour is rich and glowing, the light and shade effective, and the composition graceful, but the head of the nymph is less happy than usual, or has suffered. The child is beautiful in colour, and full of life. The picture, which had cracked even in Sir Joshua's time, has been carefully restored.—ED.

A Girl reading,[1] a portrait of his niece, Theophila Palmer, absorbed in 'Clarissa' (deservedly marked by Walpole as "charming").

An Old Man, studied from the beggar who was now sitting for Ugolino.

A portrait of a Gentleman; and

A portrait of Mrs. Abington.[2]

Sir Joshua dedicated the engraving of the Old Man to Goldsmith, with the title of 'Resignation,' and some lines from the 'Deserted Village.'[3]

[Barry had now returned from Rome, where he had been supported for five years by the noble benevolence of Edmund and William Burke, his passionate nature absorbed in the worship of the highest ideal of art, prophesying nothing but starvation and failure for himself in England, where ideal art, by living English painters, was at a discount. "Oh!" he writes in one of his letters, "I could be so happy on my going home to find some corner where I could sit down in the middle of my studies, books and casts after the antique, to paint this work [the Adam and Eve] and others; where I might have models of nature when necessary, bread and soup, and a coat to cover me! I should care not what became of my work when it was done; but I

[1] Miss Offy, now about 14, was highly offended at the title of the picture in the catalogue. "'I think,' she said, 'they might have put 'A Young Lady.'" The picture is still in possession of the Gwatkin family.—ED.

[2] "Easy and very like" (Walpole). She is painted as Miss Prue (the beautiful picture is now at Saltram). She is sitting with her arms leaning on the chair-back, her finger at her mouth, and a *mutine* expression.—ED.

[3] "How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
. . . . . .
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While *Resignation* gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past."

The picture was sold at the dispersion of Mr. Allnutt's gallery, May, 1863.—ED.

reflect with horror upon such a fellow as I am, and with such a kind of art in London, with house-rent to pay, duns to follow me, and employers to look for. Had I studied art in a manner more accommodated to the nation, there would be no dread of this."

Barry, of all the young painters, had most steadily and courageously followed the road pointed out by Sir Joshua in his lectures. He had striven, exclusively, after the grand style. "Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Teniers, and Schalken," he says, looking round the Dutch pictures in the Turin Gallery on his way from Rome, "are without the pale of my church; and though I will not condemn them, yet I must hold no intercourse with them." This was quite in the spirit of Sir Joshua's Discourses. It would have been well, perhaps, if both had borne in mind that the painter's life has material conditions which cannot be defied. Barry dreaded the coming contest with these hard conditions. "God help you, Barry! said I; where is the use of your hairbreadth niceties and your antiques? Behold the handwriting on the wall against you. In the country to which you are going, pictures of lemon-peel, oysters, and tricks of colour, are in as much request as they are here." It is true that Barry's fierceness and combativeness, his scorn of the proprieties and decencies, as well as the conventionalities, of life, made him an unfair exemplar of Sir Joshua's ideal artist. There was no man whom, in later years, the kindly President came so near hating as his savage and scornful disciple. West was a fairer example of devotion to the ideal. He had a royal patron; his manners were unexceptionable; his character blameless. He might be

called fortunate; yet West could not have lived, simple as his way of living was, but for his pension from the King. But then West had no genius. To realise Sir Joshua's ideal, the manners and disposition of West should have been joined to the fervour of Barry, and to a larger share of artistic gifts than Barry had. But West supplies a good example of the insufficiency of the highest and purest aims in art without genius. The results will satisfy just such patrons as West satisfied—the bishops, who only tasted the classicality of his subjects, and George the Third, whose simple religious aspirations they exactly embodied. I am afraid the tendency of Sir Joshua's teaching was rather to make Wests and Barrys—to engender respectable mediocrities and passionate failures. Real genius is sure to find the upward path without pointing, and to sustain itself at the height to which it soars.

Barry this year exhibited his first picture, 'Adam and Eve.'[1] It was well hung, but coldly received. There is an engraving by Earlom, from a picture by Brandoin, of this year's Exhibition. Barry's picture occupies the place of honour in the centre of the principal wall of the modest little room. The President's 'Venus and Cupid' hangs on the line of the right wall; Mrs. Abington as Miss Prue, I think, on the left—the only two of his contributions seen in the picture. Barry's picture is flanked by two full-lengths—one I suppose to be Gainsborough's portrait of Captain Wade, the master of the ceremonies at Bath; the other I am

[1] His address in the catalogue is at Mrs. Grindall's, Orange Street, Leicester Fields. He had brought the picture with him from Italy, and had founded on it high hopes, destined to be disappointed.—ED.

unable to identify. The centre of the foreground is occupied by a noble couple; my lord, in his blue riband, is examining the pictures through an eye-glass. In some descriptions of the picture this is called the King; but the spectators do not seem enough occupied about him for this. Besides, the President would surely be in attendance on the King, and Sir Joshua does not appear in the picture. There is a burly figure on the left, very like Johnson; and two on the right, meant, I think, for Nathaniel Hone and William Hunter.

To this Exhibition honest Mr. Wilshire's waggon brought up from Bath no fewer than seven pictures of Gainsborough's, five whole-length portraits, and two landscapes—Lady Sussex and her child, Lady Ligonier in a fancy dress, Lord Ligonier on horseback, the master of the ceremonies at Bath, and Mr. Nuthall.

Charles Catton sends a picture which marks the time, 'The filling up of Rosamond's Pond in St. James's Park;' Mason Chamberlin, whole-lengths of two of the royal children — the Princess Augusta and Prince Edward. Richard Cosway, now an Associate — the dapperest and dandiest of men, and already surnamed the "Maccaroni Painter"—sends 'A Lady and her Daughters in the character of Virtue and Beauty, directed by Wisdom to sacrifice at the Altar of Diana.' Sir Joshua's allegories are merciful in comparison with this. Nathaniel Dance exhibits a whole-length of Garrick—that most bepainted of men—as Richard the Third, and four other portraits. Hayman, now in his decline, sends an almost solitary sacred picture, 'Christ and the two Disciples at Emmaus;' Hone, no less than nine portraits; Angelica Kauffmann, subjects from

Anglo-Saxon history, from Ovid, from the Odyssey, from Tasso, and two portraits; Nollekens, a portrait bust, a Bacchus, and a group of Pætus and Arria; William Pars, another Associate, eight landscapes in the mountains of Savoy and in Switzerland; Paul Sandby, a batch of water-colours; Michael Angelo Rooker, also an Associate, views of Merton College and Lillishall and Wenlock Abbeys; Samuel Scott, a view of the Tower of London; Dominick Serres, some half-dozen sea and shipping pieces; Samuel Wale, professor of perspective to the Academy, sends a stained drawing of King Alfred making a code of laws, dividing the kingdom into counties, and encouraging the arts and sciences; Benjamin West, Hannibal, the Death of Wolfe, Pharaoh's Daughter, Hector and Andromache, the Continence of Scipio (its companion), the Death of Procris, the Prodigal Son, Tobias curing his father's blindness (its companion); Richard Wilson, a view near Wynnstay, Crow Castle near Llangollen, and Houghton, the seat of the late Marquis of Tavistock. There are 276 works exhibited, all included; and of these 100 are portraits. With the exception of Hayman's 'Christ at Emmaus,' Barry's 'Adam and Eve,' Mr. Wale's comprehensive 'Alfred,' the pictures of West and Angelica Kauffmann, and two classical subjects—'Pompey corrected by Cratippus,' and 'Cleopatra weeping over the ashes of Antony'—by Allen, a student at Rome, there is no work of an ideal, epic, or historical kind in the collection;—none in which there is any attempt to tell a story by means of form and colour.

The Exhibition closed as usual at the end of May.

It had produced 1125*l.* It takes special rank among Academy Exhibitions by reason of *one* picture, which marks an epoch in English art, West's 'Death of Wolfe.' Till this picture was painted, no work had been produced by a painter of "high art" which aimed at the literal representation of a contemporary event. History, in high art, disdained historical fact. Reynolds told the students that historical truth and local circumstance were incompatible with the grand style. West has himself recorded the consternation which his unheard-of intention produced.

"When it was understood that I intended to paint the characters as they had actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds and asked his opinion; they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and elegant dissertation on the state of the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no warriors who wore such costume existed. 'The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won, and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. If, instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fiction, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque; but by using it I shall lose in

sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people, and to do this I must abide by truth.' They went away then, and returned when I had the picture finished. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour, then rising said to Drummond, 'West has conquered; he has treated the subject as it ought to be treated. I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art.'" "I wish," said the King, when West told him the story, "that I had known all this before, for the objection has been the means of Lord Grosvenor's getting the picture, but you shall make a copy for me." And so he did; and another,[1] on a larger scale, for General Monckton, who is the wounded officer looking on the dying hero.

As if to clench by actual experiment on the public the sound sense of West's reasoning, Barry in 1776 painted a high-art "Death of Wolfe," in which the personages were represented naked. He was so disgusted by the coldness with which it was received, that he never exhibited at the Academy afterwards.]

This year Sir Joshua received into his house the only one of his pupils whose name, as a painter, has survived to our time—James Northcote. [The son of an honest watchmaker at Plymouth, he was now twenty-five years old, and had from his early boyhood felt a hankering for the arts. A kind friend, Mr. Tolcher, a Plymouth Alderman, who knew and had sat to Sir

[1] Now at Fineshade Abbey, Northamptonshire. The Grosvenor picture is immeasurably the best of the three. —ED.

Joshua on his visits to London, had sounded both Reynolds, and the engravers Fisher and McArdell, as to the feasibility of apprenticing Northcote to learn their art. But the father feared the venture and threw cold water on the proposals and efforts of the worthy Mr. Tolcher. The youth sighed and suffered, but he was timid, and had never been twenty miles from Plymouth. His father insisted on his sticking to the shop, and allowed him no money. He was many years in saving five guineas, and at length was able to make the five ten by the produce of a print after one of his Indian ink drawings of a new assembly-room and bathing-place at Plymouth. Ten guineas was a fortune. James secretly planned with his elder brother Samuel a journey to London. He broke his design to Dr. John Mudge and Mr. Tolcher. They gave him letters to Sir Joshua. The two young men left Plymouth on Whit-Sunday, at five in the morning of a beautiful day. "When they arrived at the hill which gave them the last view of the town," says Northcote, in his unpublished autobiography now before me, "the elder brother looked back on it as he left, and expressed some regret; but the other lost sight of its spires with a pleasure inexpressible." It was May; the weather was warm and bright; they had determined to husband their money, and make the journey to London on foot. And so they did, sleeping at hedge alehouses and in haylofts, and, for the last stage only of their five days' journey, getting a cast on the top of the stage-coach. The day after his arrival Northcote waited on Sir Joshua, was received with kindness and offers of assistance, and of the use of any picture

in his gallery for copying. He at once set to work on a Ruysdael. In a week the elder brother returned to Plymouth. But Northcote remained to become, first the pupil and copyist of Sir Joshua, then a successful painter, and finally the best biographer of his master, and the most interesting living relic of his time.]

"I fear," he writes, before May is over, to Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Elford, "I shall not be able to make many copies of pictures, because I intend to do them with much care, and consequently slow; for the quantity which Sir Joshua has in his collection is innumerable, some of them by the most famous masters and fine beyond imagination. His house is to me a very paradise. All the family behave with great good-nature to me, and particularly Sir Joshua's two pupils.[1]

"Miss Reynolds has promised to show me her paintings, for she paints very fine, both history and portrait.

"I think you must remember the drawing in water-colours which I took to London with me of a drake, and another of the Eddystone Lighthouse. I showed both these to Sir Joshua; the drake he seemed much pleased with, but said the great difficulty was to colour so clearly with oil-colours. The Eddystone Lighthouse he found but small fault with; and when I told him my intention of selling it to a printseller or engraver, he was so kind as to say he would speak to one about it, and said he thought a print from it might sell. He

[1] Clarke, an Irishman, whom Sir Joshua had received as a pupil at the request of Goldsmith (a reckless dog, according to Northcote), and Gill, the son of a famous Bath pastrycook.—ED.

then showed me the landskip by Ruysdael which I might copy first, and gave me the liberty of painting it in his house, which I have since done. The place allotted me to paint in is a kind of hall or parlour which is not made much use of by the family.

"The first day I went to paint there I saw one of Sir Joshua's pupils, and on conversing with him was much surprised to find that his scholars were absolute strangers to Sir Joshua's manner of working; and that he made use of colours and varnishes which they knew nothing of, and always painted in a room distant from them; that they never saw him unless he wanted to paint a hand or a piece of drapery from them, and then they were always dismissed as soon as he had done with them.

"He has but two young gentlemen with him at this time, and they both behave to me with great good-nature, and are very willing to assist me, but one of them tells me that a man must become a great proficient in the art to make a figure in London, as England is now become the seat of painting.

"I find Sir Joshua is so entirely occupied all day with business or company that I have seldom an opportunity of seeing him. But at some time, when he has seen more of my work, I shall speak particularly to him, and desire to know if he thinks it possible that I could live in London, at any rate, by the practice of the art." . . . .

[In the same letter Northcote mentions a case like his own, which illustrates, besides, the effect on enthusiastic minds at the time of Sir Joshua's second Discourse, with its glowing description of the painter's vocation

and career. "In the same house where I lodge there lodges also a young man who is very nearly in the same predicament with myself. He is about twenty years of age, is called James, and was bred a clock-maker in the city of Norwich, but always had the most violent desire to be a painter, and used to get up at all hours in the morning to practise the art. At last his master, seeing how strong an inclination he had for painting, allowed him two hours every day out of his working time to employ in it. This continued for a short time; but when the young man saw and read Sir Joshua's Discourse, which was the second given to the Royal Academy, he could no longer suffer the confinement of his business; and without having any, the least, personal knowledge of Sir Joshua, he sent him a letter, for, as he told me, he thought that a man so fired with the art as Sir Joshua seemed to be by his Discourses would surely have a pleasure in assisting all lovers of it. He received an answer which I have not seen, but in consequence of it his master gave him up the remaining part of his time, and he immediately came to London, where he copied some of Sir Joshua's pictures; but afterwards, by means of an old woman-servant, he got admission into the house of Mr. Lock, a man of large fortune, who has a vast collection of paintings and sculpture, and a great judge of both. Here he copied some of the best pictures without the knowledge of Mr. Lock, apprehending his displeasure; but so much on the contrary did it turn out, that when Mr. Lock discovered it he immediately invited him to his house to copy any pictures he chose, and also, when he found so violent a desire in him for the art, he told

him he should make the house as his own, and very soon after placed him with Mr. Cipriani, whom Mr. Lock had brought over from Italy, and who is one of the greatest history painters in England; he also allows pocket-money to the young man, whose name is Brunton."

In a letter to his brother, Northcote (who had found means of immediate support as a colourer of prints of birds for Hooper, a printseller on Ludgate Hill) says, "I go regularly to Sir Joshua Reynolds' every day, and copy from the pictures in his collection. He is very kind to me, and often invites me to dine with him, and Miss Reynolds is the most good-natured woman I ever met with. . . . .

"Sir Joshua behaves to me just as he does to his other pupils, or rather with more friendship."

At this time Northcote was copying in Leicester-fields, from nine in the morning till dark. Before nine he had earned, by colouring a sheet of birds, the shilling on which he lived for the day. His present engagement, he tells his brother, would render almost any state agreeable; for the art is to him beyond every amusement on earth.]

In the unpublished autobiography of which these letters form portions, Northcote says, "Sir Joshua Reynolds, now perceiving my evident fondness for the art, and also knowing that he could soon make me useful to him in his profession, seeing me one evening late in the gallery, looking with much attention at the pictures, spoke to me, and asked if I would come and live in the house four or five years, and assist him in the same manner as his other scholars.

"This offer was immediately accepted by me with the extremest degree of pleasure; being by this means provided with my first wants, viz. board and lodging; besides being situated, as may be said, in the very centre of Art."

Sir Joshua had presented the picture of Johnson, exhibited in 1770, or a duplicate of it, to Johnson's stepdaughter, Lucy Porter. At her house Johnson found the picture on his visit to Lichfield this year.

In July he wrote to Reynolds from Ashbourne:—

"DEAR SIR,—When I came to Lichfield, I found that my portrait[1] had been much visited and much admired. Every man has a lurking wish to appear considerable in his native place, and I was pleased with the dignity conferred by such a testimony of your regard.

"Be pleased therefore to accept the thanks of,

"Sir, your most obliged and humble Servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON.

"Compliments to Miss Reynolds.

"*July* 17, 1771."

[On the 25th of July Sir Joshua was in attendance at Windsor, by desire of the King, as one of the spectators of an august ceremonial, in which His Majesty no doubt wished the President to see him take part, for the purposes of the royal portrait on which Reynolds was now engaged.[2] On that day His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburg (Duke of York), the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of

[1] It is now in the Gallery of the Duke of Sutherland.—ED.

[2] A sketch of the King's head in chalk at Barton may be a record of this day's work.—ED.

Mecklenburg, the Prince of Brunswick, the Earl of Albemarle, the Dukes of Marlborough and Grafton, and the Earl Gower, were installed Knights of the Garter in the presence of the Sovereign. After the procession and four hours' ceremony in the chapel, the company returned to St. George's Hall, where the King dined under a rich canopy, and the knights at a long table on the royal right hand; the Queen and her younger children witnessing the show from a gallery opposite. Under the gallery were seats for persons of distinction to see the dinner; and here, no doubt, Sir Joshua was placed. The dinner was succeeded by a ball, in the great Guard Room, opened with a minuet by the Duke of Gloucester and the Duchess of Grafton; his Royal Highness danced the second minuet with the Duchess of Marlborough. At eleven the country dances began; three only were called when their Majesties retired, and the company dispersed before twelve. It is striking that every English knight installed on this occasion had sat to Sir Joshua. In the crowd assembled on the occasion, Northcote tells us, the President lost his laced hat and gold watch. But such losses were among the chances on which men calculated in those days. It was but a month before that a party of gentlemen and ladies returning from Vauxhall by water had had their boat boarded by six silent highwaymen in black masks, two hundred yards above Westminster Bridge, who eased them of above 20*l.* and two watches. The maskers returning from the Pantheon had pistols clapped to their breasts by mounted knights of the road and footpads, in Oxford Street. Highway robberies were

perpetrated in every suburb of London; and the company coming in from the Marylebone and Islington tea-gardens used to make the journey under escort of a horse-patrol.

From the 13th of August to the 6th of September Sir Joshua was in Paris. His pocket-book contains no entry for this trip, except the date of his arrival in London. I presume he went to see the exhibition of the French Academy, which at this time was biennial. But his friend Doyen, a very considerable person among the French Academicians, complains, in a letter written many years after this, that he had not seen Sir Joshua on this visit. He was not without English companions in Paris, however, for Walpole was there just now, and Mrs. Abington. It is pleasant to think of Sir Joshua escorting the piquant actress to the Colisée, the last new Parisian whimsy—a chalk and pasteboard imitation of our Ranelagh, "gilt, painted, and becupided like an opera"—or attending her to the theatre to enjoy the finished high comedy of Préville and Molé, or to laugh over the pantomime of the inimitable Carlin.

Sir Joshua must have found France drifting imperceptibly towards the great Maelström which was to engulf her a few years later: Paris poverty-stricken and disaffected, the court penniless and full of cabals, stagnation in trade, bankruptcy in the exchequer, the Encyclopædists paramount in the press, and dancers and demireps giving the tone to the salons; the Du Barry installed instead of the Pompadour; and the once well-beloved Louis XV. wallowing in the filth of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, suppressing his parliaments, and waging vain war against epigrams and vaudevilles. Art was as ill-

cared for as all around it. The rain poured in through the ceilings of the Louvre, over Le Brun's battles and triumphs. The shutters of the galleries would not close, the doors would not bolt; Raphaels and Correggios, Guidos and Rubenses, were stacked about the neglected rooms. Such care as there was was worse even than neglect. The Orleans pictures had fallen into the hands of the cleaners, had been varnished, transferred from panel to canvas, and the seams, says Walpole, filled up with colour.[1]

Nor would Reynolds find much in modern French art to console him for the neglect of that of earlier and greater times. The mannerism of Vernet, the mingled *minauderie* and indecency of Boucher, the prurient sentimentalism of Greuze, the cold classicality of Pierre and his old friend Doyen, would leave him nothing to envy Paris. Whatever might be the weakness of nascent English art, it was already a more vigorous tree than that which had its root in the apartments of the old Louvre devoted to the Académie de la Peinture.

This visit to Paris interfered with what should have been a pleasant English visit—to Bennet Langton, in Lincolnshire, who the year before had married the widow of the Earl of Rothes, painted by Sir Joshua in 1763. Goldsmith was to have been of the party, and Johnson.

But Goldsmith was now at Mr. Selby's farm-house at Hyde, working hard on his new comedy. Here, living memory, till very lately, preserved records of the visits of Johnson and Reynolds and Sir William Chambers

[1] Walpole to the Earl of Strafford, from Paris, Aug. 25, 1771.—ED.

to the farmer's eccentric lodger, who used to read in bed and put out the candle by flinging his slipper at it; who occasionally came home leaving his shoes stuck in the mud; and who, in his fits of abstraction, used to wander into the farmer's kitchen by mistake for his own sitting-room.

Goldsmith writes to Langton, after excusing himself from the proposed visit on the score of his new comedy, that "Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence." Johnson too excused himself. He had been visiting about the Peak; but, when Goldsmith writes, had returned to his old haunt at Mrs. Thrale's. And Burke, Goldsmith adds, "is a farmer, en attendant a better place, but visiting about too. Every soul is merry and visiting about but myself, and that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh."

In a letter to his brother, written in August, Northcote says,—

"I received your letter, which much entertained me. It was brought to me while I was at dinner with Miss Reynolds, Miss Offy Palmer (a niece of Sir Joshua), and Mr. Clark. Miss Reynolds also had a letter by the same post, but it was not from Sir Joshua, who is at this time in Paris, for he never writes to her, and, between ourselves, I believe but seldom converses as we used to do in our family, and never instructs her in painting. I found she knew nothing of his having invited me to be his scholar and live in the house till I told her of it. She has the command of the household and the servants as much as he has." . . .]

The room in which Northcote worked while with Sir Joshua was, he tells us, a small one "next to his own painting room. There were" (in it) "a great number of those portraits which had been rejected and left on his hands:[1] round the sides of the room were shelves, on which were placed large heads, casts from the antique, and at a great height, for the room was lofty; and over these hung some old portraits by Lely and others. In this room, as I was one day busily employed in painting a drapery to one of his portraits, I suddenly heard a noise as if something had fallen, when, looking up to the place, I saw that one of these pictures by Lely had dropt from its nail, and falling on the shelf threw down two or three very large plaster heads. I had but a moment to get up in the corner of this little room, when the whole fell down on the floor, just where I had been at work, with a violence that would have certainly proved fatal to me had I not got out of the way, as a moment would have been too late. The easel was knocked down, together with the picture on which I was at work, and driven with violence through five or six of those unfortunate rejected portraits, as they happened to be placed one before the other, whilst the floor was covered with the fragments of the broken plaster heads. The great noise that this made alarmed even Sir Joshua, although deaf, and brought him into the room in a hurry to know what was the matter."

[1] Not only portraits, but some of his finest poetic subjects, were often in this room. I have heard Lord Egremont say he bought a picture from it containing portraits of two children of Nelly O'Brien, with a dog; and he regretted that he had not bought others, for the prices asked by Sir Joshua were not high.

In speaking of the work Reynolds gave him to do, Northcote says, "It was very provoking, after I had been for hours labouring on the drapery of one of his portraits from a lay-figure, to see him, with a few masterly sweeps of his pencil, destroy nearly all my work, and turn it into something much finer;—and yet, but for my work, it would not have been what he made it."

"I remember once when I was disposing the folds of drapery with great care on the lay-figure, in order to paint from it into one of his pictures, he remarked that it would not make good drapery if set so artificially, and that, whenever it did not fall into such folds as were agreeable, I should try to get it better, by taking the chance of another toss of the drapery stuff, and by that means I should get Nature, which is always superior to Art."

And yet Northcote, after recording this, said to Hazlitt, "If I had any fault to find with Sir Joshua, it would be that he was a very bad master in Art. It was like the boy teaching the other to swim. 'How do you do when you want to turn?' 'How must you do when you turn?' 'Why, you must look that way!' Sir Joshua's teaching amounted to little more."

But the truth is, that little more can *be taught* in Art, though everything may be *learned*, by an apt scholar. Vandyke soon equalled Rubens in execution, because he was Vandyke; but Northcote was not a Vandyke; and, therefore, though not without ability, he remained for ever at an infinite distance from the great painter in whose house he lived five years, and whose works he saw daily in every stage of progress. Opie, without

any such advantages, came from Cornwall to London, already an artist of great power; and Northcote afterwards became, in a great degree, his imitator; in which he succeeded to some extent, because it was much easier to imitate the force of Opie than the refinement of Reynolds.

[At the sale of the prints and original drawings collected by Richardson the painter, and his son, which took place this year at Old Langford's room, under the piazza, Covent Garden, Northcote attended, he tells us, by Sir Joshua's direction, to bid for the lots which Sir Joshua had marked—"a vast number of extraordinary fine drawings and prints by and from old masters."

The fourth Discourse was delivered, as usual, at the distribution of premiums,[1] on the 10th of December.

Its main purpose is to show that generality ennobles art; particularity debases it. The concluding paragraph sums up the argument. "On the whole," concludes the President, "it seems to me that there is but one presiding principle which regulates and gives stability to every art. The works, whether of poets, painters, moralists, or historians, which are built upon general nature, live for ever; while those which depend for their existence on particular customs and habits, a partial view of nature, or the fluctuations of fashion, can only be coeval with that which first raised them from obscurity. Present time and future may be con-

[1] The gold medal for painting (Venus entreating Vulcan to forge the armour of Achilles) was won by Mr. W. Ball; that for a bas-relief (the Choice of Hercules), by P. M. Vangelder; that for architectural design (a nobleman's villa), by Mr. John Yenn, afterwards an Academician, and successor to Sir W. Chambers as treasurer of the Academy.—ED.

sidered as rivals, and he who solicits the one must expect to be discountenanced by the other."

A consolatory reflection this for unsuccessful men,—a sentence which has given comfort to many a baffled and hungry votary of High Art. It seems to me, however, that this doctrine of the President's, like many of the doctrines in his Discourses, is inexactly stated. The truth of the matter is that the greatness of Art does not depend on expressing general ideas and neglecting personal, local, and minute ones,—for by this road we only get to Martinus Scriblerus's abstract Lord Mayor—but on expressing the largest possible amount of enduring truth and beauty in the particular form or subject chosen.

Thus limited, Sir Joshua's doctrine is sound; taken as he expresses it, it is utterly inconsistent with the facts of the case. Is not Homer minute, local, and personal? Does he "generalize" the armour, the dress, the meals, the battles of his heroes,—he who paints every figure on the shield of Achilles; who shows us his warriors arming, and dressing, garment by garment, piece by piece, from the triple cone of horsehair to the burnished greaves, not sparing us a fold, a thong, or a buckle; who gives us the very dishes of Achilles's bill of fare; the ingredients in Machaon's medicine for flesh wounds; the name of every ship in the fleet; the force of every contingent in the hosts; the order and names of the fruit-trees and beds of Alcinous's garden; the particulars of Nausicaa's family-wash, and the game at romps that followed it; every detail of the foot-bath of Odysseus? Why, Homer is full of the most trivial details. But they are animated by a truth and life

which make them immortal, and give the work its greatness. What shall we say of Dante? What can be so minutely local and personal as the scenery and personages of the 'Divina Commedia;' so homely and precise as his images and illustrations? Take History. Is Thucydides a generalizer, in Sir Joshua's sense? Does he omit a circumstance in the intrigues of the Agora at Athens, the minutest fact of the operations before Syracuse, the nicest detail of fortification in the siege of Platæa, the subtlest quirk or quibble in the argument between the Athenian and Melian negotiators? The History of Thucydides is as minute, as stamped with the character of its time, place, and people, as the Chronicles of Villani or Froissart. What makes it a great work is not its generalization, but the penetration, precision, and insight with which the minutest facts of the particular history have been looked into, the force with which they have been grasped, the vigour and life with which they have been reproduced. The lessons of the history may be useful and applicable to the end of time, but this in no way affects the fact that they are involved in deductions from a special set of occurrences transacted on a narrow theatre, and most minutely recorded.

The certain effect of this holding up of "general ideas" as the test and "*differentia*," or special characteristic, of High Art, was to make "High Art" empty, academic, and lifeless; to kill it, far more certainly than it could be killed by any amount of Dutch literalness or Venetian ornament.

So far as the tendency of this part of his teaching goes, or has gone, I cannot but think Sir Joshua's

Discourses among the unsafest of all guides to the student. I should like to see an appendix of limitations and cautions bound up with every copy of the book given away by the Academy to the winners of its medals. The best thing to be said for it is that the President's teaching, however misdirected, tends, as I have said already, undeniably upwards.

Take the opening passage of his fourth Lecture: "The value and rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labour employed on it, or the mental pleasure produced by it." Such a doctrine was of inestimable value in those days of rising effort among painters, of hollow taste and shallow connoisseurship among patrons. But when Sir Joshua pitches upon "exertion of mind" as the great distinction between the Roman and Venetian schools, the judgment declines to follow him—even though he afterwards explains, that in speaking of the Venetian school he excepts Titian. What right has he to except Titian? If Titian could conciliate with splendour of colour the gravest senatorial dignity in portraiture, the most fervent ecstacy, the loftiest faith, the most earnest reverence and tenderness in religious painting, how can it be contended, as Sir Joshua contends, that Venetian colour is not only "too brilliant, but too harmonious to produce that solidity, steadiness, and simplicity of effect, which heroic subjects require"? Does the glory of Venetian colour impair the ecstatic majesty of the Assumption, the grandeur of the Peter Martyr, the intensity of worship in the Magdalen who creeps on her knees to Christ in the Garden? Or,—to take painters whom Sir Joshua does not except from the Venetian school,—is their Venetian colour out of

keeping with the awfulness of Tintoret's Christ before Pilate, or the dignity of Veronese's Darius? Here, again, Sir Joshua is led away by too great eagerness for generalization, and fails to guard himself by proper limitations. Because much of the Venetian painting was decorative, he extends to the whole school arguments and considerations which apply to the purely decorative examples of the school only — if even to these; and lands himself in difficulties which force him to such expedients as the excepting of Titian, in speaking of that school of which Titian is the greatest master.

Nor can I agree with him when he argues that "the same reasons which have been urged to show that a mixture of the Venetian school cannot improve the great style, will hold good in regard to the Flemish and Dutch schools."

The reasons are certainly *not* the same in the two cases. It is not the intense grasp of local circumstance in the Dutch pictures which sinks them into the lower regions of art, but the singular coarseness, grossness, or unloveliness of the local circumstances which make up Dutch life, and are reflected by Dutch art. But Dutch art was nevertheless the best art possible in the Low Countries, by virtue of its truth. If the Dutch school had striven after "general ideas," we may be sure they would have given us something immeasurably more worthless than the lowest "droll" of Jan Steen, or the most abject scullery-piece of Maes, Teniers, and Ostade. By Venetian artists—with the partial exception of the Bassans—local life and circumstance has rarely

been presented, except in the shape of portrait, and there it has lifted portrait-painting into the region of the ideal by beauty of feature, nobleness of air, dignity of deportment, and splendour of attire.

The judgments of Sir Joshua as a painter constantly correct his statements as a theorist on painting, just as his practice did. He admits the right of the Dutch painters to their meed of humbler praise. "The painters of this school are excellent in their own way; they are only ridiculous when they attempt general history on their own narrow principles, and debase great events by the meanness of their characters." Quite true; but this is, not, as Sir Joshua argues, because the Dutch painter is minute, and even local, but because he is coarse and low in his forms, foul in the life he paints, hoggish in his conception of pleasure, ignoble in his types of man and womanhood. Yet Rembrandt could be grand in spite of all the outward crust of these deformities, because underneath them worked the imagination of a great poet.

A little further on Sir Joshua is compelled to claim for "the lower exercises of the art"—among which he modestly includes portrait-painting — "all the little ornamental helps,"—such as harmonious and brilliant colour artfully distributed, light and shadow, and handling,—which he refuses to the unhappy student of the grand style. He had already been forbidden individual character in his heads, and adherence to historical truth in his facts. He now learns that he is to be confined either to a penitential regimen of simple black and white—a "reduction of the colours to little more

than chiar' oscura — which was often the practice of the Bolognian schools," or to those "very distinct and forcible reds, blues, and yellows, which are seen in the draperies of the Roman and Florentine schools." Then the historical painter is never to discriminate textures of drapery; he is to paint neither silk, nor satin, nor woollen—but drapery, no more. Had the President limited the latter rule to this—that the texture must never be obtruded so as to interfere with some more important truth in the picture, his teaching would have been sound. As stated, I believe the rule defies observance.

A second example of *reductio ad absurdum* is to be found in this part of the same Discourse. After refusing to the student of the grand style the resources of individuality in expression, fidelity to historic fact, splendour or harmony of colour, subtlety of light and shade, it is hardly to be wondered at that he should end by classing the French school—Le Sueur, Poussin, and Le Brun—above the Venetian.

In short, I find myself protesting, with the most thorough heartiness of conviction, against almost every deduction of this fourth Discourse. I am satisfied, and I believe every intelligent person conversant with the facts of art will be satisfied, by a careful and unbiassed reading of it, that Sir Joshua was led away by his adhesion to the untenable theory that *the Grand* style of art is to be attained by seeking the "general," and sinking the "individual;" the truth—which had served as the germ of this theory—being, that "the Grand style" in art depends on the degree in which its pro-

ductions embody dignity, truth, beauty, and invention, consistently with their subjects.[1]

List of Sitters for 1771.

January.

Mr. King; Miss Kennedy; Mr. Baker; Sir Watkin Williams Wynne; Lady Melbourne; Lady Ancram; Master Lambe.

February.

Lady Ligonier; Lady Thanet; Lady Harriet Acland; Lord Ossory; Miss Hill.

March.

Mrs. Abington; Child; Miss Roper; Mrs. Trecothick; Mr. and Mrs. Forrest; Mrs. Buller.

April.

Lady Lucy Strangeways; Mrs. Pelham; Mr. Wilkinson; Mrs. and Miss Smith; Miss Dutens; Mr. Acland.

May.

Dr. Robinson; Mr. and Mrs. Bayly; Mrs. Payler; Lady Carlisle; Egyptian; Duke of Buccleugh; Mr. Pelham.

June.

Lord Trevor; Mr. Hanger; Mr. Humphrey; Mrs. Baddeley; Mrs. Demar; Lady Barrimore; Sir Charles Bunbury; Lady Waldegrave; Child; Bartolozzi.

July.

Lord Irwin; Boy; Mrs. Richardson; Mr. Nixon; Mrs. Hartley; Old Man; Mrs. Quarrington (for a St. Agnes); Miss Foley.

August.

Miss Meyer; Beggar child.

September.

George White (Ugolino); Miss Simmons; Mr. Hickey.

October.

Madame Blankart; Miss Phillips.

November.

Mrs. Yates; Lady Lisburne; Lady Anderson; Mrs. Bott; Mrs. Coutts.

December.[2]

Mr. Banks; Miss Knapper (Napier).

[1] On this subject I think it impossible to put sounder reasoning into better words than Mr. Ruskin has done in his first three chapters of the third volume of his 'Modern Painters.' His argument seems to defy refutation. Leslie, in his excellent 'Handbook for Young Painters,' nowhere devotes himself to detailed refutation of Sir Joshua's theory. But the same view of its unsoundness which is here put forward will be found underlying Leslie's reasoning throughout.—ED.

[2] In this month is recorded a visit from Mrs. Delany and her noble old friend the Duchess of Portland.

1772, ætat. 49.—Sir Joshua began this year's work with his Ugolino, and some of his fancy subjects of children, as I infer from the frequent sittings of his child-model. He was also working, during January, on his picture of Hebe, from Miss Meyer, the pretty daughter of a brother Academician—Meyer, the enameller and miniature-painter.[1] He had about the same time many sittings from Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks, that ardent young student whose singular passion for natural history had survived an education at Eton and Oxford, and, resisting the temptations held out to rank and fortune by that dissipated and pleasure-loving time, had carried him, first, to the fogs and icebergs of Newfoundland with Lieutenant Phipps, and afterwards round the world with Captain Cook. The 'Endeavour' had returned from her three years' circumnavigation in June, 1771; and her Captain, Banks, and Solander (the botanist of the expedition), had been the lions of the scientific and pseudo-scientific world ever since. Bankes was already urging forward a second voyage to the South Seas, and, till the arrangements for it should be completed, spurred on by his restless eagerness to know, was now planning a voyage to Iceland with his friend Solander, which he accomplished during this year. Sir Joshua was a constant attendant at the meetings of

[1] There is a noble study for the eagle, which he has introduced into this picture, in Lord Lyveden's gallery at Farming Woods. This eagle died while Northcote was in Sir Joshua's house; and Northcote in his 'Life' tells how, after he had set up the dead bird to make a study of it for himself, Sir Joshua, coming into the room later than his wont—having been at a masquerade the night before—carried off the bird and canvas into his studio, and there completed a study which astonished his pupil. This may be the very study now at Farming Woods.—ED.

the Royal Society, which had suggested the first voyage to Otaheite for the observation of the transit of Venus. His pocket-books show that he had been a frequent visitor to Banks and his companion Solander at the British Museum, where their curiosities were arranged, and he had no doubt taken the keen interest of a close and curious observer in their collections of plants, animals, weapons, and dresses, in their drawings and descriptions of new countries, races, and manners. Johnson, after one of these dinners with Banks (this year), on February 26, sends, under cover to Sir Joshua —as not himself knowing Mr. Banks's address—his thanks to Banks and Solander for the pleasure received in the conversation of the day before. He encloses a motto for Banks's goat, which had accomplished one circumnavigation of the globe, and was now preparing for a second—

> "Perpetua ambitâ bis terrâ præmia lactis
> Hæc habet altrici capra secunda Jovis."

Sir Joshua's portrait of Banks, painted at this time, is an excellent illustration of the importance of intelligent and intimate relations between painter and sitter. The painter has thoroughly understood his subject. There is visible in every point and trait of the picture a complete grasp of the fact that the business is to represent an ardent inquirer into nature, a man of an intense mind concentrated on discovery. The burning eyes are focussed by the will that knits the brow, and gives their tension to the hands—one of which grasps the arm of the chair, while the other is clenched on the papers which strew the table. The energy of the man seems to be lifting him out of his seat by an irrepressible force.

The globe at his side, the wide stretch of sea visible from the window, are significant of voyages past and to come. No painter could have so expressed the "hungry heart" of a man smitten with the passion of exploring and inquiring, unless he had felt a deep and intelligent sympathy with his sitter. And it is this after all which gives the crowning interest and chief value to Sir Joshua's portraits; this power of grasping the dominant characteristic of his subject, whether it be thirst of knowledge and passion for travel in a Banks, or lazy voluptuousness in a Sophia Baddeley or a Nelly O'Brien. Dr. Hawkesworth, Sir Joshua's old acquaintance, was now engaged in preparing for the press the account of Cook's voyage, with the earlier voyages of Byron, Wallis, and Carteret—at the price of 6000*l.*—then considered startling, and which is still larger, probably, than any ever paid to a literary hack, however respectable. Dr. Hawkesworth sat to Sir Joshua this year, and was still sitting a short time before his death. He was so elated with his good fortune that he is said to have died of it; though others attribute his death to some disparaging criticisms on his heavy quartos, when published next year.

Reynolds was still painting pretty, silly, self-indulging, self-destroying Mrs. Baddeley, when the fashionable world was all expectation of the opening of the Pantheon,—lately built on the stately plan and with the magnificent decorations of Wyatt,—which was fixed for Wednesday, the 22nd of January.

Mrs. Abington was sitting to Sir Joshua at the same time as Mrs. Baddeley. Both, though women of very different reputations, had their anxieties about the

reception they were likely to meet with at the new place of entertainment. At Almack's, or Madame Cornely's, or the Opera House masquerades, none were so welcome as the demireps, the mistresses, and the players. But the proprietors and managers of the Pantheon, it was whispered, had set up as censors, and determined to exclude all "women of slight character," and all the players. Considering the manners of that day, the scandals either winked at or paraded in the highest society, the powerful protection enjoyed by the Kitty Fishers, Nelly O'Briens, Miss Kennedys, Nancy Parsonses, and Mrs. Baddeleys—to say nothing of their more decorous sisters like Mrs. Abington, Miss Powell, and Miss Nancy Reynolds—it was to be expected that the proposed exclusion would be ridiculed as a piece of prudish injustice, and resisted as an impertinent interference with fashionable pleasures. Sir Joshua was as little of a prude as he was of a libertine. When Mr. Smelt, the decorous sub-governor of the young princes, expressed to him his wonder how he could resist the allurements of the beauty which daily exhibited itself in his painting-room with all the enhancement of costume and attitude, he replied that his heart, like the gravedigger's hand in 'Hamlet,' had grown callous by contact with beauty. But he frequented, as we have seen, both the society of men of pleasure and their places of amusement. His younger friends of the Thursday-night Club—men like Lord Palmerston, Lord Carlisle, Lord March, and Sir Charles Bunbury—we may be sure, would be no partisans of the Pantheon Catos. Lord Melbourne, indeed, was at this moment the protector of pretty Mrs. Baddeley. Those who are

so inclined may read his ill-spelt, ungrammatical, and fulsome love-letters to her in the Life of her published by her worthy companion Mrs. Steele. In one of these letters he tells her he has been to see her picture at Reynolds's, and thinks it will be well done; in another he rejoices that, as there is no "Rannela" (where she was then singing) that night, he can enjoy the felicity of a visit to her whom he loves "every minnitt" of his life, "Satterday, Sunday, and every day." Mr. William Hanger, afterwards Lord Coleraine, Mrs. Baddeley's first aristocratic lover, brought her to Sir Joshua, to whom he was sitting himself while his mistress's portrait was in progress, and paid for the picture.

These young bloods had vowed that, whoever was excluded from the Pantheon, Sophia Baddeley should be let in. Sir Joshua, as I find from the pocket-book, was at the Pantheon on the opening night. He may have seen the triumphal entry of his beautiful sitter. Twenty gentlemen, headed by Mr. Hanger and Mr. Conway, son of the Earl of Hertford, met at Almack's and bound themselves to escort her and stand by her chair. When she was set down under the portico—the same that still stands, for it escaped the fire in 1792—her escort had swelled, says Mrs. Steele, to nearly fifty gentlemen. The constables allowed Mrs. Steele to pass, but when Mrs. Baddeley followed they crossed their staves, and civilly, but resolutely, said their orders were to admit no players. They put it in the politest way, for Mrs. Baddeley would have been excluded by her reputation had her profession been unexceptionable. On this, the gallant escort drew, compelled the constables to give way at the sword's point, and, raising

their chivalrous blades, protected Mrs. Baddeley as she passed proudly into the Rotunda, blazing with lights, and surrounded, between its ranges of pillars, with all the gods and goddesses of Olympus, in strange companionship with decorous George the Third and his equally decorous Queen, for whose especial society, however, a Britannia was provided.

But the difficulty was not yet at an end. The outraged gentlemen refused to sheath their swords, or to allow the music to proceed, till the managers came forward and humbly apologised to Mrs. Baddeley and her escort. Mrs. Steele adds—what I do not believe, though it shows what she thought would be credited by her readers—that, when the managers had apologised, the Duchess of Argyle and the Duchess of Ancaster stepped forward and expressed the pleasure it gave *them* to receive such an ornament to their assembly as Mrs. Baddeley. A messenger was in waiting to inform Mrs. Abington of the result of Mrs. Baddeley's charge at the head of her guards. *She* now made her entrée, and from that night the attempt to draw the line between degrees of vice was practically relinquished. An advertisement appeared in the morning papers, on Monday the 27th, that, "as it was not convenient for ladies always to carry the certificates of their marriages about them, the subscribers were resolved, in opposition to the managers, to protect the ladies to whom they gave their tickets." Even so sad and stern a moralist as Johnson did not scruple to attend the Pantheon. The admission was half-a-guinea. When Boswell remarked there was not half-a-guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing the place, "But, sir," replied

Johnson, "there is half-a-guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it." Boswell: "I doubt whether there are many happy people here." Johnson: "Yes, sir, there *are* many happy people here; there are many people here who are watching hundreds, and who think hundreds are watching them."

Concerts were given there, as well as assemblies and masquerades. For one of the latter, on the 30th of April, I find Sir Joshua recording an engagement, and his name figures in the list of the company present.[1] He went in domino. Goldsmith was there with his friend Mr. Cradock, in old English dresses. Near two thousand persons were present. The fourteen rooms were blazing with light and decorations. The suppers and wine on these occasions were in keeping with the rank of the best part of the company. To people these rooms we have to call up many of the most beautiful and best known of Sir Joshua's sitters. On this particular occasion a great many of the ladies, we are told, chose to adopt male dominoes, and "appeared as masculine as many of the delicate maccaroni things we see everywhere—the 'Billy Whiffles' of the present age." Among the most distinguished of these "pretty fellows" were the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Melbourne, and Mrs. Damer. The Duchess of Richmond was dressed after Mrs. Yates as Zobeide; Lady Margaret Fordyce as Queen Elizabeth. She little dreamed of the catastrophe impending over the house of which her husband, the great city banker, was the head; the fall of which, a month after, shook the whole

[1] 'Town and Country Magazine.'

commercial world of London to its centre. There were the Horneck family—watched over no doubt by Goldsmith and Sir Joshua—a charming group, the two beautiful sisters and their smart young brother, "the captain in lace," all in French dancers' dresses of the same cut and fashion; looking, says the Magazine chronicler, "notwithstanding the sex of one of the group, like the three graces." There was Lady Villars as a Sultana, ablaze with thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds; and Lady Gideon as a spinning-girl. Perhaps Mrs. Bouverie and Mrs. Crewe—who first appeared as a Spanish nun—might have changed their costumes for those of the two Merry Wives of Windsor, who so plagued fat Stephen Fox, fastening on him as their Falstaff; while facetious Mr. Southcote, in the character of a Smithfield butcher, kept feeling his ribs from time to time, and estimating his weight and value at the then high price of butcher's meat. There were many of the handsomest of the players present too: Mrs. Mattocks as the Fornarina, Mrs. Fisher—late Mrs. Powell—as a Columbine, and not a few of the ladies of "slight reputation," whom the managers had vainly tried to exclude. Then, for the humours of the night, —there were female conjurors who told fortunes; Mr. Reinhold and Mr. Du Bellamy, the singers, from the Haymarket, with a humorous duet, comparing the sculptured gods and goddesses around the room with the living gods and goddesses who filled the floor; Captain Rice as a Billingsgate fishwoman; Mr. Talbot, of Lincoln's Inn, as a dancing Stockwell clock; a Highlander, Mr. McDonald, in full tartans, and armed to the teeth, whose pistol, dirk, and broadsword had

been, after much ado, admitted, not as arms—which were forbidden at these entertainments—but as part of his dress. There was a group dressed as the bearers and attendants of a May-day garland; conspicuous among whom shone Sir Joshua's merry fat sitter and brother Dilettante, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, with his young bride. Sir Joshua we may be sure retired early; but one does not feel quite so certain about Goldsmith. After seeing the Jessamy Bride and Little Comedy to their carriages, he may have been one of the determined visitors who breakfasted on the remains of the supper, astonishing the early dealers in Oxford Market as they trooped to their chairs and coaches in the May dawn; and rivalling the May-day milk-maids, their fiddlers, and their zanies, already stirring in the streets.

Sir Joshua, I find from his pocket-book, attended at the drawing-room on the Queen's birthday, which was kept on the 18th of January. He was now in frequent consultations with Sir W. Chambers, no doubt about the arrangements for the permanent accommodation of the Academy at Somerset House, for the reconstruction of which Chambers was now preparing those plans which he began to execute in 1774. The President is a regular attendant, as usual, at the councils and lectures of the Academy; at the Monday nights of the Club in Gerrard Street; the dinners at the British Coffee House on Wednesdays; the Thursday nights at the Star and Garter; and the alternate Sunday dinners of the Dilettanti. There are several "at homes" too, noted in the pocket-book during the winter.

On the 1st of February the Academy met to elect an

Academician, when the choice fell on Nollekens. The number of associates had been fixed in December, 1769, at not more than twenty. Between the exhibition of last and that of this year, Cosway and Burch had been chosen Academicians. Nollekens the sculptor, Biagio Rebecca the decorator, Peters the historical painter, and Dall and Tomkins the landscape-painters, were elected Associates in October of the preceding year. Academic advancement was rapid in those days. Every man who displayed the least ability was certain of election. In February Sir Joshua was at work for the picture of Johnson, intended for Thrale's gallery at Streatham. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick too sat this year for the picture of them painted for the Hon. F. Fitzmaurice, Lord Shelburne's brother. The great actor and his wife are represented together on a garden seat, in their grounds at Hampton, he just closing the book from which he has been reading to her. It is a very vigorous picture; the characteristic vivacity of Garrick's face and action are expressed with the same mastery which I have noticed in the picture of Sir Joseph Banks. Mrs. Garrick, though always the delight and charm of Garrick's house, was now no longer the lovely, light-limbed, laughing Eva Maria Violette, for love of whom Garrick, twenty-five years before, had dressed in woman's clothes that he might slip a letter into her chair, without compromising her or offending her watchful protectress Lady Burlington, and who had witched the world as a dancer, while she won friends among the titled and the great by her grace, good humour, and modest sweetness of disposition. In Lord Normanton's gallery is a most fascinating sketch of her,

which must have been painted in the first years of Sir Joshua's acquaintance with her. Slight as it is, those who have seen will not easily forget it. In the picture of her sitting with her husband, painted this year, she appears of matronly character, with a handsome, sensible, kindly face: the dress is painted with singular force and freedom.[1]

It must have been while Sir Joshua was painting on this portrait of Garrick, that Northcote, hard at work on his copying in the next room, but with open ears, was much amused, as he tells us in his unpublished autobiography, by the actor's lively conversation. Among other of his overhearings was Garrick's abuse of Cumberland, "D—n his dishclout face! His plays would never do for the stage, if I did not work 'em up, and make epilogues and prologues too for him, and so they go down with the public." Then he added, "He hates you, Sir Joshua, because you do not admire his Correggio." "What Correggio?" asked Sir Joshua. "Why, his Correggio," replied Garrick, "is Romney." Northcote,—all eagerness to pick up the crumbs that fell from Sir Joshua's richly-covered table,—heard Mrs. Garrick, too, in one of her sittings this year, making a bitter complaint of Foote, for his perpetual abuse and satire of her husband, both in the papers and in company; and Sir Joshua's wise consolation, that "This need not give her pain, as it clearly proved Foote her husband's inferior; it is always the smaller man who envies and abuses."

These sittings were not always *tête-à-tête*. I find Sir

[1] The picture was sold last year at Christie's for 850 guineas, and now belongs to Mr. Grizzell.

Joshua's lively friend Fitzmaurice writing to Garrick about this time to beg the actor to let him know when he sits to Sir Joshua, that he may have the pleasure of keeping him company. Mr. Fitzmaurice thought his own portrait, painted in September of this year, a failure, for the want of that animation which company during the sittings would have given it.]

It was about this time that Northcote first made Goldsmith's acquaintance. "The other day," he writes to his brother,[1] "Goldsmith dined here. It was the first time I ever saw him. I had before told both Sir Joshua and Miss Reynolds that I had a great curiosity to see him; and when I came into the room, the first word Sir Joshua said to me was, 'This is Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Northcote, whom you so much wished to see. Why did you desire to see him?' The suddenness of the question rather confused me, and I replied, 'Because he is a notable man.' This, in one sense of the word,[2] was so unlike his character, that Sir Joshua laughed heartily, and said he should in future always be called 'the notable man;' but what I meant was a man of note or eminence. He seems an unaffected and most good-natured man, but knows very little about pictures, as he often confesses with a laugh."

[Among the sitters of February and March were many old and charming acquaintances of the painter's. One who had sat to him as a beautiful girl—Lady Betty Montague—was now sitting as a young mother,

[1] The letter is undated, but, from its place in the autobiography, must belong to this year.—ED.

[2] In the sense, *i.e.*, of economical, managing, and shrewd.

by her new title of Duchess of Buccleugh, with her baby boy. The child whom he had painted at seven, standing at the knee of her mother Lady Ilchester was now his sitter as Lady Harriet Acland, the wife of a Devonshire gentleman, an old acquaintance of Sir Joshua's, and an officer of promise. Another sitter of the year was his warm friend, the successful Devonshire barrister, the portly, positive, black-browed Dunning; whose peculiar ugliness, as Wraxall tells us, can only be understood from Reynolds's picture of him. He brought his daughter to sit at the same time. The travelled and eccentric Mrs. Buller, from King's Nympton, is another sitter who carries with her pleasant memories of Devonshire, as well as stranger and rarer experiences of foreign countries then rarely visited by women. Mrs. Crewe, now one of the reigning toasts of the time, the painter had followed in the growth of her beauty and bewitching grace—from the time when he first painted her, twelve years ago, at sixteen, as Miss Greville, with the lamp of Psyche,—to the present year, when he idealized her in that loveliest of his many lovely portraits of this sweet woman—as Saint Geneviève, with her pensive head upon her hand, reading a saintly legend, her sheep feeding about her. In April the Leicester Fields studio was visited by a strangely contrasted pair—the Duke of Cumberland, and his new Duchess, late Mrs. Horton. They were still under Royal ban; the Duke's seat in St. George's and Henry the Seventh's Chapels was vacant at installations of the Garter and the Bath; his name was not included in invitations to the Court festivities, his ungainly person never seen at

birthday balls or levées. The Royal Marriage Act had passed both Houses of Parliament in March, after determined but useless opposition. It declared all the descendants of the late king incapable of contracting marriage without the Royal consent under the Great Seal. Such descendants, if above twenty-five, however, on giving the Privy Council twelve months' notice of their intention, might marry without the Royal consent, unless both Houses of Parliament disapproved within the twelve months. All persons solemnizing or assisting at the celebration of such marriages were declared subject to the mysterious pains and penalties of the statute of premunire. This Bill had been suggested by the recently declared marriage of the Duke of Cumberland; and by the union, equally well known, though not yet officially declared, of the Duke of Gloucester and the beautiful Maria Countess Waldegrave. Sir Joshua had painted both the ladies; the latter indeed, as we have seen, was for many years one of his favourite and most frequent sitters. And now the fascinating, wily widow Horton, with the quarter-of-a-yard long eyelashes, brings the gawky, lumbering Royal Duke, whom she has netted in those eye-lashes, to be painted. What the Duke was in manners and deportment the curious may read in the depositions given the year before in Lord Grosvenor's action of *crim. con.* against him. At an obscure country inn, where he was used to put up for the purposes of his amour with Lady Grosvenor, the Duke was thought to be an idiotic country squire, and christened "the Fool." He comported himself in the painter's studio as might be expected from one with such a nickname. When,

after he had been some time blundering and swearing, and stumbling over easels and stretchers, the Duchess insisted, *sotto voce*, that he should say something to the painter, the only remark he could muster up, as he stared at the canvas on which his pretty wife's face was laid in, was, "What, eh! so you always begin with the head, do you?"

For all his Royal blood and Ducal coronet, Mrs. Horton must have had but a hard bargain of it. In the case of the Duchess of Gloucester, the Royal husband was at least faithful as well as fond, and as decorous as his brother of Cumberland was disreputable. The working of the Royal Marriage Act since 1772 is the best justification of some of the chief objections urged to it by the Opposition, and above all by Burke, in the debates of this year. Whatever may be the dangers of intermarriage between the Royal line and subjects, those dangers, under the prohibitions still in force, have to be set against a heavy score of half-tolerated immoralities, of connections which confuse the limits of licit and illicit union, in a way equally unhappy for the subjects and for the issue of such marriages. There is no need to dwell on the more obvious mischiefs of limiting the choice of the Royal line within a circle so narrow as to risk the healthiness of offspring not less than the happiness of wedlock.

To the Academy dinner of this year, the Lord Chamberlain, Dr. Francklin, Garrick, Johnson, Foote, and twenty-two gentlemen were invited.

The catalogue of this year's Exhibition includes 324 works, considerably more than double the number of the first Exhibition three years ago. The new

Academy had already taken the wind out of the sails of the Incorporated Society; which, however, was this year making its stoutest push to outstrip its rival. Payne, the architect, had built for the society a handsome room, on the site of the present Lyceum; and here, this year for the first time, their exhibition was held. They sent an invitation to the officers of the Royal Academy to attend the opening of their new room with an Ode, but the invitation was declined by the Committee on the 7th of May. The most desperate exertions had evidently been made to outnumber the Academy exhibitors, and the result is a catalogue of 427 works. But to make up this total, besides a great number of engravings, are such contributions as "a landscape in needlework, with human hair;" "a festoon of natural flowers preserved;" "a flower-piece made of tin, inlaid with the white part of the horse-muscle shell;" and "the arms of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in human hair"—precisely the "baubles" which the Council of the Academy had by formal resolution excluded from its exhibitions. Sir Joshua's pupils—Barron (still at Rome) and Berridge—exhibit portraits with the Incorporated Society. So does Romney—portraits of Ozias Humphreys the miniature-painter, and of Meyer the enameller. But with the exception of Romney, Mortimer (who sends a number of his clever drawings of banditti, soldiers, fishermen, &c.), Stubbs (who contributes eight pictures of horses, dogs, lions, the Centaur Nessus and Dejanira, and a Hope nursing Love), and Wright of Derby, there is no painter of this Society's exhibitors whose name can fairly be said to have escaped oblivion.

With the Academy the case is very different. In their catalogue, besides Sir Joshua, we find this year such names as Barry and Gainsborough, Barrett and Wilson, Flaxman and Nollekens, Hayman and Gavin Hamilton, Hoare, Hone, and Zoffany, Angelica Kauffmann and Benjamin West.

Barry, though depressed by the coldness with which his Adam and Eve had been received the year before, gallantly makes a new assault on the degraded taste of the town, with the high classical 'Venus rising from the Sea,' 'Medea at her Incantation,' and 'The Education of Achilles.' He sold the latter picture to Mr. Palmer "at twenty guineas a figure." Walpole, in his catalogue, has marked the Venus as "extravagant, but with some genius;" the Medea, as "wild and ill-drawn." Barry overheard him laughing at the picture, and, as Walpole thought, resented it by an allusion in his 'Inquiry into the real and imaginary Obstructions to the Progress of Art in England.' "As to the Dutch school, I leave it to the researches of the Hon. Horace Walpole, or any other such learned gentleman, if such another can be found." His Venus, if not otherwise successful, elicited an ardent copy of verses, reprinted in the 'Annual Register' for the year, by the friendly partiality of Burke:—

> "Such was the goddess of the Cyprian grove,
> Such Homer thought her when he dreamed of love:
> The heaven-wrapt bard has but in vision shown
> What Barry's genius into life has thrown."

Gainsborough contributes ten landscape drawings, with four portraits. West, encouraged by the great success of his General Wolfe the year before, now

followed up that daring experiment by its companion but not rival picture, of 'Penn's Treaty with the Indians;' besides a 'Simeon with the child Jesus,' a 'Juno receiving the Cestus,'—in rivalry with Sir Joshua's 'Mrs. Blake,'—a 'Una' from Spenser, and a 'Death of Hyacinthus.' The King, still hankering after the classical, had commissioned the 'Death of Epaminondas' as a companion to the Wolfe. West was now in high favour in and out of the palace. Lord Grosvenor had bought his Wolfe, the King had overwhelmed him with commissions, and was even now listening to his suggestions for embodying the leading events of our national history in a magnificent series for the adornment of St. George's Hall.]

Sir Joshua himself sent six pictures: Miss Meyer, as Hebe; the whole-length of Mrs. Crewe, as St. Geneviève; a half-length of Dr. Robertson, the historian; Goldsmith's old friend Hickey the attorney, painted for Burke; Mrs. Quarrington, with lamb and palm-branch, as St. Agnes; and a study from White, as a Captain of Banditti. Sir Joshua had rarely been stronger than this year. Walpole remarks in his catalogue that the idea of the Hebe[1] was borrowed from a print of Fortune by Goltzius, but "far more easy and graceful." [She moves up a pathway of rainbow, guided by the eagle, his claws filled with thunderbolts. The action of the figure is serene and graceful. The head is that of a healthy, comely girl, but has no ideal beauty. The eagle is nobly painted; full of life

[1] Still in the possession of the Delafields of Bath, descendants of the Meyer family.

and spirit—a study, no doubt, from that unlucky bird which, Northcote tells us, Sir Joshua kept in the back-yard at Leicester Fields, and which must have needed some severe poking-up before his eyes blazed, and his feathers ruffled and stood out, as they do in this picture. The Mrs. Crewe I should class as one of his loveliest pictures—most touching and pathetic in the expression given by the attitude rather than the face; for the eyes are cast down on the book, and the features are nearly hidden by the hand which supports the head. The landscape is beautiful in colour, and powerfully relieves the figure, clothed in a simple white dress, the light of which is distributed through the picture by the sheep feeding or resting about their pretty shepherdess. Walpole notes the harmony and simplicity of the picture, and calls it, not unjustly, "one of his best." The St. Agnes is a beautiful woman, with a Guido-like expression of ecstasy in the upturned face and swimming eyes. But I prefer to these secondhand Guido graces the sensible head of Dr. Robertson, or the robust and jovial Hickey. The robber head has been well engraved with the absurd title of 'Cartouche,'[1] and is a grimy, haggard version of those strongly marked features which stood Sir Joshua in such stead, and had already brought the old beggar into a thriving business as a model. Walpole notes that there were in this year's exhibition several pictures from him. A peculiar feature in this exhibition is the appearance among our English painters of several members of the Royal Academy of Painting at Paris;

[1] It is at Crewe Hall, in Cheshire.

invited perhaps by Reynolds during his last year's visit to Paris, or tempted by the report of Sir Joshua's fortune and West's favour. A special resolution, in their favour, had been passed at the last Council in 1771—that they should have admittance, without probation or fee, to the Drawing Academy and the lectures, by ticket from the President. They include De Loutherbourg, who had for some years divided the honour of landscape art in France with Vernet. He sends two landscapes in oil and five drawings. He was soon after his arrival engaged as scene-painter at the Opera House, became a member of the Academy, and spent the rest of his life in this country. Another of these immigrants is M. Olivier, who, besides a 'Massacre of the Innocents,' and a 'Death of Cleopatra,' sends four characteristic conversation pieces, an English, a Scotch, a Spanish, and a French family. I find that Sir Joshua called on him on his arrival in England. He probably brought a letter from Sir Joshua's friend Doyen. M. Pasquier is a third French Academician now seeking fame and profit in London. He was an excellent enameller.

But the canvas which drew the densest crowd about it this year, and had almost as much success as West's 'Death of Wolfe' of the year before, was Zoffany's picture of the 'Academicians gathered about the model in the Life School at Somerset House.' The picture is in the Royal Collection, and is invaluable as a collection of characteristic figures and faces. Moser is setting the figure, while Zuccarelli and Yeo study the pose of the model, and Dr. William Hunter, a little behind them, with his hand on his chin, scans the action of

the muscles, on which he has lately been lecturing. Nathaniel Hone, with an expression and attitude of swaggering self-importance, leans on the screen which backs the model. Cosway, the maccaroni miniaturist, displays his clouded cane and gold lace at full-length in the left-hand corner. He is the only one present, besides Sir Joshua, who wears a sword. Zoffany himself, sitting palette on thumb, in the right-hand corner of the composition, is the pendant to Cosway; behind him, West leans on the rail—with more abandonment of action than we should expect in the formal and ceremonious young Quaker—in conversation with Cipriani and Gwynne the architect. On his left, seated on a drawing-box—his figure set square, his legs apart, and his hands firmly planted on his knees—is the burly Hogarthian figure of Frank Hayman, looking like an incarnation of British sturdiness and straightforward manhood. Just beyond him Sir Joshua, the centre figure of the composition, directs his ear-trumpet to the talk of Wilton and Chambers. The less conspicuous members of the Academy are ranged in a second line. Even Tan-Chet-Qua, the ingenious Chinese modeller, is not forgotten. Wilson leans moodily in a corner near the *écorché*, his hand thrust into his waistcoat, looking gloomy and unsuccessful; W. Hoare is seen in profile behind Cosway, but Gainsborough is absent. He lived in Bath, and never troubled himself with the meetings or business of the Academy, which had, in fact, taken him into its bosom in spite of the most manifest evidences of indifference to that honour on his part. On the wall of the room are the portraits of the two lady Academicians — Miss Mary Moser, the flower-

painter (Fuseli's correspondent), and Miss Angelica Kauffmann, painted by Sir Joshua the year before.

Zoffany, when he painted this picture, had determined to accompany Banks and Solander on their second voyage; the arrangements for which were marred by the shameful neglect of the Navy Board, in providing a ship utterly unfit for the voyage, if not actually unseaworthy. Banks had expended several thousand pounds for instruments, &c., when the conduct of the Navy Board compelled him to relinquish his undertaking; and even Zoffany was said to have been a loser of nearly 1000*l.* worth of outfit.

The King visited the Exhibition on the 21st of May, when Sir Joshua attended him, at five in the afternoon.

On the 15th of June I find Sir Joshua present at the installation of the Knights of the Bath. On this occasion Sir Joshua did not attend to study the King in his robes, as he did at the installation of the Knights of the Garter the year before. Their Majesties were in the Abbey, but incognito. His Royal Highness Prince Frederick was one of the Knights installed; and as Sir Joshua painted him in his robes he might have attended on this occasion to see him wearing them. Among other friends and sitters of the President's among the Knights who now took their stalls in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, were Lord Clive, Sir Ralph Payne, and Sir George Macartney. Sir William Hamilton—another friend and brother Dilettante—was represented by a proxy, being absent at his post in Naples. Sir Joshua was present at the supper and ball given by the newly installed Knights at the Opera House; when Sir Charles Hotham and Lady

Bridget Lane opened the dance; after which Miss Hotham and Miss Keppel, the Hon. H. Hobart and Capt. Corbet, danced a minuet and *Allemand à quatre* —composed for the occasion—so gracefully that it was repeated again and again at the desire of the company. Supper was over at half-past two, but country dances were kept up three hours after, and it was seven o'clock of the summer's morning before the last guests had departed. How little the tired dancers thought of the news that awaited them on their waking! Next morning came the crash of the first banking firm in the City — Neal, James, Fordyce, and Downs. The ruin that followed the catastrophe was wide-spread—the panic wider still. At one time it was thought every bank would be brought down by their fall; but the Bank of England stepped in to prop up the shakiest firms; and the calamity, though it spread awfully wide, and for the time swallowed up all other topics, paralyzed trade, and checked amusement, was gradually forgotten. Sir Joshua had painted members of the Fordyce family; and when the failure was the theme of every shaving-shop, coffee-house, and club, we may be sure it echoed loud enough in the studio at Leicester Fields; and very likely served as the excuse for deferring many a payment, or even for draughts upon the painter's well-filled and readily-opened purse. Mr. Thrale narrowly escaped bankruptcy. Even the poor actors and actresses who had invested their savings with the great firm, and held their bonds, felt the ruin, and had to resort to benefits, at which the good-nature of Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Baddeley was laid under contribution. Besides these

light and laughing ladies of the theatre, Sir Joshua this year painted the Melpomene of her day, Mrs. Yates. Northcote — who, while Garrick was sitting to Sir Joshua this year, overheard him telling the painter, with great glee, how he had bothered an indifferent painter to whom he was sitting, by perpetual changes of expression and contortions of feature, till the artist dashed down the pencils in despair—notes the contrast in Mrs. Yates, who, while sitting to Sir Joshua, told him that she always tried to keep her mind fixed on the same kind of subjects, that her expression might remain in keeping throughout the progress of the picture, which was painted for the artist's friend and patroness, Lady Scarsdale.[1]

The story is in keeping with Mrs. Yates's style of art. She had no more comedy in her than Mrs. Siddons; and her greatest parts were those in which Mrs. Siddons was most distinguished—Lady Macbeth, Constance, Marguerite of Anjou, and Jane Shore. Medea was a part which no actress—not even Mrs. Siddons—ventured upon after Mrs. Yates had made it her own.

We have seen Sir Joshua at the Pantheon masquerades and the Opera House balls. The pocket-book of this year for the first time furnishes evidence of his appearance in a very different scene, not less characteristic of the society of that day—at the famous Mrs. Montague's, in Hill Street. Between 1770 and the outbreak of the French Revolution, for the first and last time in English social life, there was a successful attempt by a knot of distinguished Englishwomen to

[1] The picture belongs to Mr. Gillott of Birmingham. She sits, book in hand, under a bust of Shakspeare.

rival the Marquise de Rambouillet and the Comtesse de la Sèze, in the days of Louis the Fourteenth; or the less stately Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse of a later reign. They were already known as the Blue-Stockings—a name due either to their neglect of fashion or their supremacy in it, as we refer the origin of the name to Mr. Stillingfleet's unceremonious blue-worsted stockings or Madame de Polignac's superfashionable blue-silk ones.[1]

At the head of these grave ladies — the *précieuses* of the reign of George the Third — was Mrs. Montague, now in her fifty-sixth year. Educated by Conyers Middleton, — married to the Hon. Edward Montague, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, a scholar and mathematician much older than his wife, — Mrs. Montague united high social position and wealth to great culture and vivacity, and the determination to gather about her the most distinguished men and women of her time. Her husband was still alive, but seems to have been totally eclipsed during the latter years of his life by his brilliant and ambitious wife. At her house in Hill Street—for she had not yet moved into her palace in Portman Square — I find Sir Joshua entering an engagement this year, on the 10th of April. By help of Miss Burney's 'Diary,' and Wraxall's 'Memoirs,' it is not difficult to repeople Mrs. Montague's rooms, or those of her rivals, Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Ord,

[1] See Mrs. Piozzi. Hayward, vol. i. p. 27. According to some, the name came from Mrs. Vesey's inviting Stillingfleet, and cutting short his excuses on the score of dress by "Pooh, pooh! come in your blue stockings." According to Mrs. Crewe, it was from Madame de Polignac's appearing at Mrs. Montague's in blue silk stockings, then the mode in Paris.

Mrs. Walsingham, Mrs. Thrale, Lady Lucan, Mrs. Cholmondeley, or Miss Monckton. There was a rivalry between all these ladies for the possession of the wits, scholars, and dilettanti; but Mrs. Montague bore away the bell, thanks as much to her name, her diamonds, her dinners, and her determination, as to her agreeableness or learning. Sir Joshua's picture[1] represents her some eight years after this date; but the thin, keen, intelligent face has that "grand air" which Miss Burney noticed,—"that look and manner of a woman accustomed to being distinguished, and of great parts." She knew all the value of her diamonds and her money; and used them, both in London and Paris, to confirm her title as Queen of the Blues. There are quantities of her correspondence to be read—letters to Beattie and Garrick, often fulsome, florid, and *apprêté*, but kind;—to Mrs. Carter, the learned translator of 'Epictetus;'—to Mrs. Chapone, that Sir Charles Grandison in petticoats, who, as Hester Mulso, had sat at the feet of Richardson, swinging her censer of womanly incense, and writing 'Ramblers' at twenty-three;—to Hannah More and a host of other less distinguished correspondents. They all exchange their ideas in high Johnsonese, all affect a style so elaborate, artificial, and full-dress, that we wonder how they can keep it up, just as we wonder how they endured those "têtes," which had often to be dressed three days in advance, and required the wearers to sleep in a chair. Mrs. Montague's parties were pleasant, no doubt, for she got together the people best worth knowing; and

[1] Still at Montague House.

though she liked flattery, and loved to drape and pose herself as the chief Muse of a new British Parnassus, she was essentially a gentlewoman, full of kindness and benevolence, standing stoutly up for her friends, and always ready to help unknown and struggling people with her patronage, her advice, and her money. If she quarrelled with Johnson when in his 'Lives of the Poets' he decried one of her idols, Lyttelton, she not the less kept up her annuity to poor blind Miss Williams. If her 'Essay on Shakspere' is not very profound, it shows at least sounder appreciation of the great dramatist than the criticisms of Johnson, who abused it. As we go on we shall often have occasion to look in with Sir Joshua at Hill Street and Portman Square; and at Mrs. Vesey's Babels, or Chaoses, as Walpole calls them, in Clarges Street. For the present we will leave him at Mrs. Montague's door.

Parliament was at this period prorogued almost at the time at which the Academy closed. The present year was, politically, a quiet one at home. The Opposition—partly hopeless, partly weary—had sunk into a dull languor. A fillip was, however, given to debates that would otherwise have been spiritless, by the Royal Marriage Bill, the Bill for relief from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, and the discussions relative to the affairs of the East India Company. As usual, Burke was the prominent figure in debate on two at least of the three measures. His indomitable spirit bore up against defection and despair. Besides his sympathy with Burke, Sir Joshua was, perforce, interested in the first of these measures by his long friendship for the Duchess of Gloucester, and

his more recent acquaintance with the fascinating Duchess of Cumberland, whom we have seen bringing her Duke to sit in Leicester Fields the month after the Royal Marriage Bill had passed. The question whether the East India Company were to be allowed to appoint supervisors to overhaul their Indian establishments, and to make necessary reforms and retrenchments, was doubly interesting to Reynolds as a large proprietor of India Stock,[1] and as a friend of Burke's. Burke's cousin William had a considerable personal interest in the dividends of the Company, having speculated largely in their stock. Hearing that Richard Burke was implicated in William's transactions, Edmund had before this publicly declared that he had himself no pecuniary interest in the funds of the Company, but he had for years taken an active part in all debates touching its affairs, and had made a special study of the history of India, and the relations of its people, its courts, and commerce, to its English conquerors.

On the occasion of bringing in a Bill for enlarging the Company's power over its servants in India, the Government of the Company was assailed by the Ministerial party, and a Select Committee of thirty members was appointed, on the motion of Colonel Burgoyne, to inquire into the constitution of the Company and the state of affairs in the East Indies. Burke opposed the appointment of this Committee, and warmly defended the Company, charging ministers as the real authors of the worst evils that prevailed in India by

[1] The pocket-book contains notes of the days and hours for receipt of dividends at the India House.

their refusal to give the Company power over its own servants.

Anxious to conjure the coming conflict with Parliament, the Directors, through Sir George Colebrooke, their deputy-chairman, offered to Burke an appointment as chief of a board of supervisorship, similar to that over which Sir Joshua's friend Mr. Vansittart had been placed three years before; the members of which had perished in the wreck, near the Azores, of the 'Aurora' frigate, which was conveying them to the scene of their labours. The proposer of the present appointment was an old friend of Sir Joshua's, a member with him of the Devonshire Club, and associated in business with his intimate friend Nesbitt, Thrale's brother-in-law. We may be sure that the offer, and the reasons for and against acceptance, were eagerly canvassed in Leicester Fields, as well as at Gregories, and in St. Anne's Street. The offer was a tempting one—high pay, great power, the opportunity of at once benefiting the Company and doing good service to humanity. Then at home the Opposition seemed to be paralyzed; the majority of the ministers was apparently irresistible, or at least too compact to be assailed with any hope of success. In the City the friends of the Opposition had split into the rival factions of Horne and Wilkes. The late unpopularity of the King had strangely and suddenly subsided. But Burke declined the appointment after consultation with his family and friends, first in the rank of whom stood Sir Joshua. Before the year was out, Parliament, on its reassembling in November, had re-nominated Burgoyne's Select Committee; had appointed besides a Secret Committee of thirteen to sit at

the same time. A Bill was simultaneously introduced, and pushed rapidly through all its stages, to prevent the Company from appointing supervisors. Burke, with all his activity, was able to muster no more than twenty-eight in the decisive division on this Bill; and after this defeat withdrew, weary and disgusted, to spend the recess with his son Richard in France.

Sir Joshua was dining with William Burke at the end of June, when the question of Edmund's acceptance of the offer of the Directors was under consideration. But I find no entries of the usual merry Midsummer or Christmas visits to Beaconsfield, at which the statesman laid aside his public cares to prune his trees, weigh his hogs, or calculate the produce of his carrot-crop, and where Sir Joshua was always one of his most welcome guests.

He was often at Streatham during the summer and autumn, and was already at work on the portraits for that gallery in which Mrs. Thrale took such pride; though she owns that it was often with a heavy heart that she now watched the progress of the pictures. For unwonted cares were at this time gathering heavily under the gay and smiling surface of the Streatham life. Thrale had always lived handsomely; had kept up his mansion in town, besides his costly villa. When he gave up his pack of hounds at Croydon, it was to spend money in contesting Southwark. He was besides in the hands of a projector, one Humphrey Jackson, who had laid him under heavy contributions for his schemes of a composition for sheathing ships' bottoms, and of processes in brewing which were to produce better beer with less malt and hops. He was already

in difficulties, under which, but for the energetic support and help of his wife, he would very probably have sunk. He neglected his business—which was held together by his chief clerk, Perkins—for fashionable life and its pleasures. The failure of Fordyce's house in May added to his difficulties. To make matters worse, Mrs. Thrale's mother was on her deathbed. Mrs. Thrale was herself in bad health, and on the point of bringing into the world a child which hardly survived its birth. It is impossible to read Sir Joshua's many notes of engagements to the Thrales this summer without thinking of the contrast between the real feelings and fears of the host and hostess, and the pleasant show they made to their guests.

The society who dined at the British Coffee House interested themselves this summer to promote the reception by Garrick of a second tragedy by a worthy, well-intentioned, but utterly unpoetical Scotchman and Indian officer, Colonel Dow. He had some years before, by dint of high protection, got Garrick to produce his 'Zinghis,' a stilted Tartar tragedy. His present venture was 'Sethona,' an Ossianic rhapsody in five acts. Garrick did bring it out two years after this, against his better judgment, when it met with the fate it deserved, in spite of strenuous support from the countrymen of the author, who made a national and Ossianic question of the merits of the play. Colonel Dow was sitting to Sir Joshua in June and July, while the negotiations about his tragedy were in progress. He had the happiest, most unquestioning faith in himself and his genius; and there are few stronger evidences of the degree to which pomposity, solemnity, and dulness im-

posed on the judgments of that time, than the fact that such rubbish as Colonel Dow's actually found its way to the stage. In fact, heavy rubbish seems to have had very much the same chances in its favour then, that light rubbish has now. Another literary sitter of this date—of greater note then than now—is Macpherson the editor of the Ossianic poems.

I find Sir Joshua at Marylebone Gardens on the 10th of July. This was the Cremorne of that day. The entrance to the gardens was in High Street, Marylebone; between which and Tottenham Court Road all was open fields. The garden had existed as a place of amusement from the days of Pepys; the entertainment was music and singing, fireworks, and eating and drinking — the fruit tarts and almond cheesecakes of the gardens being especially famous. Sir Joshua's attraction this year was no doubt the fireworks of La Torre, a genius in the pyrotechnic way, who had been brought over originally by Garrick from Paris. But the music was not contemptible; Bannister and Reinhold sang, and Giordani, Hook (the father of Theodore), and Arnold, were the musical composers and directors of this part of the entertainment. Sir John Fielding had Mr. Arnold indicted on account of the fireworks; and there is a letter of Garrick's remonstrating with the worthy magistrate on the subject.]

In September this year Sir Joshua was elected an Alderman of Plympton. [I was at first puzzled, as Samuel Northcote was, to account for Sir Joshua's aiming at or accepting such a humble municipal honour. But on reflection it strikes me as a mark of his strong love for his native place—always one of the

healthiest symptoms of a kind and feeling nature. Sir Joshua liked to be "honoured in his own country," if only by being made a Plympton alderman.] In reference to this subject Northcote's brother Samuel writes to him:—

"Plymouth, September 9th, 1772.

. . . . "I was much surprised when I first heard from you that Sir Joshua was coming down to be made an alderman of Plympton: I had heard of this indeed from Mr. Mudge, but I gave not the least credit to the information, looking upon the foul transactions of a dirty borough as things quite foreign to Sir Joshua Reynolds's pursuits; indeed, the only way I can account for this is by supposing that Sir Joshua's mind has been so much engaged in the pursuit of knowledge in the art that he has not looked about to observe the villany and corruption in those affairs: but, on the contrary, he perhaps retains somewhat of the ideas he had of a Plympton alderman when he was a boy, looking up to them all as persons of dignity."

He then relates an incident too gross to be transcribed; but which proves that there is not the slightest exaggeration of the corruption of borough towns in Hogarth's election pictures.

[Sir Joshua received intelligence of this municipal honour in a letter from Lord Mount Edgcumbe, on the 25th of September. He wrote in reply to Captain Ourry:—

"DEAR SIR, "London, September 20th, 1772.

"Yesterday I was informed by a letter from Lord Edgcumbe that I have had the honour of being

elected an alderman of Plympton, for which I beg leave to return, to you in particular, my most hearty thanks, and must likewise beg the favour of troubling you to make my acknowledgments to the rest of the Bench. I am sorry it was not in my power to pay my respects to you this year, and return my thanks in person; however, next year I hope to do myself that honour.

"I beg my compliments to Mrs. Ourry, Miss, and all your family, and am

"With the greatest respect, Sir,

"Your most humble and obliged servant,

"JOSHUA REYNOLDS."[1]

This winter the puppet-show—the vogue of which half a century before had filled the pockets of the ingenious Mr. Powell—was revived, under the name of "Fantoccini," by an Italian, in Panton Street. Johnson, Sir Joshua, and Goldsmith, with Cradock, Dr. Ludlam of St. John's, and a merry party, went to see these clever wooden performers, and cracked their jokes freely, as Cradock remembered, during the performance. It was Murphy and Davies who gave to one circumstance of the evening the colour it still wears to Goldsmith's disadvantage. After the show was over the party supped together, when, as Sir Joshua and Johnson were praising the puppets, one in particular who had tossed a spontoon, Goldsmith jumped up impatiently and cried, "Pooh! pooh! there's nothing in it. Give me a spontoon, and I'll do it as well myself."

[1] This letter is now in the possession of Henry Hill Treby, Esq., Goodamoor, and a *facsimile* of it is given in Mr. Cotton's 'Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works.'

Boswell tells the same story in another form—how the Doctor went home to supper with Burke, and broke his shins in trying to show the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the puppet they had been applauding. Cradock's interpretation is more probable — that, when all were cracking their jokes about the performance, Goldsmith cracked *his* too, and that the form it took was this challenge of the puppet pikeman.]

Reynolds had not forgotten his obligations to his sisters, Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Johnson. He proposed that a son of the latter who bore the name of his grandfather—Samuel, and who was now about eighteen years of age, should live with him; and, as the young man had shown some talent in drawing, it is supposed, with a view to his becoming an artist. Mrs. Johnson, however, declined her brother's offer, fearing the temptations to which her son would be exposed in London. She had earnestly remonstrated with Sir Joshua against his habit of painting on Sundays, and it was natural she should fear that in his house her son might become inattentive to his religious duties. The young man afterwards went into the church, and died young. He had a brother who settled in India, in whose welfare Sir Joshua took great interest, and of whom he entertained a very high opinion. At a later period two daughters of Mrs. Johnson became inmates of their uncle's house.

[Sir Joshua's visiting-circle continues much the same, but with a tendency to widen. Besides engagements with the old intimates, the Thrales, the Hornecks, Burkes, Garricks, Dr. Percy, Dr. Goldsmith, Dr. John-

son, Francklin, Mr. Parker, Sir Charles Bunbury, Admiral Keppel, Dr. Brocklesby, George Colman, Cumberland, &c., there is an unusual number of dinners at Lord Shelburne's, the Earl of Ossory's (to whose pleasant seat at Ampthill Sir Joshua makes an excursion in July), Lord Palmerston's, Lord Spencer's, Lord Cathcart's, Lord Charlemont's, Lord Edgcumbe's, the Hon. E. Eliot's, and at the great moneyed magnate, Sir George Colebrooke's, in May, when Burke's acceptance of the Indian supervisorship must have been under consideration. Then there are many dinners with and to his brother Academicians, and receptions of the Council at his house "to spend the evening," as well as frequent attendances at the meetings of the Royal Society, and his clubs—the Literary, the Devonshire, the Thursday-night, and the Society that met from time to time at the British Coffee House.

His Fifth Discourse was delivered, as usual, at the Distribution of Premiums on the 10th of December. Inasmuch as it involves less sweeping theory than the fourth, it is sounder and safer. He begins by insisting on the great circumspection necessary in any attempt to unite excellences, lest they should prove mutually destructive. And here he refutes one of the unsound deductions of his own Third Discourse. There he told the student that the perfection of human form was "not to be found in the Hercules, nor in the Gladiator, nor in the Apollo; but in that form which is taken from all, and which partakes equally of the activity of the Gladiator, of the delicacy of the Apollo, and of the muscular strength of the Hercules." In this Fifth Discourse he warns the student that "the attempt to

unite contrary excellences—of form for instance—in a single figure, can never escape degenerating into the monstrous but by sinking into the insipid, by taking away its marked character, and weakening its expression."

So, instead of now telling the students to aim only at the highest, to set themselves to trial measurements of their conceptions against Raphael and Michael Angelo, they are recommended "to try themselves, whenever they are capable of that trial, what they can, what they cannot do; and instead of dissipating their natural faculties over the immense field of possible excellence, to choose each some particular walk in which he may exercise all his powers, so as to become each the first in his way." Now, too, it seems to have occurred to Sir Joshua on reflection that in his last year's Discourse he had too harshly severed the ornamental from the grand style. He admits that "the principles of the ornamental style may be cautiously employed in softening the harshness and mitigating the rigour of the grand style as it was employed by Ludovico Caracci." Sir Joshua then proceeds to point out that the greater excellency of the great masters will be found in their frescoes. His teaching on this point only needs the fuller illustration it would have derived from a closer acquaintance with the frescoes of the century before Raphael, and a recognition, which is not to be found in the Discourses, of the double function, decorative and instructional, of those noble works which clothed the churches, and chapels, the cloisters, and cemeteries of Northern and Central Italy with the purest splendours

of colour and the most vivid representations of God's dealing with mankind.

Then follows an elaborate and often-quoted comparison of Raphael and Michael Angelo; and then, from the grand style, of which they are the highest exemplars, the lecturer passes to what he calls the "original" or characteristical style, *i. e.* the style impressed less with elevated character than with the special spirit of the master; exemplified by opposites in Salvator Rosa and Carlo Maratti, in Rubens and Poussin. Lastly, the student is warned to be as select in those whom he endeavours to please as in those whom he endeavours to imitate. "Without the love of fame," the President tells his hearers, "you can never do anything excellent; but by an excessive and undistinguishing thirst after it you will come to have vulgar views; you will degrade your style, and your taste will be entirely corrupted. It is certain that the lowest style will be the most popular, as it falls within the compass of ignorance itself; and the vulgar will always be pleased with what is natural, in the confined and misunderstood sense of the word." "I mention this," he concludes, "because our exhibitions, while they produce such admirable effects by nourishing emulation and calling out genius, have also a mischievous tendency by seducing the painter to an ambition of pleasing indiscriminately the mixed multitude of people who resort to them."

If this caution was needed in 1772, within four years of the foundation of the Academy, the need of it has more than centupled in 1862.

List of Sitters for 1772.

January.

Boy (frequently, for Ugolino, &c.); Mrs. Abington; Mrs. Baddeley; Mr. Bankes; Duchess of Buccleugh; Lady Mary Scott (the Duchess's infant daughter); Mrs. Scott; Miss Meyer (for Hebe).

February.

Mr. Sedgwick; Boy (often); Old Man (Ugolino); Mrs. Calthorpe;[1] Lady Carlisle; Mr. Dunning; Mrs. Parker.

March.

Dr. Johnson (the Streatham picture); Miss Dutens; Dog; Lady Harriet Acland; Mrs. Crewe; Miss Dunning; Mrs. Buller; Boy and Child (often).

April.

Duke and Duchess of Cumberland; Mrs. Mead;[2] Mrs. Bunbury; Lady Spencer; Mrs. Orchard; Dog.

May.

Mrs. Abington; Mr. Adam (one of the architects of the Adelphi); Lady Pembroke; Lady Lisburn; Miss Child; Mr. Child.[3]

June.[4]

Mrs. Yates (the tragic actress); Sir Thomas Ackland; Mr. McPherson (editor of 'Ossian'); Mr. Lyttleton; Lady Broughton; Col. Dow; the Primate (Dr. Robinson).[5]

July.[6]

Boy, and Boy and Girl (often); Mrs. Callender; Sir Thomas Mills.

August.

Boy, and Boy and Girl (very often); Sir Watkin Williams Wynn; Mrs. Horton (Nancy Parsons); Child (often).

September.

Mr. Fitzmaurice.[7]

October.

Mrs. Damer; Mr. and Mrs. Garrick; Dr. Hawkesworth.

December.

Mr. Coutts;[8] Lord Graham.[9] [10]]

[1] "*Mem.*—In Pall Mall, over against Marlborough Gate."

[2] "Mrs. Mead's picture to be sent to New Ormond Street. Captain Maynard. No. 1."

[3] The great banker. Both Child and Coutts sat to Sir Joshua in this year.

[4] "*Mem.*—On the 9th Mrs. Armistead, at Mr. Mitchell's, Upper John Street, Golden Square." This lady was C. Fox's mistress, afterwards his wife.

[5] 24. "Lord Irwin, Temple Newsham, near Leeds, Yorkshire. His lordship's picture and the Shepherd-boy to be sent."

[6] 29. "Mrs. Boothby, at Mrs. Field's, Church Street, next door to the cheesemonger. Model for neck."

[7] The brother of Lord Shelburne.

[8] See Appendix, p. 479.

[9] Afterwards 3rd Duke of Montrose.

[10] Notes of practice for this year:—

"April 27, 1772.—My own: 1st, aqua et gomma dragone, vermilion, lake, black, without yellow; varnish'd with egg after Venice turpentine."

Haydon remarks upon this,—"Heavens—murder! murder! It must have cracked under the brush."

Beechey says he thinks the gomma dragóne here mentioned "must have been gum tragacanth," for that is a gum which mixes well with water, and makes a mucilage. That and powdered mastic dry hard.

On Sir Joshua's favourite wax medium (brought into vogue by Count Caylus's investigations of the practice of the Greek painters), which he had now taken to using in almost all his works, Beechey remarks, "This wax was thus prepared: pure white wax scraped into very thin slices, and covered with spirit of turpentine, cold. In twelve hours it becomes a paste. With this and sugar-of-lead he mixed Venice turpentine or copaiva, or any balsam. His egg-varnish *alone* would in a short time tear any picture to pieces painted with such materials as he made use of."

On this Haydon gives *his verdict*: "Indisputably true."

It may be well to mention that, where this wax and Venice turpentine have been used on an unprimed cloth, such as Sir Joshua occasionally employed, and without other vehicles of different drying-rates, the pictures have often stood well, the raw cloth allowing the vehicles to become adhesive. But where there is an oil-priming, adhesion of the picture to its ground is impossible. The gypsum, too, extensively used by Sir Joshua in his primings, is now said to be dangerous, not only owing to its liability to scale off from the canvas, but to its tendency to contract a yellow tint from the carbonic gas of the atmosphere, and to blacken under other gases.

"Oct. 2, 1772.—Miss Kirkman, gum dr(agon) et whiting, poi cerata, poi ovata, poi verniciata e ritoccata. Cracks." Haydon notes on this:—"Beechey says, 'This manner is the *most* extraordinary.' It is insanity—he had at his elbow a mocking fiend!—Gum and whiting! then *waxed*, then *egged*, then *varnished*, and then retouched." No wonder it cracked.

APPENDIX.

Reynolds's Early Reading.—(P. 6.)

As to Reynolds's knowledge of Latin and early reading, I have some little evidence in his school 'Ovid,' well thumbed in parts, and in the commonplace-book mentioned at p. x. It is inscribed in a stiff but neat hand, "Joshua Reynolds, ejus liber ex dono Patri meiue." Evidently his first "cast" for a genitive for *pater* was *pateri*, and he rests content with *patri*. But the extracts show a varied and very intelligently directed course of reading; and it is worth noting that the great majority of them indicate a decided turn for the calm, sensible, equable, and kindly, in life and manners. The extracts are (on life and morals) from Theophrastus, Plutarch, Seneca, Marcus Antoninus; (on criticism and for poetry) Pope (a great favourite, especially in his letters), Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, the 'Spectator' and 'Tatler,' Cats's 'Book of Emblems,' and even Afra Behn; (in art) Leonardo da Vinci, Du Fresnoy, and Richardson; and (in religious matters) Nelson and the Bible, Ecclesiasticus chiefly.

The Rev. Samuel Reynolds.—(P. 24.)

Since this volume was printed off I have come upon some very characteristic letters of Samuel Reynolds, showing both his intelligence and gentleness, from which I extract.

Speaking of his eldest sons, March 3, 1742:—

"I have disposed of my eldest sons entirely to my satisfaction, because it is to theirs. In relation to my elder son, among my other studies and amusements, I have ordered matters so that I believe there is no admiral's son better put in hand for the sea than he is. He has by my means the whole

foundation for the theory of navigation, so that there is nothing that he need take upon trust, nothing but that he may have demonstration for if he pleases, it having been my way to fill up the intervals of his coming home by going on just where we left off last; and thus I have gone through with him the first six books of Euclid (and) half the eleventh (which was all that was necessary); plane trigonometry, the last of which was very fiddling, and which I was forced to write out of several authors to make clear work. I was entering into astronomy when he was last called off.

"S. Reynolds."

In another letter, January 11, 1730, he says:—

"I cannot forbear adding that the mathematical education I have given my eldest son has been hitherto attended with success vastly beyond my expectations, from the kindness and character he has received from those officers under whom he has served, and likewise from the facility he has found, even in these times, in obtaining such a post as is proper for him to pretend to.

"S. Reynolds."

Writing in affliction for the death of a son, he says:—

"That Providence orders all things for the best I do verily believe, and I presume upon it in the conduct of my life. But still I should be glad to make it out free from all clouds of objections more clearly than I can. But still that argument does not come to the point in our grief for persons deceased; in other afflictions it does. When Job loses his sons, would it have been a proper consolation to say, 'You shall have as lovely in their room'? That argument would do for his sheep and oxen well enough, but not for his children. But in submitting to the will of God, I allow there is a pleasure which I never yet attempted to decipher, any more than the love which we bear to those persons who are dear to us, for I am in doubt whether all these things are not better left undeciphered. It may seem an extravagant thought of the Archbishop of Cambray, speaking of the death of the Prince of Burgundy, but I admire it, 'If there needed no more than the moving of a straw to bring him

to life again, I would not do it, since the Divine pleasure is otherwise.' I doubt whether Tully can say anything more noble. Thoughts that impress themselves so strongly on the mind I have no wish to criticise upon."

HIS NOTES ON PICTURES AT ROME AND BOLOGNA.—(P. 64.)

The following are Sir Joshua's notes on the pictures at Bologna, from one of the Note-books in the Soane Museum. It contains besides some notes on pictures at Rome, at Naples, and at Florence, and the heads and date of his journey from Rome to Naples, already used in the text.

Reynolds's notes on the works of the Bolognese School are only second in interest to his notes on the Venetian pictures. It is instructive to see how completely he ignores the earlier schools of Bologna, and how even the beautiful frescoes of Francia are passed unnoticed. He probably never saw them. On the other hand, we may well wonder, not at the praise given to the Caracci, or even Guido and Guercino, but at the respect with which men like Tiarini are here treated, and the notice taken at Rome of the works of painters now held in even less repute than Tiarini. The perusal of these notes should impress on us the useful lesson of toleration and distrust of our own judgments and those of our generation, by the evidence they afford in so many places of the degree to which, according to the present estimate of painters and schools, even Reynolds was blinded and misled by the conventional taste of his time.

The fashionable judgment of our day is probably as unfair to the later Bolognese painters in the way of depreciating, as that of Reynolds's time was in exaggerating, their merits. The early schools and painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries now run nearly the same risk of being extravagantly over-praised and over-studied as they ran of being unjustly overlooked and undervalued a hundred years ago.

Besides these notes, this note-book—as well as its companion in the Soane Museum—is full of slight but expressive sketches, most of them from pictures or statues, a few of land-

scape, animals, and figures from life. The former are chiefly from pictures of the Caracci and Tiarini, and include studies of light and shade and composition, as well as single figures or detached groups. There is evidence here and there of intention to appropriate. Thus, after a sketch by Pasinelli of an angel flying, in St. Francesco, Bologna, is written underneath —"Drapery in sweeps, and light at the wings. This figure will serve for a Fame." Another sketch, of a bishop in his mitre, with his hand on a large open book, may have been the suggestion for the fine portrait of Primate Robinson, now at Christ Church.

Notes at Rome.

St. Peter's Church.—Here were many capital pictures, which are now moved on account of the dampness, and mosaics put in their place, viz. St. Sebastian, by Domenichino; John Baptizing Christ, by Carlo Maratti; the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple, by Romanelli; the Death of Sapphira, by Pomerancio: all now in the Chartreux. The Navicella, by Lan Franc, removed in the Loggia del Benedictina; the upper part only preserved.

S. Marta, just behind St. Peter's.—On the right hand as you enter is a St. Jerom, by Mutiano.

The great altar, St. Margaret, in a Greek style, by Gio. de Vecchi del Borgo San Sepolcro.

The opposite side, San Giacomo and Antonio Abbate, by Lanfrank; well painted.

St. Orsola, by ditto.

The crucifix of terracotta is said to be [by] Algardi.

Sta. Maria in Campo Santo.—The monument of one Hase of Anversa is a Boy Weeping, by Fiamingo, in the utmost perfection.

In this church is the monument of Torquato Tasso, he being buried on the right side of the great altar; his monument is on your left hand just as you enter the church. There is a very good painted portrait on the monument.

St. Honofrio.—Going from St. Peter's towards the Lungara, on the left hand, on the top of the hill, is this church and monastery. In the Lunetta of the Portico on the front of the church are three Histories of Domenichino in fresco.

In the Cloisters upstairs is a Virgin Mary with Christ; the Virgin has a wonderful sweetness in her countenance. This is that so much praised by Vasari. The figures, which make a kind of cornish (cornice), the upper ones are of Ber°. Penturecchio.

On the right hand the middle altar is painted by Annibal Caracci: the Virgin and Christ of Loretto, sitting in an ordinary church, supported by three angels below and two above.

S. Croce in Gerusalemme.—The vault is painted by a living master, Corrado. On the right hand is the Schism of P. Leone, by Carlo Maratti.

The next altar has a picture by the Cav. Varini, San Roberto, when a child, carried by Angels to the Virgin Mary and Christ.

On the other side, St. Silvester showing the portraits of Peter and Paul to Constantine is by Luigi Gardi, and St. Thomas's Incredulity by Giuseppe Passari.

St. Pietro Montorio.—The great altar has the famous Transfiguration, by Raffaele. Near the altar on the right hand of the great altar are two statues, St. Peter and St. Paul, by Daniele di Volterra. The picture representing John Baptizing Christ is by N. Fiorentino.

The next chapel has the Judgment of our Saviour, with the whole chapel painted by Caravaggio.

The Flagellation of Christ, near the door on the right hand as you enter, is painted by Fra Sebastiano, from a design of Michael Angelo.

The round Cappelletta which is in the middle of the cloister is of the architecture of Bramante, in imitation of the Sibyl's Temple at Tivoli.

BOLOGNA.—(*Written in Pencil.*)

Ch. S. Salvatore.—Assumption of the Virgin, by Agos. Caracci; in a bad light, and being a dark picture one cannot well see it, but 'tis noble. Christ with the Cross, in little: better coloured than drawn by Guido.

Presepe, Tiarini.

In the Sagristy, St. Sebastian, a bozzo (abozzo, sketch) by Guido.

Corpus Domini.—Christ taking the Virgin out of Limbo, and the Assumption of the Virgin, both by Lud. Caracci: the latter is an admirable picture. The whole-length figure in red has a fine expression, and force used by the Apostles to lift up the stone of the Sepulchre is finely expressed.

The Resurrection of Christ, by Annibale, in a bad light, and the picture being dark and small one cannot well judge; what is seen appears to be admirable.

St. Agnese.—Her Martyrdom, by Domenichino. Perhaps the very best picture he ever painted. The saint and the executioner are grouped so as to make a fine principal light; which is enlarged by dead figures below, and the head of the saint. The other, second, group is made of a young woman who turns from the disagreeable sight towards an old woman, whose attention is entirely engaged on

the martyrdom. Under them a young woman and a child are in a fright. On the other side the judge with officers make a 3rd light. St. Agnese is drest in white with gold flowers (a sketch of her opposite), her loose drapery pink, the lights very white. Above, God, Christ in chorus of Angels.

A good picture by Tiarini.

St. Petronio.—St. Rocco, by Parmigianino, with the portrait of the master of the picture, admirably painted, as is the grey-haired head of St. Rocco. Bassi relievi over the right gate.

Palazzo Bolognini.—The front adorned with heads in bronze, some of them admirable, by Alphonso Ferrara.

St. Giovanni in Monte.—The Madonna del Rosario (Domenichino). The Angel flying down is very fine.

St. Cecilia, the best of Raffaele.

St. Francis wringing his hands and looking down on a crucifix, by Guercino, a book before him.

Monastero de' Servi.—Some good frescoes outside by Cignani, his scholars, and others..

St. Andrew adoring the Cross, by Albani, softer than any I ever saw of him: it looks like a picture of Paul Veronese. The angel that sits on the rock at a distance too strong, and does not enter or harmonize with the ground: horse well painted: all badly drawn.

Noli me tangere (*do.*): more in his usual manner, but admirably painted.

Certosa.—In the Spezeria, a figure of Justice, with sword in one hand, and the real scales of the shop in the other.

The altar on the right, St. Bruno kneeling: the V(irgin), C(hrist), and angels above, by Guercino: the Christ looks down prettily.

Within the iron rails, the Crowning with Thorns and the Flagellation of Christ, a divine work by Lodovico; 'tis turned intollerably black: nothing can be more moving than the patience and resignment expressed in Christ, and the diabolical manner in which he is treated by both executioners.

The Communion of S. Girolamo, by Agostino Caracci: 'tis very fine, but in my opinion much inferior to that in Rome of Domenic(h)ino.

In one of the secret chapels within is St. John preaching by the river Jordan, a figure in a boat in the foreground to show it,[1] by Ludovico: this was made on Agostino receiving so much honour for the above-mentioned picture: 'tis a fine picture, very much in the Venetian stile.

St. Franceso.—On right side the great altar, a little behind, the

[1] There is a sketch of the picture on the opposite page.

Conversion of St. Paul, by Ludovico; great spirit, and admirably drawn (hands and feet) and coloured: this is one of the best pictures I have seen of him in Bologna: they say Guercino took his manner from this picture; 'tis certainly much like Guercino's manner, but superior.

The Assumption of the Virgin, by Annibale; like Venetian. Titian's portrait in the middle.

St. Pietro.—In the inner Sacristy the vault is painted in oil by Ludovico Caracci. The subject is the Virgin Mary sitting melancholy, St. Peter and the rest of the Apostles condoling with her; St. Peter seems to be spokesman, but he is crying, with a handkerchief to his eyes.

The Annunciata in fresco over the great altar is said to be the best of Ludovico's, and which cost him his life: 'tis but indifferent.[1]

St. Bartolomeo di Porta.—The first chapel on the right has an angel showing St. Carlo a sepulchre, by Ludovico. A Salutation, by Albani; the head beautiful. On each side is a picture of Albani's likewise; one the Birth of Christ, the other the Angel advising Giuseppe to fly into Egypt.

Madonna with Christ, heads in a little oval, by Guido.[2]

St. Bartolomeo di Reno.—The Nativity, by Agostino, painted at 27 years, as likewise the two Prophets in the vault: the Isaiah is a noble figure. The two lateral pictures are, one the Adoration of Magi, the other the Circumcision; which in the prints are attributed unjustly to Annibale and Ludovico.

Mendicanti.—Mathew called, by Ludovico. The background composed of vast large parts, and transient. The high altar has two pictures in one, by Guido: the upper part is Christ stretched out short, one hand hanging down over the bier, the other on his belly. The Virgin, &c. At the bottom is St. Carlo, St. George kneeling, and other saints.[3] Florence lies on the ground before them at a little distance, and looks like a real view of Florence and the figures in the air. 'Tis finely painted. St. Giobbe enthroned, and presented by all sorts of persons, is a most admirable picture by Guido. There is a certain softness in Guido that is wonderfully pleasing; this is his

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[1] On page opposite to this are the sketches of a boy St. John, with cross and leopard-skin, from Tiarini, and of a Bolognese knocker, in the form of a ring depending from the mouth of a draped bull's head.

[2] Opposite this a sketch of "the sky, in the picture by Ludovico Caracci of the fall (Conversion) of St. Paul."

[3] Opposite this page is a sketch of a frame, supported by *amorini*, thus inscribed: "A frame painted yellow and heightened with gold, the curtain purple heightened with blue, the border fringed with gold and purple mixed, and three lines of gold over the fringe." Three similar sketches follow it.

very best manner: the sheep and the other parts of the picture which I could reach to has the genteelest pencilling I ever saw.

S. Domenico.—Murdering the Innocents, by Guido. It seems to me to be the same as Raffaele's in the Tapestry.

The Apparition of the Virgin to St. Giacinto, by Lodovico.

St. Thomas Acquinas writing on the Eucharist, Guercino.—N.B. Guido was buried in the Chapel of the Giudotti.

St. Raimond treading the sea on his mantle, by Ludovico. (Note: In a room of Giuseppe Luigi, inquisitore, may be seen the noble Charity of Ludovico, the most truly noble style that is possible to imagine: Domenic(h)ino studied after this much.

Palazzo Magnani.—The Servants' Hall: the frieze with Cariatides, painted by the Caracci—the history of Romulus and Remus, finely drawn, as are the Cariatides, at least equal to those in the Farnese.

First Room.—Apollo sitting on a kind of chair, placed on circular-seated pyramid, with the four elements before him in vessels he is opening: that of fire and air he has under his feet, on his lap is that of earth, which is seen through: by Agostino.

A young man, warlike figure, with a helmet, bow and arrows in his hand: by Spagnuolo.

A figure with a torch in the hand, perhaps the morning star; the companion is Bacchus asleep: by Agostino.

A figure of a young woman looking up, representing human life: in her right hand she has a flower and what we call in Devon tell-a-clocks,[1] the serpent encircled over her head, Death's head on a bench; said (to be) by Lud. Caracci.

Cupid striving with a Satyr, by Agostino: the head of the Cupid seems much too little.

Palazzo Tanari.—Opposite one of the doors in the street is a Hercules killing the Hydra, by Guercino, in Chiaro Oscuro.

First Room.—Good copies after the two frescos of Guido and Domenic(h)ino in St. Gregorio at Rome.

Second Room.—The Assumption, a capital picture by Guercino; the Virgin is sitting on the clouds, and not flying upwards.

St. Agostino, by *do.*

The Negation, by Ludovico.

Madonna, Christ, and St. John, twice as large as life, by Guido.

A good copy of Madonna della Rosa, by Parmegiano. The original is sent to Polonia, which was in the Palace Zani.

Venus dressed by the Graces, a Cupid at the bottom looking for the beads in a casket: Annibale.

[1] 'A seeded dandelion flower?'

His painting-room: many naked women about him: an old woman telling a model, who seems to be ashamed, how to behave, and points with her thumb to Annibale, who is painting and looking back at her.

Death of Diana, with Actæon, by Annibale.

Christ betrayed, Ludovico.

Church, Madonna di Galiera.—Christ, when a boy, standing by himself between St. Joseph and the Virgin, looking up at the Instruments of the Passion shown him by angels; God the Father, &c.; by Albani, his best.

Adam and Eve, one on each side the window, by *do.*

St. Philip Neri between two angels, by Guercino.

In the Oratorio, Christ shown to the people, and Pontius washing his hands, painted on a wall in fresco, and transported here at a vast expense.

In Sacristy are some good pictures: a Salutation divided in two pieces, by Annibale.

St. Thomas de Villa Nova, by Guido; not finished.

Herodias, by Guido; the same as that in Pal. Corsini at Rome, but this is only a kitcat or less.

A Madonna's head, by Guido.

St. Margherita.—The Virgin and Christ, with St. Katherine, &c., by Parmegiano; the same as that in the Colonna Gallery. This seems to be the best; it has not that greenish tint in the flesh as that in the Colonna has.

Instituto Publico.—A vast collection, animals, fishes, birds, &c. A ground floor, the ceiling painted by Pellegrino Tibaldi in a great taste. They are single figures. A Polyphemus, &c. This work and the two other frescoes by him in the Church of St. Giacomo Maggiore give one a high opinion of him ('tis in Capella Poggio).

St. Giacomo Maggiore.—St. Rocco and an angel, Ludovico.

The Virgin and Bambino on a throne: Michael treading on the Devil and holding a scale with souls in it in his right hand; engraved by Agostino.

Two large Histories in Fresco in a chapel on the left side the great altar, just with(in) the rail, by Pellegrino Tibaldi; some admirable drawn figures: the Caracci are said to have studied after these frescos.

The Presentation to the Temple, by Orazion Sammachini, not very considerable, but Agostino has made it so by doing it the honour to engrave it.

Capuchins without the Walls (beyond St. Michaele in Bosco).—The great altar, a crucifix, by Guido, prodigiously fine; the Virgin on

one side, St. John on the other, and Mary Magdalen embracing the feet of Christ.

St. Antonio.—(Ask to see this church from the Palace adjoining.) The great altar, representing St. Antony preaching amidst his followers, is the noblest picture I ever yet saw of Ludovico; the characters of the heads, the hands, legs, and feet, the nobleness of the drapery, in short, the whole is in perfection.

The Virgin holding Dead Christ; St. John in the foreground, stooping, his hand stretcht forward touching the crown of thorns; Nicodemus looks at the Virgin, and points towards the sepulchre. Tiarini.

St. Tommaso di Strada Maggiore.—St. Andrea and St. Francesco, with Christ above; Guido: dark.

The Flight: the Virgin resting on Giuseppe to mount the ass, who is looking gently on Christ, whom he has in his arms: Christ in the mean time seems impatient to be in the Virgin's arms: by Tiarini, who has always something new in his pictures.

Palazzo Zambeccari.—Four pictures of Caracci. The three angels with Jacob at table; the wife behind, under a tent.

Jacob's ladder, the idea taken from Raffaele's Bible, and the Golden Calf.

The Interment of Christ, by P. Veronese; fine keeping.

Madonna di Strada Maggiore.—The Virgin on the Crescent, below St. Francis and St. Girolamo; a most divine picture by Ludovico. When one considers the vast simplicity there is in the air of the figure in comparison of that of Carlo Marat or Lanfranc, we shall not longer wonder at the great reputation of its author, and of this picture in particular.

St. Gregorio.—Baptism of Christ; Annibale: one of his first.

St. George with the Dragon at his feet, the lady flying as if a little afraid; delicately expressed, mixt with a certain pleasure in looking at the monster dead. Above is St. Michael driving the rebel angels out of heaven. Above that again, in the entablature of the frame, God the Father with angels. A noble figure.

St. William (Guglielmo), by Guercino: his very best stile. The Virgin and Christ above is the same as that at the Palazzo Pitti at Florence.

St. Leonardo.—The Martyrdom of Sta. Orsola, in the Venetian stile; Ludovico Caracci.

The Virgin appearing to St. Catharine in Prison before she was martyred: Ludovico. A little hard.

St. Benedetto.—St. Antonio Abbate plagued by the Devil and supported by Christ, by Cavedone: as also the side pictures; that repre-

senting Charity is a sweet figure. God the Father above is also by him. He was scholar of Caracci, and a faithful imitator.

The Virgin sitting melancholy, with the crown of thorns in her hand, and discoursing with M. Magdalen on the death of her son, by Tiarini. The Prophets and Angels are likewise by him, and fine.

Palazzo Ranuzzi.—St. Francis, an angel playing on musick in the air: Guercino. His best stile.

Opposite, St. John Baptist, when a boy; ditto.

St. Jerome: Ludovico Caracci.

Joseph's Chastity, by Guido. The same as that at Rome, in the palace where Dædalus and Icarus is.

Palazzo Zancini.—St. Rocco bestowing Charity, by Guido, in little; after Ludovico at Dresden.

The fine cartoon of the living and dead: Carlo Cignani.

Casa Corti.—Tarquin and Lucrece, by Guido Cagnacci, finely painted: the flesh and linnen make a fine mass; she without any expression. Tarquin's head is admirably painted.

Jupiter destroying the Giants, by Guido. Finely drawn and painted; suffered a little.

Virgin and Bambino—a *bozza* (sketch): ditto.

Dio Padre; ditto. A noble figure; thin colour; painted on a dark ground laid in broad, and then toucht smart lights and shadows. A noble figure.

The Virgin kissing the forehead of Christ, he with his finger in his mouth. A finely-painted picture, and has a fine mass of light.

Fortune playing over a globe; a Cupid seems to detain her.

St. Bernardo.—St. Carlo adoring the Bambino, the Virgin, and St. Joseph: Ludovico.

St. Francesca Romana, who restores to life a dead child: Tiarini.

St. Martino Maggiore.—St. Girolamo, his left hand stretcht out on a book, his right holds a pen. A most miraculous picture in the greatest Greek stile, if you will allow the expression, for I look on this figure, as well as some others of Ludovico's best, to be in painting what the Laocoon is in sculpture.

St. John Battista.—A most noble picture of St. John, by Ludovico. The chiaro' oscuro is noble. A vast broad light in the middle of the picture, but not strong, or not stronger than the dove-colour drapery of the mother of St. John. The red drapery of the young woman that sits on his right hand noble in perfection, very large folds, no catching lights, only two colours, one for the lights, another for the shadows.

Capuccini.—The Bambino leaves sucking to contemplate the instruments of the Passion, which are held by weeping angels in the air.

Convertiti.—A noble picture by Ludovico; the Virgin, with the Bambino, Magdalen, other saints, angels, &c.

Madonna del Piombo.—In the Oratorio, the Birth of the Virgin, by Albani.

A Crucifix, Virgin, and St. John; she is discoursing with St. John about taking him down from the Cross.

Palazzo Monti.—A noble whole-length of St. Girolamo, larger than life, by Ludovico: his greatest stile.

Ceres, Venus, and Bacchus, by Albani. Venus is in the middle with Cupid's bow in her hand; on the side Ceres is are Cupids weeping, &c.; on that Bacchus is they are gathering grapes.

Apollo and Daphne with a river god in a landskip: ditto.

Bath of nymphs; Diana above, with a crescent light above her head: ditto.

Venus and Adonis; ditto.

All these are in his worst manner.

Poverty and Riches, by Guido, or his school.

St. Stephen stoned, and the Slaughter of the Innocents; said to be Salvator Rosa: not at all like the manner I know him by.

St. Sebastian, by Giordano; in the Venetian tint.

Judith going to take Holofernes his head to show it to the army: she is on a scaffold in the foreground. By Eliz. Sirani.

Palazzo Ratta.—A history, by Calabrese.

Repose, by Leonello Spada. It looks like a picture of Ludovico: he was, I think, his scholar.

Eneas and Anchises, fresco, by Ludovico.

Prodigal returned, Guercino.

Virgin, Christ, St. John: Albani. St. John is mounting a chair to come at Christ. St. Joseph is at his work, shaving.[1]

A Joseph, with the Bambino in his arms, Guido.

Three figures naked, two men and a woman, chained to rocks, Guido.

A Sibyl, by Domenichino. The very same figure as our St. Cecilia in the Borghese at Rome, only instead of music this has tablets.

Palazzo Caprara.—Some good by Borgognone.

A circle of boys: the same as those in Palazzo Samprere. Venus and Cupid in the air, the three Graces holding drapery over them by way of tent. Albani.

Minerva, with another figure, flying away, as angry.

A Saint recommending one to the Virgin: small, fine. Annibale Caracci.

[1] I presume he means planing.

Virgin going to feed the Bambino with pap. Small: by Guercino. Also fine.

Sleeping Cupid: Guido.

Virgin and Christ, the same as Hudson's copy, by Voet.

Marriage of St. Catherine, by Vandyke.

Palazzo Favio.—The exploits of Jason, in a frieze, by the three Caraccis.

In the *Sala picciola*, the Voyage of Æneas, in 12 pieces; Polyphemus, that attacks the fleet of Æneas, and the troublesome Harpies, are coloured after his designs by Annibale.

The next room, by Albani, History of Æneas.

GARRICK BETWEEN TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.—(P. 205.)

The 'Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy' is at General Angerstein's—not at Knole. Sir D. Neave has a beautiful repetition of the Comedy, called 'Euphrosyne,' which in silvery sweetness of colour and in archness of expression is superior, I think, to the 'Comedy.'

PORTRAIT OF GARRICK AND HIS WIFE IN A GARDEN.—(P. 437.)

I am wrong here and in another place in mentioning Mr. Grissell as the purchaser of Mr. Fitzmaurice's 'Garrick and his Wife.' That picture was bought by Captain Phelips, of Montacute House, Somerset. Mr. Grissell has a picture called 'Garrick and his Wife,' which came from Wanstead House, but the lady has an infant in her lap; whereas it is certain Mrs. G. never had a child.

PORTRAIT OF MR. COUTTS.—(P. 465.)

I was in error in supposing the Mr. Coutts whose sittings are recorded this year to have been the great banker. It was his elder brother; and the portrait, a very fine one, has now passed from the possession of Lady Stewart of Allanbank to that of Miss Burdett Coutts.

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LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET, AND CHARING CROSS.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 19 September, 2016